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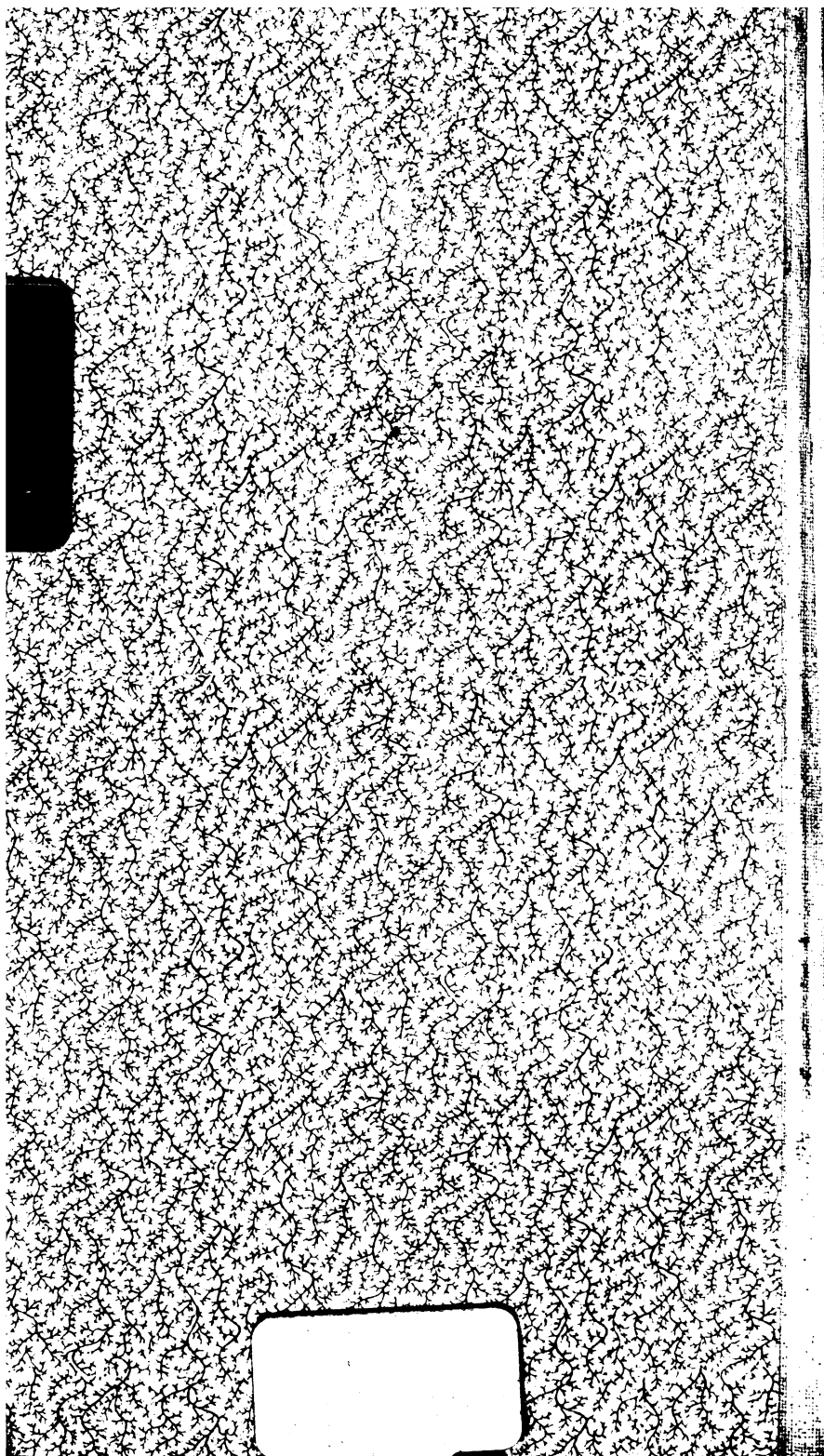
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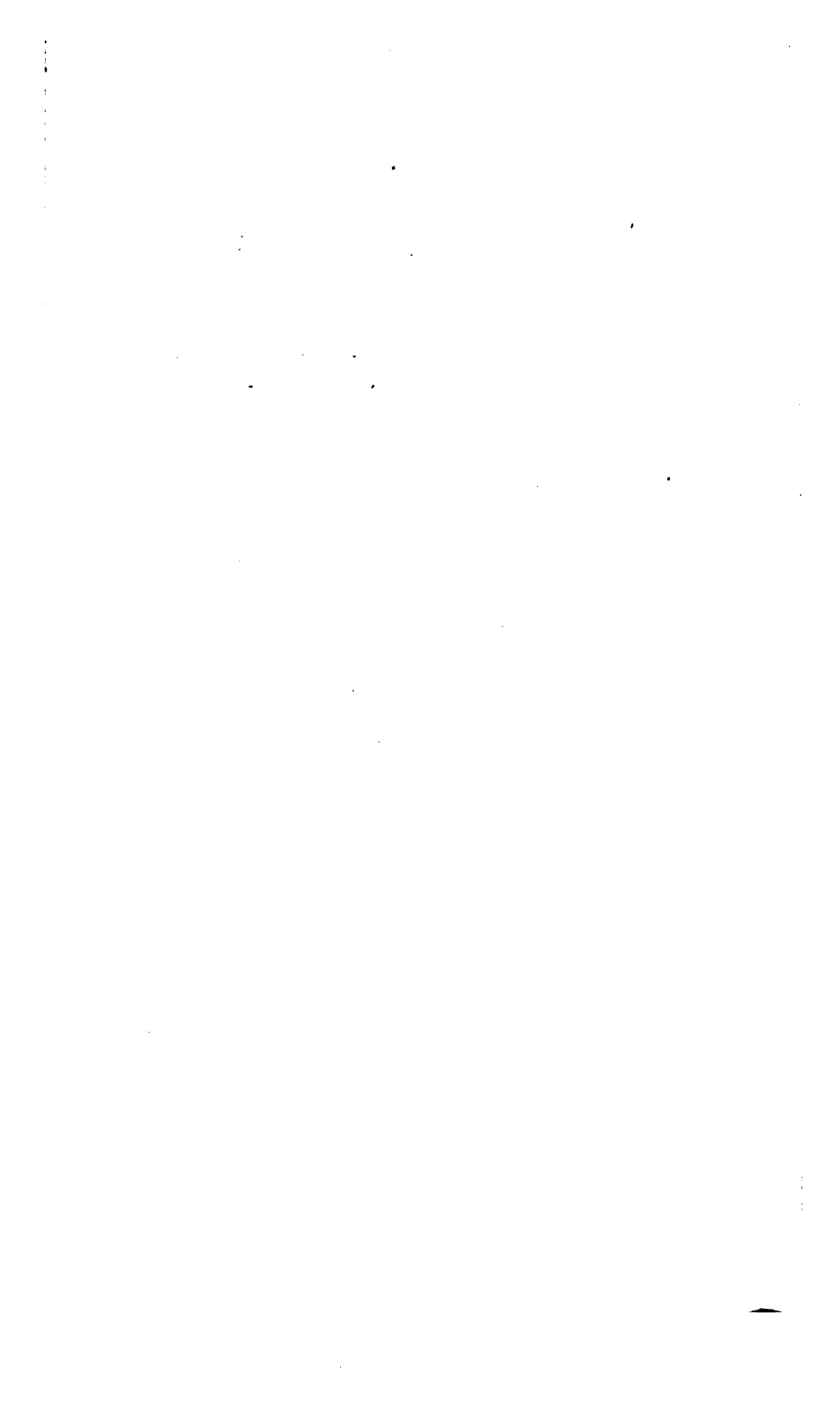
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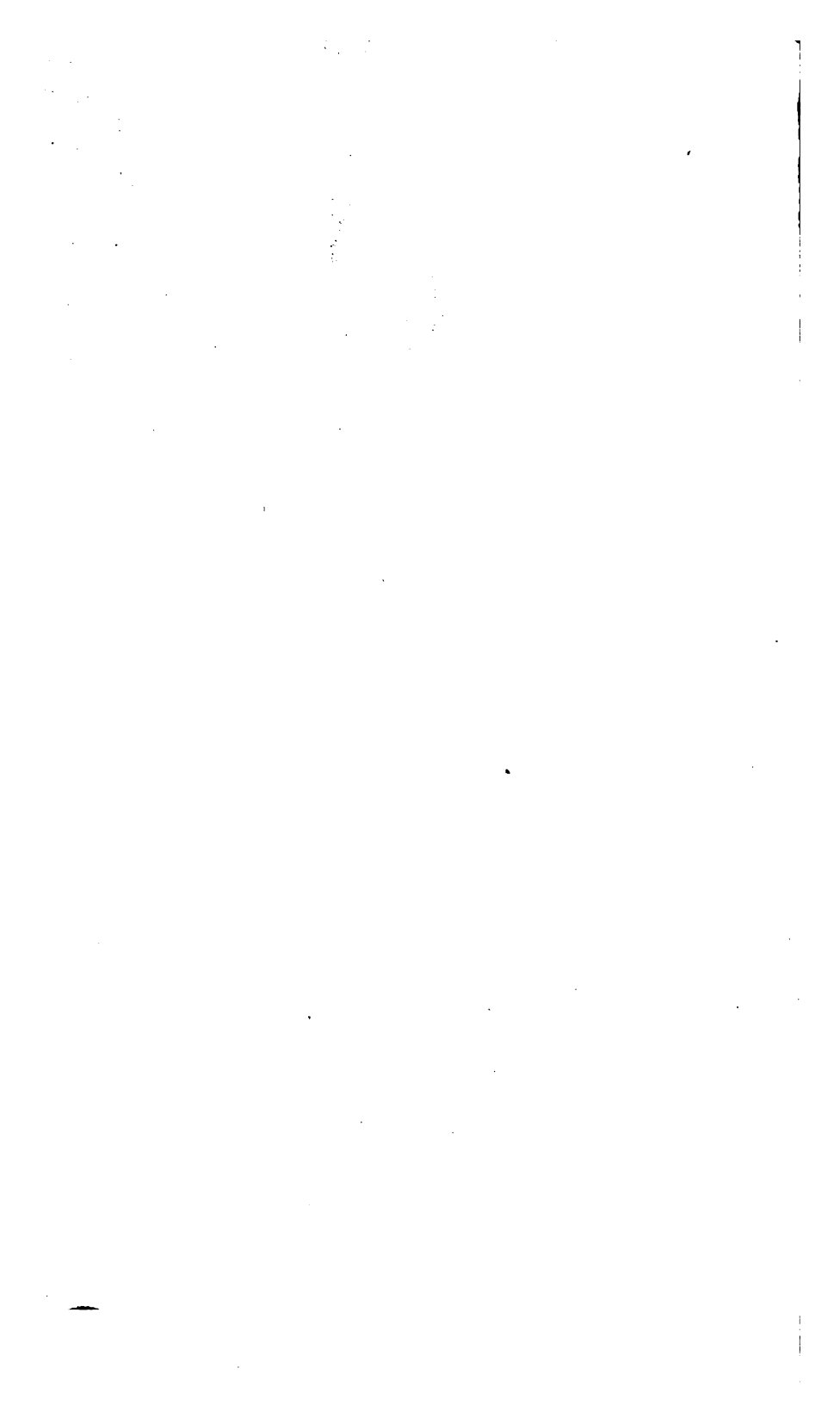
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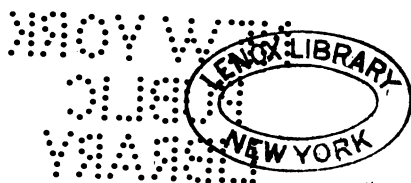
CAPTAIN WINTERFIELD.

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison and C^o June 1, 1787.

THE
New & Lovelists's Magazine,
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Entertaining Library
 OF
 PLEASING AND INSTRUCTIVE
Histories, | Tales,
Adventures, | Romances,
 AND
Other Agreeable and Interesting
 LITTLE NOVELS.
 VOL. II.



CRONSON:
 Printed for Harrison and Co. No. 18, Paternoster Row.
 — 1787. —





THE New Novelist's Magazine.

THE HISTORY OF CAPTAIN WINTERFIELD.

BY MR. HARRISON.



CAPTAIN Winterfield was a native of Scotland; and, at the age of twenty-five, had lost a most amiable consort, about six weeks after she had presented him with a daughter, the first pledge of their mutual affection.

This unhappy event produced in the captain a settled melancholy, which time seemed unable to efface: nor could the arguments of friends, or the still more powerful advocate of a youthful constitution, naturally disposed to share and to embellish the joys of social and domestic life, prevail on him to renew those vows which Death had so fatally dissolved.

His mother, who was a most exemplary character, had for some years been a widow; and that turn for gaiety which had accelerated the death of a beloved husband, had at the same time reduced her from a state of competence to hardly a bare existence. The old lady, therefore, now lived with her son; and she endeavoured by the kindest offices, and the most unremitted attentions, to soothe that affliction in which she was but too well qualified to sympathize. She represented to him the consolation she had herself derived from the possession of a child whose affectionate regards had in time reconciled her to life, and pointed out the most flattering resemblances in their respective situations: his attention was perpetually directed to some newly-discovered attraction in his little Penelope; and though every communication of this nature apparently gave him a

temporary happiness, he never failed on such occasions to pay dearly in private for the reflections they as constantly produced, on the inestimable value of those charms of which he was for ever deprived.

In this state of mind, he remained on half-pay, till the commencement of the American contest; when his regiment was put into commission, and ordered on that service. At this period his daughter had attained her tenth year; and presented every day a stronger resemblance of her departed mother, as well in personal as in mental accomplishments. A fortnight only was allowed him to prepare for his embarkation; and frequently, in this painful interval, with a firmness which few men could boast, did his manly cheek glow with the consciousness of those tears, which the powerful operations of nature forced from their latent spring, as he pressed to his beating bosom his lovely girl, with all the heart-felt forebodings of parental apprehension; and often did her little watchful eye mark the progress of the glittering drop, and printing with her quivering lip the track which it had pursued, enquire the unconscious cause in accents of evident anguish, and with looks of yet stronger expression. From the moment in which the unwelcome summons had arrived, the good old gentlewoman ceased not to intreat her son, that he would avail himself of the plea of indisposition, to which he was so fully entitled, as the only means of detaining him at home, where his health was alone likely to be re-

established: but he disdained to listen to motives which might leave his unblemished reputation liable to the smallest suspicion, and prepared with alacrity to obey the call of honour.

Having made the necessary arrangements, he took leave of his affectionate mother, and his dear little girl, with that mournful kind of adieu, which seems to relinquish the hope of ever again beholding the objects from which the suffused eye unwillingly turns away. For a few moments he folded them in his arms; and recommending them to the protection of Heaven, with a sigh which he vainly endeavoured to suppress, basted from all he held dear, without once daring to look back; and, fortifying himself against those sounds of anguish which fancy presented loudly to his ear, went on board the transport which was to convey his troops across the Atlantic, and arrived safe in America, after a passage of about six weeks.

It was not till the departure of the captain, that Mrs. Winterfield experienced the full force of grief; in her kind efforts to console the affliction of an adored son, she had, as it were, experienced a cessation of her own anguish; but now, far from endeavouring to repress the conflict in her bosom, she abandoned herself to it, and wept almost incessantly, till the fatal account arrived of the battle at Bunker's Hill, where so many British officers seemed cruelly selected for slaughter; when, not at all doubting that the name of Captain Winterfield was included in the fatal list, her agony increased to such a height, that she became instantly distracted, and continued in that most melancholy of all situations upwards of six months, before she could possibly be satisfied that her son still lived; nor would she at last have been convinced, had she not received an incontrovertible evidence of his perfect safety under his own hand.

In the mean time, the captain, whose amiable disposition, and intrepid behaviour, procured him universal esteem, had contracted the strictest intimacy with his superior officer, Colonel Bellinger, who never failed to consult him on every affair of moment, whether of a private or of a professional nature.

The colonel was about eight years younger than Captain Winterfield: he was likewise a native of North Britain; but, having married a lady of immense

fortune in England, by whom he had two sons and a daughter, his chief residence, when at home, was in the county of Norfolk. The lady of Colonel Bellinger devoted on him to distraction, and continually implored him to quit a profession so unfavourable to their loves, and the necessity of pursuing which had been happily prevented by the kindness of fortune; but the nice and delicate feelings of a soldier's honour prevented his acquiescence in a request of this nature, though his denials cost him many a pang. He communicated to his faithful friend every source of his regrets; and was strengthened in his resolution by the approbation of a heart which, though tender as that of an infant, was equally a stranger to fear or deceit.

For upwards of four years they constantly fought together, and neither of them had received the smallest hurt; about this time, however, Captain Winterfield was slightly wounded in the leg, as he went out with the colonel to reconnoitre; but in less than three months the wound was entirely healed.

The fears of the captain had been awakened by this accident, for the situation of his Penelope and her grandmother, to such a degree, as to produce a violent fever; and the colonel, who never ceased to visit him at least once a day during his confinement, having discovered the cause of his anxiety, which a becoming delicacy had prompted him as much as possible to conceal, charged himself, on the honour of a soldier, with the care of Mrs. Winterfield, and his little daughter, should that event take place, at any future period, which he doubted not he would happily escape on the present occasion. The kindness and generosity of this assurance contributed more to Captain Winterfield's speedy recovery, than all the efforts of his surgeon, the utmost exertions of whose skill had hitherto been baffled by the mental disease of his unhappy patient.

Shortly after the captain's recovery, an expedition up the country was projected, and it was executed by these gallant officers with the most brilliant success. In their return, however, an accident occurred which had nearly proved fatal to the colonel. Having dispersed every appearance of an enemy, while they one day halted to relieve the soldiers from the fatigue of a long march, the colonel, who was remarkably fond of
 sowing,

fowling, proposed an excursion for that purpose in a neighbouring wood. Captain Winterfield and two other officers were of the party; and they agreed to divide two and two, and not to penetrate more than half a mile or a mile at farthest, without forming a junction at that distance, as nearly central as possible from the spot where they set out.

The colonel and Captain Winterfield were together, and they had not proceeded more than five or six hundred yards, when they were alarmed by a general discharge of musquetry. On advancing towards the spot from whence the sound proceeded, they discovered six armed savages engaged with the officers from whom they had just separated. A couple of savages likewise lay wounded on the ground; and the colonel and captain levelling their pieces, brought two more to the earth: the other four, terrified at this unexpected stroke, fled with precipitation towards the thicket where the colonel was stationed; and before he or his friends could reload, had beat him down with their musquets, and would in a few minutes have dispatched him with their tomahawks, had not Captain Winterfield, and the other two officers, immediately rushed to his assistance, and each of them transfixing an assailant with his bayonet. There was now only one left; and he would have proved sufficiently formidable for the destruction of the colonel, against whom his armed hand was already raised, had not Captain Winterfield, with an admirable presence of mind, and the most undaunted resolution, relinquished his musquet; and, springing on the savage among the bushes, brought him instantly to the ground; while one of the other officers, who had by this time disengaged his bayonet, plunged it into the bowels of the prostrate victim.

The colonel had received two violent contusions on his head, and was otherwise much bruised and wounded in struggling with the savages. Captain Winterfield bound up his wounds; and, with the assistance of his brother officers, carried him to his tent, where the skull being examined by the chief surgeon, it was found to be terribly fractured in both places.

A party of men were now sent to search the wood, and to bring an account of the savages; and Captain Winterfield gave particular directions, that if either

of them yet survived he might be brought into camp, and if possible cured of his wounds, as the means of discovering whether this ambushade had been treacherously formed: instances having often occurred, in the course of this unhappy war, where the affectation of loyalty had occasioned a fatal confidence in the unsuspecting soldier, who was frequently drawn into such situations, by these diabolical machinations, as admitted no possibility of escape.

In consequence of these orders, two of the savages, who had been only slightly wounded, were brought away, and cured in less than three weeks; but nothing of treachery appeared to have actuated these unhappy wretches, who were only out on a hunting party, when they were seduced by the hope of plunder to make the fatal attack. They seemed full of contrition for their past conduct, and grateful for the attention which had evidently been paid to their recovery; and as one of them, in particular, apparently possessed every requisite qualification for an active, faithful, and even affectionate domestic, Captain Winterfield took him into his service, and treated him with all imaginable kindness; but in less than two months, though they were kept constantly unarmed, and in general closely watched, they found means to effect their escape.

During this time, Colonel Bellinger grew rather worse than better; and the surgeon, despairing of reducing the principal fracture, recommended the application of the trepan, which the colonel vehemently opposed. Captain Winterfield perceiving that the cure would probably be as much defeated by the adoption of an operation to which his friend could by no means submit without the most alarming apprehensions, as from the total neglect of this measure, however professionally advisable, seconded the colonel's resolution with much apparent confidence; asserting, that he had known worse fractures totally healed, by a more patient process, under a far less skilful surgeon. This declaration had it's full effect, both with the surgeon and his patient: the former politely, though faintly, acquiesced in foregoing his intention, under a bare possibility, as a return for the captain's compliment to his ability; and the latter, tranquillized by assurances so consonant to his wishes, subdued by degrees that impatience and

A 2 perturbation

perturbation of mind, which had greatly contributed to retard his cure.

Colonel Bellinger, in his first intervals of recollection, after expressing his gratitude to Captain Winterfield for an attachment which he could never reward, had pressed upon him the acceptance of an instrument, in which he bequeathed him the sum of three thousand pounds, as a testimonial of his friendship. Indeed, the captain was perpetually with his friend; and the knot of amity was if possible still closer drawn, as well by the dangers and sufferings they had both experienced, as from the kind consolations they had in their turns mutually received and administered.

The colonel had been confined to his tent about ten weeks, when word was one morning brought by the officer who commanded a foraging party the preceding evening, consisting of twenty men, that a band of at least a hundred savages had chased them to within half a league of the camp, and appeared to be on the look out for such small parties. Captain Winterfield, who was present, expressed his indignation at being harassed by these petty assailants; and immediately ordering out a hundred men to follow unperceived at a small distance, advanced himself with only ten, towards the spot where they were first discovered. This was near five miles distant from the camp; and they had not proceeded far beyond the place which had been described, when upwards of a hundred savages suddenly appeared, and came on to the attack with great fury. Captain Winterfield, with his little party, made a shew of retreating, still keeping up a running fire, till he perceived his *corps de reserve*, when they immediately turned on the pursuers; and after leaving near thirty dead on the field, put the rest totally to flight. Captain Winterfield and his troops now continued the pursuit, and had just come up within reach of the fugitives, when a new ambuscade, consisting of at least fifteen hundred, suddenly issued forth from an adjoining wood, and in an instant cut off the foremost of their enemies, including the brave captain; whom the few who escaped were killed, after a gallant resistance, amidst heaps of his slaughtered adherents.

This melancholy catastrophe plunged the unhappy colonel into an abyss of sorrow; he refused every species of consolation; and was the next day seized with a fever which continued with un-

abated violence for three weeks, at the end of which time his wounds were in a more dangerous way than ever, and the surgeon despaired of a recovery. Youth, and a good constitution, however, in about six months so far prevailed, that his wounds were nearly healed; but he was advised by his surgeon, as well as by the commander in chief, to go to Europe with the next dispatches, for the perfect recovery of his health. An opportunity soon offered, and he arrived safely in England.

Immediately after the calamity which deprived him of his inestimable friend, Colonel Bellinger had written to Mrs. Winterfield a letter of condolence on the loss of her brave and worthy son; in which, inclosing an order for the immediate receipt of two hundred pounds, he mentioned his intended legacy to the captain, and his resolution of making that sum the future portion of his little daughter. But the pen of friendship was incapable of sufficiently softening the fact. Mrs. Winterfield blessed the generous and benevolent mind that dictated the friendly epistle; she recommended her lovely orphan to the protection of Him who is the Father of the fatherless; and died of a broken heart the second day after receiving the fatal intelligence.

He had then also written to his lady, for the first time after his own misfortune, the particulars of that affair; representing to her the amended state of his health, and his total relief from every apprehension of danger. But a far different account had previously reached her ear: it had two months before been confidently asserted in all the publick prints, that Colonel Bellinger, and his whole corps, had been surprized and cut to pieces near the banks of the Illinois, and that the scalps of the brave colonel, and his principal officers, had been presented to Congress by the Indian chiefs, on a day specified. This relation was the only one she ever received; her unceasing regrets, from the first moment of his departure, had long left but a slender thread of life to divide, and that thread had for some weeks been separated when the colonel's letter arrived.

These unhappy circumstances were in a few days made known to Colonel Bellinger; and they occasioned an immediate relapse, which for a long time seemed to render ineffectual the struggles of

of a vigorous constitution, and the arts of medicinal aid: their united efforts, however, once more prevailed; and he at length sufficiently recovered to visit his own country, where he determined to spend the remainder of his days.

He accordingly resigned his commission; disposed of his seat in Norfolk; and, purchasing a neat villa near the sea, in the west of Scotland, retired with his little family to this sequestered situation.

Having fixed his residence in a most delightful spot, he set out for Montrose, that he might add his adopted daughter, the child of his lamented friend, to his little household; being determined to educate her in the same style as if she were properly his own. But how great was his astonishment and horror to find, that though Penelope, on the decease of her grandmother, had been taken under the protection of a worthy minister at that place, she had been seized and carried away from her guardian, by the crew of a privateer, as they were one evening walking by the sea-side, a few days before his arrival!

With a new source of affliction, he returned to his solitary mansion; and endeavoured to dispel the melancholy which oppressed him, by applying for consolation to that Sacred Repository of Comfort which, though he had never even affected to contemn, he had for some years but too much neglected: he took upon himself the instruction of his little ones, and made religion the basis of their education. In this most delightful employ he spent most of his time; but no attention was wanted on his part for the discovery of indigence and distress, nor were any means in his power neglected for their relief.

Early in the first autumn of the colonel's residence at Bellinger House, he was one morning alarmed by the firing of guns, evidently as signals of distress. The night had been remarkably tempestuous, nor had the storm yet greatly abated, though it was near five o'clock. He arose, and opened a window which looked towards the sea; but it was too dark to perceive any object even close at hand, except when the pale lightning gleamed faintly on the swelling surges, or the momentary flash which preceded the distant cannon's melancholy roar, directed to the scene of horror, which appeared too remote from land to admit the possibility of that aid which the situation

evidently demanded. The rain descended in torrents; the wind seemed to rock the solid foundation of the edifice; and the waves roared tremendous as they approached and retreated from the beach.

In this situation the colonel had remained full half an hour, incessantly putting up ejaculations for the souls of those to whom he despaired of giving any corporeal assistance, when the wind blew with redoubled violence for the space of ten minutes, the thunder roared dreadful, and almost incessantly, and the quick flashes of lightning gave perpetually an instantaneous though confined view of the agitated element; in the meanwhile, guns of distress were every moment fired, and the awful sounds seemed every time less distant from the shore. This last circumstance was sufficient to awaken the hope of saving a fellow-creature in the feeling bosom of the colonel. He immediately called up all his servants; and, ordering some of them to alarm the neighbouring cottagers, proceeded with the rest of his domesticks to the sea-side.

The storm had now ceased, though the waves still continued to run high; and as day had just begun to dawn, the wreck was discernible about half a league from shore, where the vessel had gone to pieces on a rock.

Though little or no prospect of success appeared, as all on board must of necessity have perished, (a small part only of the ship's hull remaining above water when it was first discovered, and that every minute diminishing) he nevertheless dispatched a large boat with six men, whom he directed to reconnoitre the foundered vessel, and if possible to take up any of the crew who might happily be floating on parts of the wreck.

In a quarter of an hour they reached the melancholy spot; but could only discover a small trunk and two or three dead bodies floating on the water: they, however, took these into the boat, and conveyed them to shore, where every prescribed means for the restoration of life was in vain applied; death had secured his prey.

The rising sun having by this time greatly extended the view, Colonel Bellinger perceived, apparently about half a mile beyond the wreck, a small skiff making towards it; and, fearful lest it should contain some of the crew who might meet a similar fate by approaching too near, he jumped into the boat, and

and with his six men immediately went off to their assistance: but, a few minutes before he could get sufficiently near to warn them of the impending danger, their boat had struck the rock, and was in a moment dashed to pieces. It seemed to have contained about a dozen persons; some of whom went under the wreck, and never again appeared. The colonel was, however, fortunate enough to take up three men and a woman; but he had given over the remainder for lost, when he observed at a small distance two more persons floating on the water, a gentleman and a very young lady, folded in each other's arms: these, likewise, he happily secured, but life seemed wholly extinguished. As all the men but the latter were very good swimmers, they were little worse for the accident; the two females, therefore, and the gentleman last taken up, engaged the whole of his attention the moment he reached land. They were immediately conveyed to his house; where the process recommended by the Humane Society (with which every man of humanity ought to make himself thoroughly acquainted) was unremittingly pursued for near two hours, before any signs of life appeared in the gentleman and the evident object of his regards: the lady who had been first discovered was restored in about twenty minutes.

At length, however, the latent principle was called forth into action; and a skilful physician, who had now arrived, declared them entirely out of danger: he recommended that they should be kept as quiet as possible for the remainder of the day; and, after explaining to the colonel the mode of treatment necessary to be pursued till the next morning, said he should then make them an early visit, though he hoped they would have little occasion for his assistance.

The colonel himself attended them the whole day; and the moment they became sensible, he comforted the father and his daughter, (for so he had discovered them to be) with assurances of their reciprocal safety; but he begged them to compose themselves till the next day, when they should certainly see each other the first moment either of them was able to rise.

The physician arrived about eight in the morning: his patients had slept well, in consequence of the opiates he had prescribed; and the gentleman, in particular,

seemed to think he should be able to get up, though he was still weak and languid. After regretting his inability to recompense either his hospitable preserver, or the gentleman who so kindly attended to assist his benevolent exertions, he intreated that he might at least know the names of his benefactors, though he could hardly flatter himself with the hope of ever making them any substantial return.

Colonel Bellinger is too generous—said the physician: he could add no farther, before his patient, with a deep sigh, fell back on his pillow, in a state of insensibility. In a few minutes he recovered, and begged pardon for his weakness; but intreated that he might be immediately permitted to rise, and make his acknowledgments to the colonel, with whose generosity he was perfectly acquainted.

The physician withdrew in astonishment, to acquaint Colonel Bellinger with this extraordinary circumstance; but that benevolent gentleman, being fastidied with the promising state of his more particular guests, had just stepped to visit the three men who were also preserved, and whom he had the day before directed to be supplied with every necessary.

In the mean time, the young lady, impatient to behold her beloved father, had already risen, and was now locked in his yet feeble arms, when the colonel, on the representation of his medical friend, approached the apartment.

'Thy Winterfield, and his hapless daughter!' said the former, as the colonel entered: and they both knelt to their preserver.

'Tis impossible!' exclaimed Colonel Bellinger; 'but I will for a moment indulge the ideal.' And he embraced them in his arms as they arose, and wept over them with all the bitterness of anguish. In a few minutes, lifting his eyes to Heaven, after a cursory survey of the well-known though much-altered features—'Thy ways, O my Creator, are unsearchable; the mysteries of thy Providence inexplicable; and thy goodness without limitation! It is, it is my friend, and I am not yet deprived of every blessing!' He then again folded them to his bosom, and again wept over them with joy.

When their agitated spirits were sufficiently composed, Colonel Bellinger begged

begged his friend to recapitulate the miraculous circumstances by which Heaven had been graciously pleased to renew their felicity in his preservation.

It appeared, from Captain Winterfield's relation, that after he had been seen to fall, in consequence of the wounds he received, he was unconscious of any farther occurrence till he found himself in the hut of a savage, where he was treated with great care and tenderness by the owner, whom he soon recognized to be the very person he had formerly taken into his service. This grateful savage led one of the bands which composed the fatal ambuscade; and seeing Captain Winterfield engaged, whom he instantly recollected, flew to his assistance, and saved him from being tomahawked by the furious Indians, almost at the expense of his own life: he, however, conveyed the captain safely to his hut, whose wounds he perfectly healed in somewhat less than three months.

This savage possessed great humanity: he had preserved, on a former occasion, the lady of a rich planter, with her infant daughter, whose husband had been cruelly slaughtered by his brutal countrymen; and though the child died a few weeks after the fatal event, the mother, who was extremely beautiful, had remained near twelve months under the disinterested protection of this hospitable man, and still composed part of his family. As the captain and this lady were in some measure fellow-sufferers, they consoled each other with the most cordial friendship; nor was the heart of either conscious that it possessed any susceptibility of a more tender impression.

The lady was a native of England; and though her parents had for some years been no more, she wished ardently to resign her breath, too nearly exhausted with perpetual sighs for the melancholy loss of an adored husband, in the same country as she had received it: Captain Winterfield, likewise, unceasingly regretted the want of probability that he should ever again see his aged mother, and his lovely Penelope; though he was by no means unmindful that he had not yet satisfied the claims of his country on that life which had engaged in it's service, the war still continuing, his wounds being quite healed, and his health and strength almost re-established. As the British troops had, however, for some time quit-

ted those parts, the worthy and hospitable savage represented in very just and striking colours the difficulties his guests would have to encounter in passing through the enemy's country; and advised them to embark for Europe in the first foreign vessel they should find on the Mississippi, whither he would himself undertake to escort them.

They accordingly set out for the banks of this celebrated river, which they reached in about eight days; where they engaged with the master of a small Spanish vessel, going round to Pensacola, and took leave of their Indian friend.

On their arrival at this place, which had but a short time before surrendered to the arms of Spain, they took up their residence in the house of one of the principal merchants, whose name was well known to the lady, and who had only sworn allegiance to the conquerors for the preservation of his landed property, which was very considerable in West Florida, intending to quit for ever that part of the world, as soon as he could conveniently dispose of it to advantage; being firmly attached to the British government, and determined to end his days in England. By this gentleman they were most kindly entertained upwards of four months, when he procured them a passage in a French ship, bound for Marseilles, in France; but the vessel was taken on it's voyage, by an English privateer, and carried into Antigua. Nor did the circumstance of falling into the hands of his own countrymen, operate much in favour of Captain Winterfield, or his fair companion; who were plundered of great part of their property not less effectually, though perhaps somewhat less avowedly, than if the capture had been made by their most inveterate enemies. Indeed, Captain Winterfield's property was very inconsiderable; but his amiable fellow-sufferer had a vast quantity of plate, jewels, and apparel, which the generous savage had faithfully preserved from the wreck of her husband's fortune, (accepting only a very small portion of the plate and jewels, though the whole were repeatedly offered him) with India bonds, and other valuable instruments, to the amount of at least fifteen thousand pounds; these were all contained in a small trunk, which was broke open the very first night, and plundered of jewels and plate

to a very considerable amount; nor could the strict enquiry which the captain of the privateer, who had formerly been a most notorious smuggler, affected to make, discover the delinquent, or procure any return of the spoil.

Not chusing to risque the loss of the remainder of this valuable property, Captain Winterfield and the lady went on shore at Antigua; rejecting with indignation the offered passage to England in the privateer, which sailed as soon as the captain had disposed of the French ship and cargo.

Ten weeks after, the Crocodile sloop of war touched at Antigua, in it's way to Ireland; the commander of which being Captain Winterfield's particular friend, agreed to convey him and the lady to Cork.

They accordingly embarked immediately; but they had only proceeded a few leagues from the coast, when the Crocodile was attacked, soon after dark, by a privateer under French colours, which had mistaken her for an English trading vessel. After the first broadside, the captain of the privateer, discovering his error, immediately struck his flag, and pretended the whole was a mistake. But the commander of the sloop was not to be thus easily duped: he thoroughly comprehended the whole of the proceeding, and instantly ordered the captain of the privateer on board; sending out, at the same time, his own lieutenant, and two other officers, thoroughly to examine the vessel; when it was soon discovered that the commander was one of those traitorous and piratical villains who have so greatly infested us during the past war, fighting under different commissions, and plundering all that came in their way. He had no less than six ransomers on board; together with a most beautiful young lady, who had only escaped ruin, by the melancholy deprivation of her senses which his brutality had occasioned, and which yet would not have secured her from this diabolical villain, had not his lieutenant, (who, indeed, wished to reserve her for himself, as he intended to seize the command the very first opportunity) under the affectation of humanity, protested he never would consent to witness the perpetration of so gross an enormity.

The base miscreant was immediately put in irons, and the intended victim of

his purposed villainy brought on board the sloop, where she was soon convinced of her perfect safety. The wretched invader of all the rights of humanity turned out to be the identical person who had connived at the embezzlement of the fair widow's property in the West Indies; the young lady, whose destruction he had meditated, proved to be the daughter of Captain Winterfield, his dear, his adorable Penelope.

The young lady recovered but slowly from the consequences of the ill-treatment she had experienced; and when they arrived at Cork, which was not till three weeks after this affair, she was full two months before she got the better of her indisposition. In the mean time, as the Crocodile was only to visit at this place, previous to a cruise in the Bay of Biscay, Captain Winterfield and his two fair companions took their passage in a trading ship bound for Chester.

The second day after they sailed, a violent storm arose, which carried them out of their course, towards the coast of Scotland; where they continued to be driven about, at the mercy of the winds, for three days successively; till, at length, the vessel having sprung a leak, which the best efforts of the crew were unable to keep under, and having at the same time lost both her masts, after repeatedly firing guns of distress, without any prospect of relief, Captain Winterfield, with his lovely charge, and eight other passengers, determined not to tempt their fate by continuing longer on board, and having in vain endeavoured to prevail on the master to quit his ship, who declared he would much rather go down with her than face the owners after her loss, they got into the long boat about midnight, and made for the shore—with what success, has already appeared.

Captain Winterfield having concluded the narrative which comprehended these events, he presented his daughter, with the unfortunate lady, (who had, in her haste and confusion in quitting the vessel, left the trunk which contained her whole fortune upon deck, though she had carefully brought it up some time before, that she might not in the last extremity leave it behind) to Colonel Bellinger, begging to place them under his protection, till he might himself be enabled to provide for them to his wish. In the mean time, he expressed his intention of setting

setting out for England as soon as possible, that he might report to the commander in chief the circumstances which had occasioned his absence from the service, and express his readiness again to return to his duty.

Colonel Bellinger very readily engaged to provide for his amiable guests, and begged that Captain Winterfield would make no apology for sharing with him in the enjoyment of his fortune; and, though he could not but approve of his resolution to wait on the commander in chief as soon as convenient, he strongly opposed the offer of any future services: on the contrary, he intreated him to resign his commission; and represented the happiness he had begun to promise himself in the society of a person so dear to him, which would be wholly cut off, should he refuse to make Bellinger House the seat of his future residence, with his lovely daughter and the fair companion of his voyage. Nor would the generous colonel listen to any expressions of gratitude from the latter, whose tears he was however unable to check, for protection so kindly offered. She acknowledged herself destitute of a single known friend in England; having wholly relied for the hope of a comfortable subsistence, on the fortune she had by the intervention of Providence been prevented from carrying with her.

The distress of the unhappy lady, on this occasion, made a very sensible impression on Captain Winterfield; and, the moment he left Bellinger House, in his progress to London, he discovered, that sympathy for the misfortunes of the amiable young widow, had created an affection for her person; nor had the tenderness and solicitude of the captain to his fair partner in affliction failed to produce a similar effect in his favour. In short, they had for some time been deeply enamoured with each other: but the pure heart of the distressed fair-one shrunk from the idea of a second affection, her first love so cruelly terminated; and the brave captain, who had long persisted in the determination of continuing a widower, would probably never have suspected his own breast of harbouring the gentle passion, had not the friendless situation of the fair mourner, and the reverse of fortune which he had been a melancholy witness of her experiencing, excited in his bosom an interest in her future welfare, and a determined resolution to share

with her those ills of life which she seemed destined perpetually to sustain.

On his return, therefore, from London, (where his apology proved more than sufficient, the commander in chief having presented him to his majesty, by whom he was most graciously received) he scrupled not to open his heart to Colonel Bellinger, and to solicit his advice on the propriety of such an engagement, under his limited circumstances; though he acknowledged his love had increased, if not originated, since the lady was found to be destitute of that fortune which, though it might possibly have increased their comfort, could hardly have added to the felicity he believed he should yet experience with her, were he capable of inspiring her with an equal affection.

The colonel gave his warmest approbation to Captain Winterfield's attachment; and assured him, that he need not be under the smallest apprehension about circumstances, as (to say nothing of his own readiness, as well as ability, to make up any defect of that nature) the lady possessed a very ample fortune of her own, the trunk in which it was contained being the only article saved from the wreck, a circumstance which did not appear till after his departure for the metropolis.

'And now, my dear friend,' said the colonel, 'let me be equally candid and ingenuous: when I undertook to be the guardian of your matchless daughter, I considered her, from your representations, as merely an infant; and Heaven is my witness, that it was my unalterable intention she should no other way have been distinguished from my own children, than by the possession of a name at least equally dear. I was surprised, therefore, to find, in your little Penelope; as you fondly called her, (parent as I myself was) a blooming virgin of seventeen. Will you, captain, forgive my presumption! I have dared to hope, notwithstanding the difference of a few years—little more than your own with the dear object of your present regards—should the angelick daughter favour my vows, I shall not, in her father, meet an obstacle to my wishes.'

It may seem unnecessary to add, that the captain was not backward in giving his consent to so desirable an union. The colonel, in a short time, secured the affection of Penelope; whose father was

equally successful in obtaining that of the amiable widow: both parties were united on the same day; and they now compose one family at Bellinger House,

where they experience a much greater portion of felicity than usually falls to the lot of mortals in this state of imperfect bliss.

THE TIMELY DISCOVERY;

OR,

COQUETRY PUNISHED.

CHARLES Clastic, having finished his studies at Cambridge, went to pay a visit to his guardian at his seat in Hertfordshire. He lost both his parents when he was so young that he had a very faint remembrance of those near relations. An uncle on the mother's side took care of his education and his fortune till he came of age, which was just at the time he quitted the university to make this visit.

As Charles was a genteel young fellow, had an easy address, and was very politely accomplished, he made no small impression on the ladies in his uncle's neighbourhood; and his arriving to the possession of eight hundred a year in land, and twice as many thousands in the public funds, did not render him less agreeable in their eyes. He was, in truth, universally caressed wherever he went, and overwhelmed from all quarters with the most flattering civilities. Young, gay, handsome, polite and rich, where is the wonder that he was so? But I must hasten to an adventure which almost made him resolve to renounce all connections with the fair sex.

Among the gentlemen who visited his uncle on an intimate footing, was Mr. Townshend, a widower, and his daughter, who was reckoned the finest girl in that part of the county.

Miss Townshend had, indeed, just pretensions to the appellation of a beauty; but her intellectual accomplishments made a much stronger impression on young Clastic than all her personal charms. She had, besides, a thousand amiable qualities, which captivated him in such a manner, that he soon became as very a swain as ever sighed in the regions of Romance. But his love had nothing romantic in it; it was not a wandering passion, which dies in the possession of the object by which it is raised;

on the contrary, his affection was founded on virtue, and by virtuous means did he endeavour to arrive at the completion of his wishes.

The frequent interviews between the two families often gave the lovers opportunities of being together. In one of those interviews Charles thus opened himself, not without much embarrassment and awkward hesitation; by which hesitation and embarrassment he gave striking proofs of the integrity of his intentions. A counterfeit lover, with dishonourable views, would have been as fluent as any of our best orators, and as false.

'The first moment I saw you, Madam,' said Clastic, 'I admired you. By seeing you often, admiration soon ripened into love. You are ever in my thoughts; and I feel that I never shall be happy, unless you consent to make me so. My happiness depends on the reception which this declaration of a passion I can no longer conceal, meets with. As my views are honourable, my vanity makes me hope that I shall by this declaration give no offence.'

'Were I offended,' replied she, 'with so honourable a declaration, I should discover a great defect in my understanding; but were I to look upon your addresses in a serious light, and encourage them, I should not deserve the good opinion you entertain of me. The great disproportion between us, in point of fortune, (for I will not, I ought not to deceive you, my expectations are extremely small) gives me no room to—'

'Talk not of disproportion,' interrupted he, eagerly, 'in point of fortune. It is not to *that*, but to *yourself*, that I pay my addresses. The beauties of your mind and your person are sufficiently

'sufficiently attractive. With the possession of *them*, I shall think myself perfectly happy; the happiest husband in the world!'

After this generous behaviour in her lover, Miss Townshend could no longer refuse to comply with his wishes, and to crown his expectations. The interview ended with overflowings of happiness on *his* side, and a promise on *her's* to give her hand, if her father had no objection to the nuptials. She had no occasion to hesitate about her father's consent: the alliance between the Classics and the Townshends was too advantageous to the latter, to be rejected—but her deportment upon the occasion was delicate and dutiful.

Mr. Townshend, when his daughter disclosed the affair to him, made not the slightest objection to so flattering a match: but the marriage was postponed to the following winter; because, till then, Miss Townshend would not be of age. Besides, there were other important reasons for this delay.

Though Charles was vexed with having his happiness so long postponed, for the summer was not half over, as he thought himself sure of the affections, the person, and the heart, as well as the hand of his mistress, he endeavoured to wait with patience till November.

Not many days before *that* set apart for the celebration of their nuptials, Charles and his mistress made an appointment to see the comedy of *The Inconstant*; but, just as they were getting into the coach, Charles received a letter on business which required an immediate answer. Miss Townshend, therefore, and a lady of her acquaintance, went by themselves, and Charles promised to join them as soon as possible.

He entered the box, in which places had been taken, at the end of the third act, and was surprised to find only one seat near the door, where he could scarcely make a shift to sit. But he was still more surprised to see a young beau glittering between Miss Townshend and her companion, in the place which he himself should have filled.

The ladies turned to the door on seeing him enter, and he bowed to them. He could do no more; but waited till the end of the play for an explanation of the mystery, about which he could not be thoroughly easy.

The ladies returned his civility; but

he thought he saw a coolness in the behaviour of his mistress, and it alarmed him. He was piqued at it; but his mortification increased when he saw her, at the end of the entertainment, give her hand to the beau, who offered to conduct her to his coach. The sight stirred his blood, and he stepped up to the officious coxcomb with a look which made him ask pardon for the mistake he had committed, and offer his civilities to the other lady.

As they were rolling home, Charles rallied his mistress on the new conquest she had made, while she laughed off his raillery with a great deal of humour. He joined in the laugh, and thought no more of the object which had occasioned it.

A few days after this adventure, calling at Miss Townshend's lodgings to drink tea, Charles met the beau who had so much alarmed him. He was playing with her fan, and taking a few freedoms which were, in his opinion, too familiar, and in the permission of which she appeared, to him, very indiscreet. He had too much politeness, however, to shew his resentment in the presence of a third person; but, as soon as the unwelcome intruder had taken his leave, took the liberty to enquire into the occasion of such an unexpected tête-à-tête.

'This visit,' said she, 'is quite accidental. Sir Frisprey Tinsel ordered his coach to follow yours from the play; by which means he found out my lodgings and my name, and this afternoon introduced himself to my company.'

Though Charles did not express any dissatisfaction at the apology Miss Townshend made for her conduct, the sensations he felt were not of the most agreeable kind. He sealed up his lips while he staid with her, on that subject, but it engrossed all his thoughts.

In the evening he met Sir Frisprey at the coffee-house. 'Who is that coxcomb?' said he, to one of the waiters. 'A young baronet just arrived from his travels, to take possession of an estate in Staffordshire.'

At the next visit to his mistress, Charles behaved with his usual freedom and good-humour, as if nothing had happened; but her behaviour was changed; there was a reserve and a coldness in it which at once surprised and shocked him.

'I am astonished,' said she, in a peevish

peevish accent, 'that you can be alarmed at my taking a few innocent freedoms before marriage. If you discover a jealous disposition now, what am I to expect hereafter?'

'Have I, Madam, discovered any signs of such a temper?' replied Charles, very much hurt by her manner of treating him. 'Have I said any thing to make you suspect me of jealousy? I was, indeed, rather surprised to see a gentleman at your lodging who was quite a stranger to me, and I repeat it—'

'A stranger!' replied she, in a louder tone; 'you are mistaken, Sir. He is not such a stranger as you imagine. I have formerly danced several times in his company; and if he had returned sooner from his travels, you would have seen him before. He is a man of figure, fashion, and fortune, and has certainly a right to common complaisance from me. If you are offended with that complaisance, you neither treat him nor me in the manner we deserve.'

This speech was uttered with so much vehemence, that Charles was staggered by it. He was at a loss to know what to think of his mistress. He felt an unusual anxiety in his heart; but kept it to himself, and concealed it with all the art he was master of. He left her, full of perplexity. Her behaviour had confounded him. He reflected on it over and over, yet could not account for it; and passed the night full of distracting doubts, which the morning, however, soon dissipated.

While he was dressing himself to go to Miss Townshend, he started at the sudden appearance of her maid, who entered the room in great confusion, and seemed to have something of importance to communicate. After a short pause—

'I am come, Sir,' said she, 'to discover a secret which concerns your honour and happiness: I hope you won't betray me for telling it.'

'Sit down,' said Charles; 'speak freely what you have to say in which my honour and happiness are concerned, and be assured I will lock up the secret in my breast.'

Encouraged by this assurance, she proceeded. 'You know, Sir, I was brought up in your family, and that I am under very great obligations to it: and, after you was so kind as to place me in the

service I am in, I always considered you as my master, and therefore think it my duty to inform you of what you ought to know. You will be sadly shocked, Sir, at what I am going to reveal; but I cannot see so worthy a gentleman abused without speaking. I do my duty in this discovery, let what will be the consequence.'

Charles, impatient to hear the secret, encouraged her to relate all she knew, and to conceal nothing.

'You have been grossly imposed on,' continued she, 'by my mistress, who does not at all deserve the good opinion you have of her: no, indeed, Sir, she does not; for I have found out that the young baronet you saw at our house is an old acquaintance of hers. When she first received you as a lover, Sir Frillery was abroad on his travels; but now he is come home, she is doing all she can to be my Lady Tinsel, and I fancy she will succeed, for she has a great deal of art. They have begun to write to one another; and people, you know, Sir, must be pretty intimate when they come to that. I have got a letter in my hand from her to him; but as I have a regard for your happiness, and think you have been very much abused by them both, I was determined to let you see it before I carried it to the post-office.'

Charles was struck dumb with the discovery of Miss Townshend's infidelity. He was for some moments unable to speak, for astonishment. But he recovered himself; and, to the increase of that astonishment, read the following letter.

TO SIR FRILLERY TINSEL, BART.

MY DEAR SIR FRILLERY,

YOU over-power me with pleasure by the many expressions you make use of in my favour, and by your intentions to make me happy; for so any woman must be, who is connected with so amiable, and so every-way agreeable a man. But you tell me, you hear I am engaged, and therefore are afraid that you shall be rejected. Dismiss those fears, and believe me ready to accept of your generous proposals. I was, it is true, to have been married to a country gentleman, whose offers of marriage I only listened to, because they were advantageous, and not from any affection to his person. If, therefore,

therefore, you continue in the mind you are in with regard to me, I will break off with that gentleman directly: in doing which I shall feel no reluctance, when I consider for whom I leave him. A woman surely must have no eyes nor understanding, who can hesitate a moment in such a situation. I expect him this evening at six, because I have not yet discarded him; but I hope he will not stay beyond his usual hour, which is eight. If you take your chance for finding me alone after that hour, you will receive a sincere welcome from, Sir, your obliged

CHARLOTTE TOWNSHEND.

If I could describe Charles's situation when he finished the above letter, I would; but the most forcible words in the English language are too weak for that purpose. Love, jealousy, and resentment, filled his breast by turns, and distracted him with their tumultuous agitation. After the hopes with which he had flattered himself, that his mistress was as sincere as she appeared to be, this blow was almost too heavy for him to bear. The words—'I shall feel no reluctance, when I consider for whom I leave him,' stabbed him to the soul; and the cordial invitation at the conclusion of the letter, almost threw him into a delirium.

'Are all her vows, promises, and protestations,' cried he, 'come to this? If she is false, what faith is there in a woman? I will not rashly fall upon the whole sex, for the treacherous behaviour of one individual; but surely I shall have reason to suspect the most flattering appearances.'

When he had thus given a little vent to his passion, he enquired of the maid whether she could not contrive to let him be present at the interview which her mistress had proposed to enjoy with her new lover: for much he desired to hear from her lips a confirmation of what she had written with her hand, that he might not have the smallest room to doubt of her double-dealing.

His request was no sooner hinted than complied with. He went; drank tea, staid the usual time; and, as Miss Townshend discovered not, in any part of her demeanour, the smallest alienation of her affections, many men, in his circumstances, would have imagined the letter to have been forged on purpose to make

him uneasy; with so much artful simplicity, and seeming innocence, did the ingrate conduct herself.

He took his leave of her, but not of the house. Posted in an adjoining closet, he waited the arrival of Sir Frippery with impatience, and he was not disappointed.

The baronet was extremely well received; and, after a thousand mutual vows, and such protestations as had once passed between Miss Townshend and himself, she confirmed what she had written, assuring him, that she was ready, for his sake, to renounce, from that moment, all thoughts of Mr. Classic.

'I renounce him,' said she, with an emphasis, 'for ever, and to you alone I attach myself. I never loved him; and, to give up what we never loved, is no very difficult task.'

What dreadful words were these to the ears of Charles! He comforted himself, however, that she had declared her mind so freely about him, before marriage; for the same disposition would, he thought, have prompted her to make the same declaration afterwards. In that reflection he was happy, and extracted great consolation from his disappointment.

When Sir Frippery retired, Charles unexpectedly supplied his place. His presence was as unlucky, as it was unlooked for. He struck the lady with surprize. She screamed.

'So, Madam,' said Charles, with a provoking composure, 'you never loved me!—And to give up what we never loved, is no very difficult task!' I heartily congratulate you on your new conquest.—'Lady Tinsel's servant!' will, to be sure, sound more genteelly than plain Mrs. Classic's; and you have sufficiently convinced me, that you only listened to my addresses from lucrative motives. After the protestations which you have made, I might with reason, in the severest terms, reproach your perfidy; but, if you have any sensibility, you will be more punished by your own thoughts, than by any thing I can say; and to these thoughts I leave you.'

With this spirited speech, he left her, in a situation of mind not easily conceived, and still more difficult to describe.

Charles, however, was soon after consoled, by the possession of a young lady

of very superior family and fortune; of at least equal beauty; and who had good sense enough to set a proper value on the genuine affection of a man of honour: while Charlotte had the mortification to find, that even so contemptible a being as Sir Frippery, could refuse to make her the partner of his fortunes; and spent the

remainder of her comfortless life in unavailing regrets for her indiscretion, and without a single overture of marriage from any person whom her still remaining pride, humbled as it certainly was, would by any means permit her to accept.

THE CREOLE.

BY MISS PEACOCK.

A Series of years had propitiously revolved, since the bands of Hy-men united George Sedley to the most amiable and beautiful of women: the web of their destiny seemed formed of the fairest and most delicate texture, and fortune had scattered their path with her richest treasures.

Their residence was at a beautiful villa, detached from the tumult of cities, where they enjoyed the pleasures of rational society and rural retirement.

At the close of a delightful summer, as Mrs. Sedley was one day sitting at a window which commanded an extensive view of the adjacent meadows, her feelings were sensibly affected by beholding a woman extended on the ground, apparently in the agonies of death. Her head was supported by a youth about eighteen years of age, whose countenance expressed the most poignant grief. The compassionate Harriot Sedley immediately ordered the unfortunate woman to be conveyed into the house, and a physician to be sent for; though she appeared to be reduced more through want and sorrow than by pain or disease. By the timely care and attention of her benefactress, her health in a few days became perfectly re-established; and the youth, who was her son, endeavoured to assume an aspect of more composure; for, till now, he had remained at her bed-side, a prey to all the horrors of despair.

Mrs. Sedley found the unfortunate stranger to be a woman of talents and high accomplishments. She was about the age of forty; tall and elegant in her person; her complexion was dark; and her face, though it could not be called handsome, possessed such sweet-

ness and sensibility, as rendered it more captivating than beauty itself.

Mrs. Sedley felt an earnest desire to know what singular calamity had thus reduced one whom address and education seemed to have designed for the most elevated sphere of life: she was cautious, however, of expressing her curiosity, fearing the might heighten the wretchedness of her friend, by any apparent distrust of her character or conduct.

At length the stranger, as they were sitting one day together, thus addressed her—

‘After the unspeakable obligations, Madam, I have received, it is a justice I owe to your kindness and my own character, to convince you, by relating my wretched story, that my misfortunes have not originated from vice or misconduct: the world may, indeed, accuse me of the latter; but it is an ill-judging one, which censures alike the innocent and the guilty.’

‘I was born,’ said she, ‘in one of the West-India islands: my father was an English merchant; who, having married the daughter of an opulent planter there, settled in the island. I was an infant when my mother died; and being the only child my father had, enjoyed his affection undiminished: but, though his fondness was to such excess that he could not endure the thought of parting with me, this extravagant partiality was by no means injurious to my education, as the liberality of his fortune enabled him to invite over men of eminent abilities, to cultivate and improve my talents.’

‘I acquired a perfect knowledge, not only of the French and Italian, but also of the Latin language, besides making

making some progress in moral and natural philosophy.

Being sole heir to my father's wealth, which, I, before said, was considerable, I was not destitute of admirers; but I beheld all mankind with equality; nor had I yet seen the man with whom I thought I could be content to unite my fate, for my disposition being naturally contemplative, and having dedicated a large portion of my time to the Muses, my mind became insensibly tinged with that generous enthusiasm they ever inspire. To render marriage that permanent state of bliss, which my fond imagination had pictured it, I believed more was requisite than wealth, titles, or external accomplishments. I looked for sympathy of soul, and perfect union of ideas. Like Clarissa, I wished—

“to pass my life in rational tranquillity,
“with a friend whose virtues I could
“respect, whose talents I could admire,
“and who would make my esteem the
“basis of my affection.”

I had just entered into my twentieth year, when it pleased Heaven to deprive me of the best of parents. By his death I became possessed of a fortune surpassing my most ambitious desires: but this acquisition, I can with sincerity affirm, was far, very far from compensating the loss I sustained in him. I performed the last sad melancholy office to his ever-honoured remains, and shed over him the unfeigned tear of filial sorrow.

As my father, during his life, was naturally fond of those amusements which enliven the fashionable circle, I had mingled much more in it than was agreeable to my tranquil turn of mind. Now, being entire mistress of my actions, I resolved to indulge myself in a manner of living more suited to my disposition. Having, therefore, retired to an elegant villa, which my father had fitted up in a remote part of the island, I reduced my numerous acquaintance to a few select friends; and there found myself in possession of the greatest sweeteners of human life—

——“Friendship, retirement, rural quiet,
“books,

“An elegant sufficiency, content.”

! A stranger to love, envy, or ambi-

tion, my days were crowned with joy, and my nights with undisturbed repose.—Delightful hours! why so soon did you spread your airy pinions, and leave me to weep for that peace which can return no more!

I had been but a few months settled in my tranquil abode, when a young man arrived in the island with letters of recommendation to my father, from a friend of his in America. I acquainted the stranger with the loss I had experienced in the best of parents; at the same time assuring him, that any services it was in my power to render him he might command.

From that hour he had free access to me. His stature was of the middle height, graceful and well proportioned; his education was liberal, his judgment correct, and his manners gentle and engaging: but his countenance! Oh, why did nature form it so ingenuous? why were not perfidy and ingratitude stamped on every feature? These attractions too easily subdued my unguarded heart; my joys became all centered in the agreeable stranger.

In a few weeks after his arrival, he took advantage of that partiality which, I am fearful, he was too sensible I entertained for him, and professed a passion for me, so sincere and disinterested, that I easily gave credit to that which I so ardently wished. Wealth is surely not envious! Happy is the village maid whose innocence and beauty are her only dower: no riches, no titles, to allure, she enjoys the affections of her faithful shepherd, unbiassed by sordid interest or ambition.

But to resume a story which, would to Heaven I could for ever blot from my remembrance! I did not long endeavour to conceal that passion which was my greatest pride. It is true, the object of it was undistinguished by wealth or station; but these I viewed with contempt, when set in competition with those virtues and accomplishments my fond imagination ascribed to my beloved Groveby. He continued to urge his love; and with such success, that in six months after we were married.

This step drew on me the censure of all my acquaintance, who thought it madness in me to lavish so large a for-

—tune

tune on a young man possessed of no other recommendation than that of a good person and education.

Their reflections, however, gave me little concern: I had found a man who seemed formed to render my life permanently happy; and rejoiced that Heaven had enabled me to exalt him to that sphere to which, I flattered myself, his worth and talents would become an ornament.

Perfect harmony subsisted betwixt us two years; but, alas! at the end of that period, I perceived with grief, that indifference gradually succeeded the ardour of affection which had till then influenced the conduct of my husband. To a heart less tender, perhaps less fond, than mine, this change might have been imperceptible; but my love was of that delicate nature, as to startle even at the shadow of unkindness. Oh, that it had been but a shadow! He spent whole days from me; my endearments were irksome to him; and if I enquired into the cause of his dejection or displeasure, he answered me with such coolness and reserve, as cut me to the soul.

Oh, Madam, may you never experience the pangs of unreturned affection! may you never feel the tortures I then endured! for I still loved the dear, ungrateful youth, with undiminished ardour; and time, which had weakened and destroyed his passion, seemed only to have added strength to mine.

At length, one day, he told me that, being weary of a climate which he found, by no means agreed with his constitution, he was resolved to return to America; and ordered me to prepare immediately for our departure, as he had settled for our passage in a vessel which sailed in a few weeks.

I was rather surprized at this information, as he had never before intimated his intention: I did not, however, oppose his design; but instantly made preparations for our voyage. Most of our effects being conveyed on board, and the time having arrived, within a few days, for our departure, my husband went one day to dine on board, with the captain of the vessel. I awaited his return till late in the evening, when I began to grow alarmed at his delay, fearing that some acci-

dent might have befallen him: but, oh! Madam, how shall I describe my agony, when, on sending a messenger to enquire for him, I discovered that the vessel had been under sail some hours, and that my perfidious husband had embarked in it!

A cold sweat bedewed my limbs, a mist of darkness seemed to gather round me, and I sunk motionless to the ground: Oh! that I had remained forever insensible, that death had forever freed my wearied spirit from this scene of wretchedness!

I remained almost in a state of insanity several days, when a nervous fever ensuing, reduced me so low, that my life was despaired of: youth, however, and the natural strength of my constitution, baffled the disease; and health returned, though my peace of mind was for ever fled.

I now saw myself deprived of that affluence to which, from my infancy, I had been accustomed; for my unkind Groveby had, some months before, unknown to me, converted our estates into cash; all which he had taken with him, leaving me only one small plantation, which I was likewise under a necessity of disposing of, to supply my immediate exigencies.

This sudden reverse of fortune gave me an opportunity of discovering a similar alteration in the conduct of my acquaintance: the warmth of friendship was now changed into cool indifference; and those few who still continued to wear the appearance of cordiality, rendered my visits irksome, by satirical remarks, or mortifying reflections.

From my honest negroes alone I received consolation; their affection remained unshaken, and glowed with more fervour amidst the clouds of sorrow and misfortune that surrounded me. I could, indeed, have raised a considerable sum by disposing of them; but, though born in a clime which authorizes the inhuman custom of bartering our fellow-creatures for gold, I ever loathed and detested the horrid practice.

Surely, my dear Madam, we have no right to tyrannize over, and treat as brutes, those who will doubtless one day be made partakers with us of an immortality! Have they not the

"same faculties, the same passions, and the same innate sense of good and evil? Should we then, who are enlightened by the holy precepts of Christianity, refuse to stretch forth the friendly hand, to point these human affections to the most laudable purposes, the glory of God, and the real advantage of society!

"Let us not dislike them for their complexion,

"The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun."

"It is the charming variety with which nature has adorned her works, that so much raises our admiration and delight. The lily would bloom less fair, uncontrasted by the rose; and the splendor of day become less welcome, were it not for the pleasing vicissitude of night. Is it then reasonable to despise a part of the creation, for contributing towards the beauty of the whole?

"You will, I hope, Madam, excuse this unnecessary digression; but I have experienced such unshaken affection from these poor creatures, and have at the same time been so frequently witness to the cruelty and oppression which are daily exercised on them, that I could not refrain from entering with warmth on a subject in which my feelings have been so often wounded.

"Many of the negroes had grown old in my father's service; and though their lives had passed with labour, gentlest and kind treatment had rendered the toil light. I could not endure the thought, therefore, of dooming their age to the iron hand of tyranny, to whatsoever poverty I might myself be reduced.

"Thus resolved, I assembled them together; and, to the best of my remembrance, spoke to them in the following manner.

"MY HONEST FRIENDS,

"You see it has pleased Heaven to deprive me of that assistance of which I was formerly possessed: you have all been faithful and affectionate; and many of you have spent your youth up in my own or my father's service. Assure yourselves, then, that I do not consider it the least of my sorrows, that fortune has not left it in my power to render your age peace-

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"ful and independent, as your youth has been faithful and industrious. But that God, whom you have been taught to adore, will befriend you, if you continue to serve him with humility, with patience, and with resignation. Do not however imagine, I conjure you, that I mean to doom you to foreign slavery; no, my friends, you are from this moment free.

"Liberty is all your poor mistress has to bestow on you; all she has now left to recompense you for your faithful services!"

"It is impossible to describe the effect this address produced on the negroes; not a dry eye was seen among them: so far from being elated with the freedom offered them, they seemed desirous of rushing again into slavery, that I might reap the benefit arising from the sale of them.

"This striking instance of their gratitude served only to confirm me in my resolution; so that, after bedewing my hand with their tears, they all departed, except one negro girl, who threw herself at my feet, with the most lively expression of grief, entreating me to kill her rather than discard her; declaring, that she preferred death to that of being separated from me. I could not withstand this mark of her affection, more particularly as my Theodore, whom you now see the companion of my misfortunes, was then an infant, and my weak state of health rendered me incapable of paying him that unremitted attention his tender years required. With this girl I retired to a small abode, in a distant part of the island, and resigned myself wholly to the care of Providence; the money I had raised on the plantation before-mentioned, being now very nigh exhausted.

"On the evening of the second day after my arrival, I perceived the negroes I had discharged advancing towards my new habitation. They had been at work on some plantations; and were approaching, to share with me the fruits of their honest industry. At first I absolutely rejected their generous offer; but, finding that my refusal sensibly afflicted them, I consented to accept a third part of the money they offered.

"From this day they constantly per-

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sifted in devoting to me the above portion of their wages, accompanied with such evident marks of satisfaction, that my acceptance of their services seemed to afford them the highest pleasure they were capable of enjoying.

In this solitude I remained twelve years; during which time I made frequent enquiries after my husband, writing repeatedly to several of my father's correspondents in America; but could not gain the least intelligence concerning him. I continued, therefore, entirely supported by the affectionate negroes, by whose assistance I was supplied, not only with the necessaries, but, I may add, even with the comforts of life. This state of dependence was, however, to an ingenuous mind, painful and humiliating: but I had, alas! no other resource.

My chief employment and delight was that of cultivating and improving those talents and virtues with which Heaven had endued my beloved son: for his sake, I once more courted the Sciences and the Muses, from whom sorrow had long estranged me.

My days were thus gliding on, when I became acquainted with a gentleman named Seamore: he had formerly been a captain in the navy, and had spent his youth in the service of his country; but finding that the upstarts of an hour too frequently bore off the well-earned prize from the hardy veteran, he resolved no more to hazard the dangers of the deep, but to forget the toils of war in the serene joys of domestic life. With this intention, and the hopes of improving a moderate fortune, he purchased a large plantation in the island; to which he retired with his daughter, the fair Juliana. This gentleman was acquainted with my unhappy story by one of my negroes employed on his plantation: he expressed an earnest desire to see me; which being related to me, the negro, with my permission, conducted him one evening, accompanied with his daughter, to our obscure retreat.

Juliana appeared to be about sixteen years of age. Her stature was below the middle height, but finely proportioned; her features were delicate;

and, as the poet beautifully says of Lavinia,

"The modest virtues mingled in her eyes."

On their entrance, she entreated me, with an air of peculiar sweetness, to pardon a curiosity excited by my superior virtues and unmerited misfortunes.

I found little difficulty in returning this compliment; for there was something so engaging in her aspect, that I uttered only the sentiments of my heart, when I assured her that, to whatever cause I was indebted for this visit, I should consider it with pleasure, since it introduced me to one so truly amiable.

From that time scarce a day passed in which we did not see each other. The captain discovered a striking partiality for my dear boy, and generously offered to be the patron of his future fortunes.

Not long after this, I perceived an alarming change in my Theodore: his vivacity forsook him, he grew thoughtful and melancholy, and a total decline of health seemed gradually to have taken place.

One day, when I had been for some time endeavouring to discover if any secret grief was the occasion of this unhappy alteration in him, he said—
"Alas! my mother, it is an hopeless, guilty passion, that is thus consuming my youth. It is love, to which honour, gratitude, and every tie of friendship, forbids me to aspire.—
"And yet who could behold thee, Juliana, and resist thy soft attractions?
"Thy innocence, thy beauty, and thy heavenly goodness!—Oh, fortune! till now, I was insensible of thy unkindness! Possessed of health and content, I sighed not for affluence I never knew. But love has taught me to be ambitious! Why was the curse of poverty entailed on me? Why am I doomed to languish in sight of that bliss I must never enjoy?"

He then told me, that chance had discovered the situation of his heart to Juliana, and that they had exchanged vows of eternal truth. "But, alas!" continued he, "can I, to gratify my own passion, thus impose on the unsuspecting openness of my generous patron? Can I return his friendship
"by

"by seducing his lovely daughter from the path of duty; by seducing her into the arms of one who, by that action, will dispossess himself of his only inheritance, his honour and integrity? No, my mother, rather let me lose her for ever, than by baseness and ingratitude cease to deserve her!" I embraced him with transport, and looked up with gratitude to Heaven for blessing me with a son whose virtues so highly adorned human nature. Yet this excess of joy was damped by the miserable reflection, that I might perhaps in a short time lose him for ever. I tried every effort to divert the deep melancholy to which, with sorrow, I beheld him daily made the prey; but finding all my attempts ineffectual, I resolved to remove to a more distant part of the island, hoping that absence and change of objects might restore to my beloved son his wonted serenity.

"With this resolution, I went one morning to our friend, and disclosed to him the means I proposed taking, to extinguish a passion, which promised to be fatal, not only to my Theodore, but, if suffered to take too deep root, highly injurious to the peace of his charming daughter.

"When I had concluded, the captain, to my surprize, instead of betraying the least chagrin or displeasure at the discovery of the reciprocal attachment between his daughter and Theodore, told me, that he could not discern the least reason why it should be injurious to either: "If they love each other, why, my dear friend," said he, "should we prevent their happiness? The virtues and accomplishments of your son will, I am persuaded, more than counterbalance the trifling advantage which fortune has given to Juliana."

"I was astonished at this uncommon instance of generosity. "These," said I to myself, "are the warm effusions of an heart uncorrupted by the sordid maxims of the world!"

"I flew immediately to communicate the joyful tidings to my beloved Theodore; but will not attempt to describe his transports. The happiness of his amiable mistress was not less complete; her lips, now with pride, confessed the passion her heart had long cherished.

"The hours were revolving in this uninterrupted course of tranquillity, when the generous Seamore was called to England by the death of a friend, who had appointed him sole guardian to an only child. He had, indeed, for some time before meditated a return to the place of his nativity; but this event hastened his resolution. We were to accompany him; and, at the request of Juliana, her nuptials with Theodore were to be deferred till our arrival in England.

"In a short period we began our voyage, and sailed for some weeks without interruption; when a storm arising, we were in great danger of falling victims to it's rage: our vessel continued two days at the mercy of the tremendous hurricane; but at the close of the second, when the loud billows began to sink in peace, and serenity again to smile on the agitated deep, we perceived that a part of the ship had taken fire.

"It is impossible to describe the horror, the consternation, and unspeakable anguish, which was variously pictured in the countenances of the wretched crew. Our only resource was that of the long-boat, which was immediately hoisted and filled. Our noble friend, with the commander of the vessel, had been for some time endeavouring to extinguish the flames; but finding every effort fruitless, he turned his whole thoughts on his daughter, and was approaching to convey her into the boat, when the flames, which had communicated themselves to that part of the ship on which he stood, compelled him to seek instant protection in the waves. Juliana, who had till now supported herself with fortitude, superior to her age or sex, on beholding the dire fate of her father, fainted in her lover's arms. I perceived the contending passions which agitated the soul of my Theodore: duty and love at once divided his affections. I entreated him to waste no time on me, but instantly to convey the afflicted maid into the boat. This request he complied with, thinking, when he had placed her in safety, to return and provide for mine and his own: but, alas! he was no sooner in it, than the sailors pushed off from the ship, declaring that if more were suffered to enter, the boat must inevitably be overset.

' My Theodore, in the most pathetic manner, endeavoured to prevail upon them to take me with them, offering to trust his own life to the mercy of the waves: our friend likewise, whom we had before the happiness of seeing preserved, by the timely interposition of the sailors, urged this request in vain; and thus every hope for my escape seemed cut off.

' The grief which spoke in the countenance of my Theodore, on perceiving the boat row from the ship, is inexpressible. But what was my astonishment, when I beheld the affectionate youth plunge into the waves, and swim back towards the vessel! I lost all thought of my own situation, wholly absorbed, in the fate of one dearer to me than life. I conjured him, in accents incoherent, to return to the boat, and not let me die a death more painful than that which awaited me, by seeing him perish. He was, however, deaf to my remonstrances; and when he had swam within a few yards of the vessel, at his request, I threw myself from the deck: as I fell, with one hand he caught a part of my garment, by which he for some time supported me amidst the surrounding waves. But his strength being at length exhausted, we were on the point of sinking, when providentially we were discovered and taken up by some fishermen in a small skiff.

' As soon as we were set on shore, our care was to make the strictest enquiry after our friend and his lovely daughter, whom we flattered ourselves had escaped in safety to some part of the coast. Our hopes were, alas! disappointed; our endeavours to discover them proved fruitless; and at length we heard, with unutterable grief, that a boat full of passengers, which appeared to be escaping from some wreck, was seen to overlet; by which means the unfortunate crew must inevitably have perished. This, it is too probable, was that in which our lamented friends took refuge. Theodore's grief was severe beyond conception. We resolved, however, to sail for England; for which place we were certain, should our fears prove groundless, they would likewise embark.

' Fortunately, I had presence of mind, before we left the ship, to secure twenty guineas in a handkerchief; with

' the assistance of which we procured our passage, and arrived at Portsmouth: but this, at the conclusion of our voyage, was reduced to two guineas; with which we resolved to travel by short stages to London, where we might, from some of their connections, either gain intelligence of our unfortunate friends, or, what was more probable, be ourselves the messengers of their sad catastrophe.

' We began our journey; but at the end of three days, notwithstanding the most rigid economy, our cash was entirely exhausted. I leave you, Madam, whose heart wealth cannot steel against the sympathetic feelings of woe, to imagine the horrors of our situation, destitute of friends or money, in a land of strangers, and deprived even of a sheltering habitation, in which we might unmolested breathe our last sigh.

' In this forlorn state we continued our way, till I became so weak, that I found it impossible to proceed further: I doubted not but my last hour was at hand; death seemed to promise a speedy oblivion to all my cares; but it required more than human fortitude to support the stroke which severed me from my Theodore, whom filial tenderness had rendered dearer to me than the tie of nature.

' The thought of leaving him friendless, exposed to want and sorrow, filled my soul with those tortures which the most agonizing dissolution could not have caused. I swooned in his arms; and was conveyed, by the distracted youth, into that field in which our miseries first excited your generous compassion.'

' Alas!' said Mrs. Sedley, as the narrative concluded, ' how unequal are the distributions of Providence! Surely, my dear unfortunate friend, a larger portion of human ills than usual have embittered thy life. Whence is it, that the heart, warmed and expanded by the social virtues, should be thus suffered to shrink at the touch of poverty? Methinks it militates against the laws of justice; and nothing but the certainty of a future state can reconcile us to it.'

' It ill becomes us,' replied the Creole, ' to arraign the dispensations of the Most High: adversity is the lot of man, designed by Heaven to wean him from these

‘ these transient scenes, and fix his hopes on bliss more permanent; without it the virtues of patience and resignation would have no existence.’

‘ How amiable, how forcible, is your philosophy!’ said Mrs. Sedley: ‘ if you, my friend, encompassed by sorrows and misfortune, can repress the sigh of accusation, how ought my heart to dilate with gratitude for the happiness I enjoy, possessed of an affluent fortune, and blessed in the affections of a man whose virtues render him the delight and admiration of all around him! Oh, Mrs. Groveby! were you but acquainted with his amiable qualities, how would your tongue, like mine, grow lavish in his praise!’ Mr. Sedley had been for some weeks on a party of pleasure; the strangers, therefore, had not yet had an opportunity of seeing him; but, from the lively picture which his fond wife drew, they already viewed him with the highest admiration.

His return was now expected daily; and the impatient Harriot began affectionately to count the moments of his delay.

At length she had the joy of seeing the chaise approach. Mrs. Groveby and her son, conscious of the delicacy of their situation, retired to another part of the house, while their generous benefactress flew on the wings of love to welcome her husband. How, alas! were her joys blasted; when she perceived him borne into the hall, pale and fainting. Severe as this shock was, she endeavoured to support it with fortitude, lest any tender attention to her unfortunate husband, who had been wounded in a duel, should be omitted.

She attended him to his chamber, and hung over him with unutterable grief. When a surgeon had examined the wound, he pronounced it to be mortal; and advised him, if he had any temporal affairs to settle, to lose no time in adjusting them. Mrs. Sedley was no sooner acquainted with this melancholy sentence, than she fainted; and was conveyed by her attendants into another apartment, where the amiable Creole, by participating her sorrows, endeavoured to alleviate them.

Her anxiety, however, did not suffer her to remain long absent from her husband, from whom she feared Death would

in a short period divide her for ever. When Sedley perceived her again enter the chamber, he made signs for the servants to leave the room; and, pressing her hand, spoke to her in the following manner.

‘ I find, my dear Harriot,’ said he, ‘ that I am halting to eternity;

“ Cut off even with the blossoms of my life.”

‘ I have, perhaps, but a few short hours to live; let me therefore employ them, by atoning, in some measure, for my past offences, by vindicating the innocent, and making what reparation is yet in my power to those I have injured.

‘ I had not been many hours at Dover, at which place we proposed staying some days, before the packet-boat arrived from France. I, with many others, flocked to the beach, in order to view the passengers, (fatal curiosity!) among whom was a young woman of exquisite beauty: she walked from the boat with a melancholy, dejected air, leaning on the arm of an old man, whom I imagined to be her father.

‘ I will frankly confess that, from the first moment of beholding her, I was captivated by her charms; and resolved, contrary to all laws of honour and humanity, to gratify my base desires.

‘ I found little difficulty in introducing myself to their acquaintance, as they slept in the same inn at which I lodged; and discovered, that they were on their way to London, but that they did not intend to pursue their journey till they received letters, which they were hourly in expectation of. I was rejoiced at this information, as I thought it would give me time to ingratiate myself with my fair enslaver, with whom I became more and more enamoured. In a few days they received the letters they expected, and prepared to renew their journey. Unwilling so soon to relinquish the object of my pursuit, I pretended business, and accompanied them to London. There I took every opportunity of pleading my passion to my fair mistress; but she continued inflexible and unmoved.

‘ I as obstinately continued to pursue her; till, after repeated remonstrances, she

she was constrained to free herself from my importunities, by discovering my base designs to her father.

The unsuspecting captain, who imagined the hearts of all men as generous and unpolluted as his own, was fired with indignation at the treachery and dissimulation of my conduct. He reproached me in the most bitter language his honest resentment could dictate; which I retorted with equal, if not superior asperity, till a challenge seemed the only alternative to appease the injured pride and honour of both.

We went immediately to a retired part of the town, and drew upon each other; but were soon interrupted by some people, who overheard the dispute, and suspected our design: they did not, however, arrive before I had received the wound, which will in a short time terminate my existence.

My antagonist was taken into custody; and I was conveyed to an adjacent tavern, where a surgeon being arrived, pronounced my wounds to be dangerous.

I was no sooner acquainted with his opinion, than I determined, contrary to the humane persuasions of those around me, to be instantly conveyed home; for, alas! I had wounds of the soul, which wanted the hand of conjugal fidelity to heal.

Oh! Harriot, bear witness, when I am no more, that with my latest breath I acknowledge myself the aggressor, and from my soul acquit my noble friend.

Into what an abyss of grief has not my folly plunged him! What pangs does not his amiable daughter suffer from reflecting, that the merciless hand of justice will, perhaps, tear from her the tenderest of parents!

Suffer them not to languish under the cruel thought; send them instant intelligence, that I confess the justice of my doom, and pronounce the innocence of my friend.

Mrs. Sedley lost no time in executing the desires of her husband; she immediately dispatched Theodore to the unfortunate captain, and likewise letters to some powerful friends, requesting their interest to procure his speedy enlargement.

After this, she returned overwhelmed with sorrow to the chamber of her hus-

band, whom she endeavoured to console with the hopes of returning health.

'No,' said he, 'my hour is at hand; I shall soon appear at that grand tribunal, where our actions are weighed in the balance of impartial justice; where guilt is seen in its native deformity; and where virtue brightens into perfection. Oh! that I had reflected on this ere it had been too late; but, intoxicated with success, I forgot that I was mortal, and darkened those hours with vice, which Heaven designed that virtue should illumine.'

Oh! Harriot, listen, while I unfold a tale, at which your gentle nature will recoil.

It was the will of Heaven not to increase the native pride and vanity which I possessed, by giving me an illustrious birth; my fire being distinguished only by honesty of heart, and simplicity of manners.

He resided many years in the family of a man of high rank, who intrusted him with the management of his estates, in which he acquitted himself with unblemished integrity. Being frequently with my father, I was early introduced to the notice of his noble patron; who was so pleased with the vivacity and pliability of my temper, that he offered to educate me with his own son. This proposal was too advantageous to be rejected, and I was immediately taken under his protection. A few months after he had adopted me, our generous friend accepted a lucrative post in America, to which place we accompanied him. There I made a rapid progress in my studies, and arrived at my nineteenth year. My kind patron then began to think of procuring me some employment suitable to the education he had liberally bestowed on me; and was on the point of purchasing for me a commission in the army, when a paralytick stroke in a few weeks put an end to his existence.

All my shining prospects now vanished; for I had but faint hopes of protection from the son of my benefactor, who by no means inherited his father's virtues.

My patron was no sooner dead, than his heir threw off the guise of friendship, which he had till then worn, and gave me to understand, that I must no longer expect countenance or protection.

tection from him, but instantly seek another residence.

'I was much hurt and chagrined at this treatment from one whom I was conscious I had never deliberately injured. I had, indeed, always suspected that he entertained no real esteem for me; and was sensible that he viewed my acquirements with an invidious and malignant eye; but did not imagine him capable of so soon violating the laws of hospitality. Fortunately for me, my father, who expired a few months before, had left me possessed of one hundred pounds, with which I resolved to embark for the West Indies, where I flattered myself I might obtain some advantageous employment, as I knew I could be well recommended to persons of rank there.

'I immediately proceeded to put this scheme into execution, and agreed for my passage in a vessel, which was to sail in a few weeks.

'During this fatal period, the ship arrived from England which conveyed you, my Harriot, supreme in youthful beauty, to the American shore. I gazed! I loved! My whole soul was lost in speechless admiration! With faking accents I enquired into your name and family; and, oh! with torture, heard that fortune had placed you far, far beyond the reach of my romantick hopes.

'I frequented all places of publick resort, where I had the least opportunity of seeing you; and frequently attempted to converse with you; but, as you were constantly attended by your father, or some friend, my endeavours were frustrated.

'The time of my departure at length drew nigh: I was on the brink of exiling myself for ever from the woman on whom my soul doated with the most extravagant fondness: and yet, to what purpose would have been farther delay?

'Could an obscure youth, undistinguished by birth or fortune, dare to aspire to the heirs of Sir Charles Saville? What madness! what presumption!

'In this agitated frame of mind, I embarked for the West Indies; but, on my arrival there, understood that a generous and wealthy planter, to whom I had letters of recommendation, was lately deceased.

'I introduced myself, however, to his daughter, who received me politely; and, with an air of amiable frankness, gave me free access to her elegant mansion. She was a young woman who possessed one of the largest fortunes in the island; but, unlike the generality of her sex, she secluded herself from the excess and folly to which wealth too frequently gives birth.

'I had not been her guest long, before I observed that she grew thoughtful; and after some time discovered, that her heart was impressed by the most tender passion, of which I believed myself to be the object: her looks, her actions, her sighs, betrayed that which her modesty strove in vain to conceal.

'This was, at first, far from affording me satisfaction; for my whole soul being engaged by the charming image of my Harriot, I viewed all other women with contempt and indifference. Conscious, however, of the extravagance of my passion, and not wholly insensible to the advantages arising from an alliance with the amiable Creole, I endeavoured to oppose the cool arguments of reason and interest to the impetuosity of love; and, at length, acquired so far an ascendancy over my passion, that I resolved to take advantage of the partiality which Zenira entertained for me. I easily persuaded her that our affection was mutual; so eagerly do we grasp at the illusion we ardently wish to be real! and in a few months led her to the altar, and made her mine by the most solemn ties.

'In the society of my amiable wife, I now endeavoured to forget those fatal charms, the remembrance of which had so long embittered my hours; for, oh! to my confusion, I must acknowledge she possessed sweetness of temper, understanding, and accomplishments, sufficient to have made even the most capricious of our sex completely happy. We spent two years together in one tranquil scene of domestic quiet, when I accidentally received information that you, my Harriot, still continued single and disengaged.

'Trivial as this circumstance may appear, it revived that fatal passion, which time had almost extinguished; and those charms, on which I had gaz-

ed before with admiration, were now rendered more restless by the powerful magic of fancy. The society of my Zemira grew every hour less pleasing; my existence became insufferable; and, at length, I formed and executed the most villainous design that ever disgraced the heart of man.

My fond wife had, on the day of our marriage, generously presented me with deeds and writings, which invested me with unlimited power over that wealth which she abundantly possessed: with these, dead to every feeling of justice, honour, or humanity, I embarked secretly for America; leaving my unsuspecting Zemira, with her infant son, exposed to all the horrors of indigence and despair. What agonizing pangs does not the reflection now cost me! What worlds would I not give to consign that one base action to the depths of oblivion!

In America, to elude all enquiries which might be made after me, I changed my name from Groveby to that of Sedley.

Groveby! exclaimed Mrs. Sedley; then, indeed, my conjectures were but too well founded!

From America, continued the expiring man, I sailed for England; where I heard that you, my Harriot, resided: and soon after my arrival, by the power of that wealth I so unjustly possessed, obtained the permission of your guardian to address you. What followed I need not add: my passion was not unsuccessful; and in a few months I was happy in making you mine by the strongest of all human engagements.

How will it surprize you, replied Mrs. Sedley, to find that I am no stranger to the unfortunate Zemira! though I little imagined myself so nearly interested in her sorrows. She then related, in a few words, the melancholy circumstances in which she discovered the amiable Creole; and concluded with assuring him that she was at that moment in the house.

Sedley raised his eyes to Heaven with astonishment and admiration; and, having remained silent a few minutes, said that he would endeavour to summon fortitude to support an interview with his much-injured wife.

The gentle Harriot then left the apartment of her husband, and went into her own dressing-room, to communicate the

discovery to her friend. She found her so deeply engaged in the contemplation of a gold chain which she had taken from the table, that she did not at first perceive the entrance of her benefactress; and when she looked up, her countenance was so visibly discomposed, that, agitated as her own mind was, Mrs. Sedley could not forbear observing it, and enquiring into the cause.

Alas! Madam, replied she, it is not now a time to intrude my sorrows on you. Only tell me, I conjure you, by what means you became possessed of this chain? for, oh! it is the same which, on our nuptial day, I gave to my perfidious Groveby!

Prepare yourself, said Mrs. Sedley, embracing her tenderly, for tidings the most distressing and severe; for a scene of woe in which we are mutually involved! Oh! my friend, I am the wretched, though innocent cause of your sufferings! How shall I utter it! How will your generous nature bear the thought, that Groveby and Sedley are but one! The story is long; and but an hour past I was blessed with ignorance. But let us not waste the precious moments; the expiring Groveby waits for you with impatience, to receive his last repentant sigh!

The Creole, who to the softest sensibility united a dignity of mind which enabled her to meet with fortitude the severest shocks of fortune, followed her friend into the chamber of her expiring husband.

On her entrance, notwithstanding he had endeavoured to prepare himself for the melancholy interview, it was with the utmost difficulty he was prevented from fainting; while his injured and compassionate wife, kneeling at his bedside, bedewed his hand with tears of pity and forgiveness. Having gazed on her for some time—Justice, said he, has at length overtaken me!—Thy wrongs, Zemira, will be revenged: death approaches, armed with the keen arrows of guilt, to sink my despairing soul into everlasting anguish!

Zemira could interrupt him but with tears.

Oh, thou injured saint! continued he, this goodness overpowers me. How much better could I have borne the keenest reproaches! they could not thus have pierced my soul! Canst thou, indeed, forgive? Canst thou forget?

Here

Here the agitation of his spirits became so violent, that he was unable for some minutes to proceed. He then resumed—"I find that life is ebbing apace. Adieu, my much-injured Zemira! You will find I have made you what reparation was in my power, by restoring that wealth of which I so unjustly deprived you.

"Farewel, my Harriot! I am on the verge of eternity.

"How dreadful is the prospect! And yet a ray of hope illumines the dreary path; unbounded is the mercy of Heaven! Tell Theodore——" Death closed the period; he fell back in a swoon; and in a few minutes after expired.

Mrs. Sedley gave way to all the extravagance of unrestrained grief; but the Creole, familiarized to sorrow, beheld the corpse of her repentant husband with an uncommon firmness of mind. "When I look back," said she—

"When I look back on all my former days,

"The only comfort the review affords,

"Is that they are past:

"For through their course I cannot recollect

"One free from sorrow, guilt, or disappointment."

Theodore, who was, at the request of Sedley, dispatched to his unfortunate antagonist, arrived in a short time at the place of his confinement. But here let me drop my pen, nor attempt to describe his emotions; on his entrance he discovered Seamore, and his beloved Juliana!

Overpowered by surprize and joy at beholding the dear youth whom she imagined Death had for ever torn from her embraces, she fainted in the arms of her lover; his caresses, however, soon re-

called her fleeting spirits; and her happiness was rendered compleat by the assurance he gave her of her father's safety, and likewise that of his amiable mother. In return, Seamore informed him, that the boat in which they escaped was driven by adverse winds on the coast of France; and recited their adventure with Sedley at Dover, of which Theodore had before but imperfectly heard. The dutteous youth did not long indulge himself in the society of his Juliana; impatient for his mother to participate in his joy, he lost no time in bearing to her the happy tidings; and with astonishment was made acquainted with the reverse of fortune which had taken place during his absence.

The generous Creole, who rejoiced that it was now in her power to recompense the filial piety of her beloved son, instantly put into his possession that wealth which his repentant father had resigned, reserving only to herself a moderate income.

Seamore was in a few weeks honourably acquitted; and increased their happiness by his presence at Sedley Hall, where the nuptials of the enraptured Theodore with his Juliana were celebrated.

The amiable Creole spent the evening of her days in peace; and, in an uninterrupted scene of tranquillity, lost the remembrance of those sorrows which had discoloured the former part of her life. She preserved the most inviolate friendship for Mrs. Sedley; who, at her death, having no relations, bequeathed to her friend the whole of her fortune; which being considerable, enabled the generous Zemira to exercise, in a more extensive degree, that benevolence of soul for which she was so eminently characterized.

PERVONTE; OR, THE WISHES.

A FAIRY TALE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

ASTOLPHO, King of Salernum, was the handiomest prince of his time. None of his loyal subjects ventured to contest the superiority in point of beauty with him, whatever might have been the secret opinion of some courtiers when contemplating their

own features in the looking-glasses of the anti-chamber. The king was fond of this piece of furniture; it presented to him a figure of which he had a very favourable opinion. He arrived, however, imperceptibly, at a period of life when his faithful looking-glasses did

not do their duty so much to his satisfaction as they had done formerly. It was his comfort that one remained which reflected all his youthful charms. His daughter, the beautiful Vastola, seemed, in the opinion of all the courtiers, to be cast in the same mould with her father. Her beauty subdued the proudest hearts; none of the most distinguished princes and knights had approached her with impunity, but none of them was handsome enough to make an impression on the heart of the haughty princess: she indeed permitted them to draw her triumphal car till they were out of breath; and being desirous to preserve the number of her admirers undiminished, she bestowed now and then, by turns, a little smile on each of them; but this smile was always allayed with a coldness that deprived it of its effect, and nipped the rising hopes in the bud. The king, who was not partial to the name of grand-papa, permitted his daughter to enjoy the delights of maiden-cruelty; and, till her twentieth year, this goddess of Salernum, though surrounded with love-sick youths who melted in the rays of her beauty, continued to be cold and obdurate in the midst of the flames.

A singular event which happened about this time calls our attention from the court to a neighbouring forest. On a fine summer-morning, a young hind entered this wood, in order to gather a bundle of faggots. I wish I could borrow the pencil of nature to draw a faithful picture of one of her roughest cruelties. Standing by his bundle, in the most lazy posture imaginable, he scratched his big head, divided by a vast mouth into two hemispheres. Short red bristles covered his head, and seemed to blaze round his temples; his ears were of an extraordinary length; but his nose being exceedingly flat, shewed hardly any thing but a pair of wide nostrils; a short neck seemed to sink between two very broad shoulders; and two short bandy legs supported the beautiful structure. With such a sort of figure, he was yet one of those strange beings who seldom fail meeting with extraordinary turns of good luck: for Fortune, whatever reason you and I may have to complain of her, is generally equitable enough in taking particular care of mortals of this cast, by way of making amends for the niggardness of Nature. Pervonte (this was the name of our hero) was son and

heir to a good old woman, who for many years past had earned a scanty subsistence for herself and her son by spinning. Contented with her humble lot, she worked very hard, and knew scarce any other pastime but the musick of her wheel. She thought herself sufficiently happy when she saw, at noon, her little pot of broth on the fire, and when she had fuel enough to keep the winter's cold out of her cottage. Her only cause of grief was the impossibility to make any thing of her son, whose stupidity baffled every attempt of his mother to teach him any useful occupation. There appeared no marks of curiosity, fancy, or reflection, in him; he did not take to any work, and spent the whole day stretched lazily on a couch of straw near the fire-side; his eyes were usually half shut, and he amused himself with sucking his short fingers. Whenever his mother attempted to rouse him, he complained of pains in his limbs; yet now and then he would, with many a groan, carry a few logs of wood into the kitchen; or he would, at his mother's repeated request, drive, very calmly, the geese out of the garden, where they eat up the cabbage. This was all the good woman's rhetoric was able to obtain from him. Otherwise, he was a very harmless creature, undisturbed with the desire of prying into others secrets, far from being quarrelsome, and interested in only one single concern, that of satisfying, no matter with what sort of food, the cravings of his stomach. He perfectly resembled that great philosopher in Horace, who, careless for what purpose the gods have created this beautiful universe, sees without admiration the sun and moon dart their bright rays on distant worlds; and who, wrapt up closely and warmly in the cloak of dulness and apathy, has neither the heart to love or to hate, nor the sense to blame or to approve.

On the morning when Pervonte attracts our notice, his mother happened to have no fuel in her cottage. Her indolent son sat, with his usual tranquillity, eating with great satisfaction a large luncheon of bread for his breakfast. 'Pervonte,' said his mother, 'be for once good for something. Thou seest this pot will never boil without fire: get up, my boy, take thy hat, and away to the forest; the storm has beat down a great many branches last night, thou wilt have easy work to-day; go, and bring me a large bundle of faggots.' Pervonte happened to

to be in a good humour; he accordingly gave himself the rousing shake, and sauntered towards the wood. He stood more than once to gaze about, as if he had never been there before, and seemed to be surprized that there were so many trees in the forest. At length he fell to work, and got a tolerable bundle of faggots together. When he had done, he made a long pause, to rest himself. 'What a fine thing it would be now,' thought he, 'if somebody would carry me and my burden home to my mother!' However, nobody came to do him this good office, and he was obliged to lift the bundle on his own broad shoulders, and to walk off with it. He had just cleared the bushes, and came into the open field, when the sun began to be very powerful. He stood again; and, as he happened to cast his eyes about, he saw three women asleep, lying on the grass, exposed to the heat of the sun-beams: they were young, and exceedingly beautiful. Pervonte went near, examined them with great attention, shut his little eyes for pleasure, and gazed again. The magick of beauty soon humanizes even the most unfeeling brute. 'What a pity,' said Pervonte to himself, 'that these comely young creatures should lie in the heat of the sun, without any shelter! The bushes are not far off: what if I went back and cut some boughs to serve them for a screen?' He executed this resolution immediately. He cut off six branches, fixed them in the ground as well as he could, and drew a green umbrella about the sleeping beauties. To render the shelter more compleat, he spread his jacket on the top of the boughs.

No work had ever more prospered in Pervonte's hands than the present. Pleased with his own dexterity, he burst out into a loud horse-laugh, so loud indeed, as to wake the beautiful nymphs from their slumber. 'Art thou the kind mortal,' said one of them to Pervonte, 'who made us this shelter?' Pervonte, however inwardly gratified by this question, did not answer a single word, but grinned graciously at the ladies, twirling his old hat about his thumb, in the same manner as a wheel turns about its axle. 'Thy good-nature shall not go unrewarded,' continued the lady. 'Know, Pervonte, we are Fairies: and though there are

people who find fault with us, thou shalt be convinced that, at least, we do not want gratitude. Ask whatever boon thou wilt, thy request shall be immediately granted.' At these words the Fairies disappeared. Pervonte kept his eyes still rivetted on the deserted spot; and when he was at length convinced they were gone, he cried—'Fine ladies indeed, I warrant ye! What sweet words and looks they gave me! I thought I should have had a bag full of gold and silver; and now, after all, their promises turn out to be no more than air!' Honest Pervonte now returned to his faggots, lifted up his burden with great reluctance, and at length placed it on his shoulders. He was very sensible of its weight: 'How hard it is,' cried he, 'that I should take the trouble to carry these faggots! would to God they would carry me!' The word had no sooner escaped his lips, but, on a sudden, an animal life seemed to penetrate the wood; the bundle slipped gently between his legs, and making a seat softer than a cushion, lifted him up from the ground, and ran away as fast as the best horse could have carried him. 'Bravo!' cries Pervonte, 'you Fairies are as good as your word: I said it in joke, and you take it in good earnest; but if you will have it so, I have no objection—So go on, my horse, the straight way to my mother's.' The shortest way went through the city, close by the royal palace. Imagine to yourselves the noise and laughter such a singular piece of horsemanship occasioned in the streets! At every step, the throng, the astonishment, and the shouts of the populace, increased. Pervonte, perfectly at his ease in the midst of all this bustle, rode on with great unconcern: the bundle, when the people crowded too much on the rider, dealt out hearty blows to the right and to the left, and cleared its way through every obstacle. When our hero arrived at the square before the palace, the princess and her ladies opened the windows, to look at the strange rider; but as her highness happened to be in a perverse humour that morning, the general mirth gave her the spleen. 'Nonsense!' she cried, 'to make such a noise about that ugly monster: the horse is wretched enough in conscience, yet a thousand times too good for the moon-calf that

'rides on it.' Unluckily for the princess, Pervonte was just passing under the window as she spoke. Though his other senses were far from being acute, he had a pair of large and quick ears, which did not lose a syllable of the compliment her Royal Highness paid his person. He was nettled at her contempt. 'So, my proud lady,' said he to himself, 'you call me a monster! a moon-calf! If I was even ten times uglier, I could wish you might have a couple of twins by me, and be turned out of doors to beg your bread; and then, it is ten to one, we should see you carefs and flatter me as much as you scorn me now!'

With these words Pervonte galloped away; and in a few minutes he lost sight of the city, forgot his anger, and arrived safely at the cottage, to the great consternation of his good mother. This good woman asked him a thousand questions concerning this strange expedition: but her ingenious son had but little to say about it; he told his mother nothing but incoherent nonsense, and so entangled himself in bundles, bushes, and princesses, that he could not find the cue of the labyrinth. His mother's patience was at length tired; she left off questioning, and he blundering, and the accident was soon entirely forgot. Pervonte remained exactly what he had been; he continued to vegetate without thought or care; he had still no other desire but that of eating and lolling on his couch. By this manner of living he got very healthy blood, preserved an excellent digestion, and no trouble or vexation interrupted his tranquillity.

But, alas! the case was very different with the princess. Four months had scarce elapsed since the wooden trot of Pervonte, but the taylor of her Highness received secret orders to enlarge the measure of her petticoats. It is true, she was still equally cruel to her admirers; none of them could boast of the slightest favour from her; yet, in spite of her prudery, her shape acquired every day a more visible rotundity. In short, at the end of nine months, this haughty beauty was brought to bed, in perfect good health, of two girls. This surprising event was ushered in by severe comments of all the matrons, and by very significant shrugs of the courtiers. His majesty's rage, and the princess's shame, were equally great; the latter took it

very ill that the babies should bear witness against her pure unsullied reputation. The young lords gave themselves very important airs on the occasion; each of them hinted that he had particular reasons to conceal his own share in this event; while in secret every one cursed his entire innocence of the fact, and endeavoured, with malicious curiosity, to find out the favoured culprit. To complete the picture of what passed at court and in the city, figure to yourselves the profound silence which reigned in the anti-chamber, the eloquent nods, the whispers behind the fan, the indignant ejaculations of the grave citizens ladies, the fear of all the young princes to be visited with a similar dropy, the ingenious jests of the wits, and the deep researches of the learned academicians. These gentlemen succeeded, indeed, in proving, in a series of dissertations, that the reality of this strange phenomenon implied it's possibility. They accounted for the fact by suggesting, that her Royal Highness must have picked up by chance a couple of ready-prepared atoms floating in the air, and conveyed to her by a Zephyr, which, by a gradual evolution, had at length acquired such a state of maturity, as to assume the size and the form of the very pretty daughters of which the princess had been lately delivered. The light so plentifully diffused over this intricate subject was, however, not quite satisfactory to the king, whose anger continued unabated, and who was too strongly prejudiced in favour of the vulgar theory of human propagation, to be convinced by the system of his philosophers. He pursued his enquiries a different way, but without success. The Princess, who was at least as much concerned in the affair, and might have been supposed to have had the best information, made oath, that she could not account for what had happened; and it was necessary to acquiesce, for the present, in this declaration.

In the mean while the twins, begot by a mere wish, grew up. They were exceedingly handsome; and might, perhaps, in due time, have turned out very amiable, had there been no nurses, governesses, and chambermaids, at the court of Salernum. When they were about six years old, the Lord Chancellor, a man of great sagacity, happening

to converse with the king on the birth of his grand-daughters, bethought himself of a method to discover their father, which he communicated with great confidence to his royal master. 'Sire,' said the learned lord, 'I have read long ago, in a school-book, I believe it is Terence, that there is an innate instinct in children, by the force of which they will discover their true father among a whole legion of men: so great a classick author cannot be mistaken. We have nothing to do but to introduce all the lords of the court to the young ladies, and nature will soon point out their father.' The king was much pleased with the doctrine of instinct, and resolved to try the experiment without loss of time. He gave orders that, on the next court-day, every nobleman should not fail to attend, on pain of his majesty's heaviest displeasure. On the appointed day, the beautiful twins were seen, for the first time, in the drawing-room, to the great surprize of the court; but the reason of their appearing in publick was kept a profound secret. All the noblemen of Salernum were directed to pass in review before the children, but without effect; not the least trace of instinct manifesting itself in them. After the drawing-room was over, the chancellor, not at all disconcerted by the failure of the experiment, maintained to the king, that it was now certain that none of these noblemen had the honour of being the father to his grand-children; but that the truth of the doctrine of instinct was not the least affected by this disappointment. 'What if your majesty,' continued he 'should condescend to give a ball to the citizens; perhaps—' 'You dont mean to insinuate,' interrupted the king in a passion, 'that a citizen could be the author of my disgrace? No, it is impossible my daughter should have degraded herself so low!'—'I humbly beg your majesty's pardon,' replied the chancellor; 'to be sure, it is very improbable; yet we must allow, that much stranger things than this have happened. "Opportunity makes thieves," says the proverb. "The sex is frail, and love is blind," says my friend Terence.—' 'There your friend is in the right,' said the king. 'Well, then, you shall have your will; a ball shall be given to the citizens, and I myself will dance with some of these

city-beauties. They have often fine eyes and fresh complexions; and a stomach much relaxed by dainties longs sometimes for less refined dishes.' The unexpected invitation to a ball at court, brought together whatever belonged to the city beau-monde. The king had his dance; but the secret purpose of this festival was again defeated. The two sister-graces, superbly dressed, and sparkling with lace and jewels, were very conspicuous in the crowd, but mother Nature never spoke a syllable to their tender souls in favour of any city relation. 'Now, Sire,' said the positive chancellor, 'there remains yet a third experiment to clear up this mysterious affair; a general entertainment to all ranks and conditions.'—'With all my heart,' replied the king; 'only take care that my honest subjects may have plenty of victuals and sport.' The festival was immediately proclaimed by the sound of trumpets: provisions were brought together by numberless waggon-loads; an enormous pile of turkeys, fowls, rabbits, pheasants, venison, and puddings, was raised in a publick place, for which the populace was to scramble on the great day of the feast. This important day, expected with the utmost impatience by all ranks and ages, at length came on. Before sun-rise every individual at Salernum was in motion; the sounds of drums and trumpets mingled with the joyful shouts of the populace; the windows which surrounded the great square were filled with the busts of the fine ladies; and the people crowded towards the square from every street of the town. A thousand eager eyes were fixed on the pyramid of eatables, and marked out their hoped-for prey: they could scarcely refrain from pillage till the signal for the general attack should be given.

Pervonte's mother, who could not remain ignorant of the general agitation, said to her son—'Why dost not thou go too, my boy? Thou canst not fail of getting, at least, a ham or a fowl in the scramble; run thither, and make what haste thou canst.' The hope of such a reward made Pervonte obey with uncommon alacrity; and he set out from his mother's in a moderate gallop, a thing which he was never known to do before. In the mean while the court, who on this occasion (probably to enhance the pleasure their appearance was

to give) suffered the good people to wait very long for their coming, had at length taken their places on an amphitheatre built for that purpose. Every body was charmed to see the pretty children, wearing fine caps in the newest fashion, sit near the foot of the large pyramid. Two long rows of youths and handsome girls were already formed, in order to begin a grand dance; when our clown, conspicuous by the burning red of his hair, arrived in the midst of the crowd: and, wonderful to tell! the children no sooner perceived him making up to the pile, dirty as he was, in a ragged jacket, with uncombed hair, and without shoes, but they ran eagerly towards him with open arms, and every mark of filial affection. The spectators were lost in amazement. 'Was I not in the right now,' said, very calmly, the old lord chancellor to the king? 'is not now my doctrine of the infinit clearly proved?'—'Curled instinct!' cried the king, in a violent rage: 'Must I live to suffer such a disgrace? Must I have grandchildren begot by such an ugly wretch? Tortures and death cannot sufficiently punish such a vile profanation of majesty!' The unfortunate princess, not conscious of any guilt, begged hard to be heard: but her father threatened her with instant death if she dared to utter a word in her defence. Luckily for her, he cast his eyes on a large cask which stood near the pile, filled, according to custom, with very indifferent wine, destined to rejoice the hearts of his majesty's loyal subjects. The king ordered the bottom to be knocked out, and sentenced the delinquents to be put into this cask, and to be thrown into the sea. The merciless command was immediately put in execution. The crying children, the innocent princess, and honest Pervonte, who was now no longer doubted to be the happy lover, were crammed up in this dismal place of confinement, and abandoned to the mercy of the waves.

Imagine now to yourselves our Vastola, a princess and a first-rate beauty, degraded at once from the highest eminence of grandeur and admiration, abandoned to the rage of the angry ocean, in a moist cask, with twins she cannot acknowledge, and for whom she yet feels all the tenderness of a mother; and, what aggravated the distress, and might

have almost tempted her to become another Medea, confined with such a paramour! and this charming companion, this Adonis, with the figure and the elegance of a muleteer, publicly declared the father of her daughters! It must be owned, the situation was novel and unsupportable: especially if you consider, that the space which contained the princess, the clown, and the two children, was so narrow, that, by every motion of the waves, their legs and arms were unavoidably more and more entangled: his nose often touched the thin gauze which covered her graceful neck; and frequently half an inch was the whole interval between her delicate lips and his immense mouth. All these sufferings put together, would have been too much for the haughtiest of her sex; but, in a scene of complicated distress which would have driven vulgar minds to despair, the high spirit of Vastola displayed all the magnanimity of her princely nature. By the silent scorn with which her looks annihilated Pervonte, she shewed that her misfortunes only raised her soul higher. 'How unjust is the suspicion,' she exclaimed at length, in the bitterness of indignation, 'that I should owe my daughters to the embrace of such a wretch!'—'Faith,' replied Pervonte, very quietly, 'you may be sure that I don't like this joke a bit better than yourself; to be locked up with you, and to dance on the waves in this moist cask! You think, perhaps, it is a vast pleasure to me to pass for the father of your little bastards there; you know, probably, much better than I, how you came by them.'—'How should I have had them by thee,' answered the princess, 'who never saw thee in all my life-time?'—'As to that, Madam Vastola, you might pay a little more regard to truth.'—'Alas! now I think of it, surely I recollect thee by thy burning red hair and thy vast mouth: art thou not the fellow who, about seven years ago, rode on a bundle of sticks over the square before our palace?'—'The very same; I remember that ride as well as if it had happened but yesterday: I can't forget how you tossed up your nose, and called me pretty names, such as monster! and mooncalf! I own it vexed me; and I wished, saving your worship's presence, you might be with twins by me, in order to see whether

you

'you would then treat me still so haughtily. I meant it only for a joke; you know best how you made earnest of it: for my own part, I know nothing of it, but that about that time the Fairies had promised me to fulfil all my wishes.'—'How!' cried the princess, 'hast thou ever such a gift from the Fairies?'—'To be sure I had; my riding on a bundle of faggots was owing to them.'—'Perhaps thou art still in possession of this gift?'—'Not that I know of.'—'And hast thou never tried it?'—'There was no occasion for trying it: there was always broth enough in my mother's pot, and wood enough to boil it; what else could I have wished for?'—'What a philosopher have we got here!' cried Vastola; 'I see that stupidity, as well as necessity, can form a cynic; but I hope, friend, that now, when every wave threatens us with unavoidable death, you will have the good sense to try whether the Fairies have still a mind to fulfil your wishes; you cannot but see that the assistance of the Fairies could never come in better time.'—'Why should I give myself the trouble of wishing,' said Pervonte, 'perhaps for your sake? You have called me monster, silly fellow, and philosopher: now it seems you have found out, forsooth, that I am good enough for wishing.'—'What, my good friend, are you in your senses? But why will you give the worst meaning to a few words which have escaped me? I meant no offence, pray, good Sir, let me intreat you to make the trial.'—'So, Madam, now you are in distress, you can give me fair words—I thought it would come to this: but let me tell you, sweetheart, that Pervonte can be as obstinate as any of you; my mother's son shall not surrender to you for less than a hearty kiss.'

The hand of Fate pressed hard on poor Vastola; however distressing the choice between two evils may be in other cases, here was no alternative. Notwithstanding the opposition of her heart and her stomach, she saw she must comply, and thanked Heaven that the fellow did not ask a much greater favour. What would she not have done, rather than to be devoured by sharks and lobsters? In short, as there was no other expedient to escape from imminent death, she kept her breath in, shut her eyes, and gave

him the kiss she could not refuse. 'One more,' cried Pervonte, 'and then you may let me know what I shall wish for, before the leaky cask fills with water.'—'That the cask may be changed into a beautiful vessel, well provided with stores, manned with twenty stout sailors, and a pilot to steer it towards the shore of Baja,' Pervonte, who did not trust to his faculties, desired her to repeat the words over again, and he spoke every syllable after her. While he was yet speaking, the cask was converted into the most elegant bark the sun ever shone upon since the River Cydnus beheld Cleopatra, beaming with unequalled beauty, glide down his current in her galley, when she intended to meet the great Antony. Vastola thought her eyes deceived her, when she saw the silk streamers fluttering in the air like the wings of Zephyrs; when she saw the silver oars, the purple sails, the golden masts adorned with garlands of flowers; the sailors, dressed as for a dance, resembling animated pictures, who, without stopping, and in profound silence, plied their oars in harmonious cadence. In short, every thing was in that stile of perfection as might be expected from the workmanship of the Fairies. The princess, who now saw realized what seemed to her a dream, began to consider Pervonte as a being of more importance than she had thought him before, and than he really was: for our hero remained as silly as before this metamorphosis; nor did he think higher of himself on account of a faculty which sat as awkwardly on him as the talent of preaching on the ass of Balaam. The impenetrable shield which effectually secured him against the sting of curiosity, and against the attack of every doubt, was his implicit belief in that famous truth, that "Things are what they are."—'The ship exists,' said he; 'and, as it exists, I cannot doubt of it's existence.' A sceptic would have suggested that it only seemed to exist; but Pervonte, who belonged to no sect of philosophers, convinced himself with eagerness and perseverance of the reality of the eatables he found in the ship, unconcerned about their possibility, and satisfied that where there is good eating there is good living: while he, to whom nothing existed but what he had under his teeth, was rummaging the stores in the cabin; and while Vastola, who ceased to enjoy as

than as she possessed, was planning new
 wishes; the bark imperceptibly proceed-
 ed: on her voyage with the fairest wind
 and weather, doubled a cape, and made
 land that very evening on the most beau-
 tiful shore in the universe. Illumined
 by the rays of the setting sun, this
 shore seemed to be the favourite resi-
 dence of the vernal deities; a land-
 scape created by enchantment, and
 a thousand times more delightful than
 the romantic scenes of Tinian and Juan
 Fernandez. On a nearer view, this spot
 proved to be a solitary valley, enclosed
 by gently sloping hills, and interspersed
 with woods, from whence silver rivulets,
 bordered with roses, rolled their mean-
 dering waters; and where chorusses of
 nightingales sung undisturbed their
 sweetest notes in the fragrant groves.
 'Let us land on this heavenly shore,'
 said Vastola to Pervonte; 'but, to live
 comfortably here, my good friend, we
 must trouble the Fairies with another
 wish.—' 'I understand you,' cries
 Pervonte; 'faith, nothing is more in
 time now than a new wish: what if I
 was to wish that these green branches
 might be hung with joints of roast
 meat and puddings?'—'Peace, you
 idiot!' said Vastola, reddening; 'must
 I ever blush for you? Before the Fair-
 ies take a present from thee, of which
 thou so little knowest to make use, re-
 sign the wishing to me, and be con-
 tented to speak my words after me.
 Let the ship be changed into the most
 beautiful palace human eyes ever be-
 held; let it be furnished with magni-
 ficence and elegance; let the ciplings
 and pillars be adorned with exquisite
 sculpture; let the walls be hung with
 the most costly tapestry, richly gilt;
 let there be the finest pictures, busts,
 statues, reliefs, Etruscan vases, ser-
 vices of china and plate; in short,
 let there be every thing belonging to
 the proper furniture of a royal palace;
 and as it costs us only the trouble of
 wishing, let the palace be surrounded
 with delicious pleasure-grounds, in
 which blooming spring and living ver-
 dure reign for ever; let them exhale an
 atmosphere of the sweetest perfumes;
 in this most retired recess of a grove,
 let there be a marble bath, handsome
 enough to invite Venus herself to take
 a plunge; let a lake, frequented by
 charming swans, spread itself over a
 part of the valley; let a chrysal river;

'full of the finest fishes, wind gently
 through flowery meadows; let there
 be a farm, a poultry-yard, flocks, and
 cattle, and pretty shepherds and shep-
 herdesses to take care of them; let me
 have a number of female attendants,
 as handsome as Leda's daughters,
 genteel pages and servants; let——'
 'Hold, hold, Vastola,' interrupted Per-
 vonte, 'how can the Fairies remember
 so many things?' But before Pervonte
 had spoken the last words, a magic pa-
 lace rose before his eyes, on which the
 Fairies exhausted all their art. The
 princess herself stood motionless, dazzled
 with the splendour of the magnificent
 fabrick. The palace of her father,
 compared with this mansion, dwindled
 into a mean cottage. Pervonte gazed
 at the palace with the widest mouth that
 ever was opened. Vastola, leading her
 lovely daughters by the hand, entered
 the door in secret raptures. On the
 stair-case she was welcomed by the har-
 mony of the most delightful music.
 Pervonte found, among all the presents
 of the Fairies, not a more substantial one
 than a table covered for four persons,
 and loaded with the most exquisite dain-
 ties. They sat down to it; Pervonte
 did ample justice to the entertainment,
 and seemed quite giddy with the meri-
 dian splendor which beamed forth from
 a hundred lustres hung up in a long suite
 of apartments. Sometimes he burst out
 in a loud laugh of joy; roared his thanks
 to the Fairies, and toasted them in many
 a bumper. His spirits rose to such a
 pitch, that, at the dessert, he began to
 grow very familiar with the princess;
 who, being afraid of the too expressive
 tenderness of his rough hands, was
 obliged to draw her chair by degrees to
 the farthest corner of the table. It was
 now high time for Vastola to own to
 herself, what, in spite of her pride, she
 could not help perceiving. The cata-
 trophe of the drama was drawing near.
 Disgusting as Pervonte was, with his big
 round head, his burning hair, and his
 clumsy figure, yet what could she do?
 The twins, the cask, and the palace, had
 unalterably decided her destiny: nothing
 remained now but the alternative of liv-
 ing like a Vestal, or of taking Pervonte
 for her husband. It is true, a fortune
 such as he had to offer, facilitated the
 choice: yet, on the other side, was such
 a vulgar, ill-shapen fellow, to be the
 husband of the delicate and accomplished

Princess

Princess Vastola? It could not be: it was yoking an owl with a swan to draw the car of Venus. 'Pervonte,' said the princess, after some uneasy thoughts, 'your Fairies have been very bountiful to you: yet something, my good friend, is still wanting. You have, probably, never seen your own figure in a looking-glass; pray examine it a little, and be candid enough to own, that if it was changed from head to foot, you could not possibly be a loser by any metamorphosis.'—'What,' cries Pervonte, 'my figure to be changed! and for what purpose?'—'To be handsome.'—'Handsome! Why, sweetheart, I would not stir a finger to become handsome. I was always very well satisfied with my figure; however, if it gives you pleasure, may I be from head to foot exactly as you wish me to be.'—'I do not wish thee too handsome neither,' thought Vastola by herself; 'mayest thou be somewhat of an Adonis, but yet strong as Milo; a little taller than myself; in short, less delicate than manly, and thou wilt be handsome enough for me.' Let us observe here, that Vastola did not think, much less speak openly, in this manner; it was only a half-rising thought, which scarcely ventured out of the inmost recesses of her heart. What was her surprize when she saw Pervonte standing before her, completely and exactly bodied forth as her fancy had cut out his shape! It was a finished form, in which the charms of Antinous strove for pre-eminence with the strength of Hercules. Vastola screamed aloud when she found herself taken at her word by the Fairies, who had read in her breast a wish which she scarcely dared avow to herself. She blushed most immoderately down to her neck, and looked about in confusion and half-pleasing uneasiness. She would have given the world to have played the prude a little longer, if it had not been for the fear of being guilty of the heinous sin of ingratitude. The best thing she could do, was to accept the charming husband in silence, and not be ashamed of the bounty of the gods.

We will candidly confess, (provided our openness does not injure her reputation) that the young lady seemed rather to go too far in her gratitude. For three whole days, and we fear three

nights too, every thought and every moment of her time was entirely devoted to her Corydon. She led him, with the eagerness of a child that has got a new doll, from one delightful spot in their new dominions to the other. Every where you saw the loving pair arm in arm, walking through the green meadows, or sitting in shaded bowers, or reposing in the soft grass, counting the minutes only by their kisses, sufficient to each other's happiness, and forgetting the whole world around them.

Pervonte, now called Prince Pervonte, had continued throughout all these revolutions as great a blockhead as at his mother's cottage. There is reason to believe, however, that his manner of loving was not the worse for this deficiency: it seemed impossible that he could, with the most refined wit, have entertained his bride more to her satisfaction than he had done hitherto. It is certain that Vastola never once observed his want of understanding, till a whole week of their marriage had elapsed. At length, however, the arrows of Cupid were shot away. An Hercules, obliged to rest, loses the greatest part of his value; and an Adonis who can shew nothing but an unmeaning face and a set of fine teeth, is but an indifferent substitute. The princess now perceived where the fault lay. 'I think,' said she to her husband, 'it is high time for you to beg a present of the Fairies which you are greatly in want of.'—'And what can this present be?' said Pervonte. 'It is sense,' replied Vastola; 'a little more brains would vastly well become so beautiful a forehead.'—'A very useless wish,' exclaimed Pervonte; 'you think not highly of my understanding; yet why should I ask for more? had I not always enough to find out my mouth, and—' 'Peace,' cried Vastola, and stopt his mouth, for fear of hearing more nonsense: 'believe me, understanding is a most valuable commodity, and by no means burdensome; the more you have of it, the more easily will you bear it.'—'Well, then, I will be advised: tell me only what I must ask for.'—'Ask only for Sense; this one word is sufficient.'—'Ye Fairies,' cried Pervonte, 'grant me sense; and let it be good sense,' added he, 'for not every thing that glitters is gold.' You see the Fairies had

E heard

heard him at his first word: indeed, they had bestowed on him a larger portion of understanding than was perhaps agreeable to Vastola. 'Madam,' said Per-vonte to her, 'let us now have done with wishes. The bounty of the Fairies to us has been very great; to im-portune them for more presents, would be covetous and ungrateful. We want now nothing but content, a blessing

which is entirely in our own gift. Let us now endeavour to deserve what we possess, by the manner of our enjoy-ing it. Let us love each other, dear princess, and let us bless every feeling being about us with a share of our own happiness: what else can we wish for? or what else can the partiality of the Fairies bestow?'

HENRY AND HENRIETTA.

THE REVIEW.

THE sun shone brightly on the glittering breasts of the soldiers, and the general's command was given for every troop to move. Elated by the magnificence of their own appearance, but more by the presence of their sovereign, the gay votaries of war spurred on their proud horses, and the ground re-echoed beneath the universal tramping. Glorious sight! Brave nation! How worthy of a generous monarch are such subjects! and how worthy of that praise which not even their enemies can withhold!

Many in number were the young soldiers who crowded around their chief, attentive to his minutest order. The appearance of some was martial; of others, peaceably engaging; but Henry Davenport alone, the peculiar favourite, not of his commander only, but of his king, united in himself the unyielding sternness of one devoted to the roughest of all avocations, and the mild sweetness of a domestic spirit. With externals peculiarly engaging, he possessed a soul more than deserving of them; a soul that melted at the appearance of distress, and shrank with real horror from the dark and winding paths that lead to vice.

Henry was standing without the enclosure, and near to the person of his general, when the horse he rode, young, and unused to the field, took fright at the appearance of an handkerchief fluttering in the wind, and plunged hastily amidst some ladies who were attentive to the manœuvres of the troops. One of them was so nearly thrown by the shock, that it was with much difficulty she could save herself by seizing the bridle of the horse, and stopping his course for an in-

stant, while Henry recovered from his surprize.—Ah! Henry, beware. Let in-sinct, if not love, already make thee cau-tious. Behold the interesting form be-fore thee; and know, thou gazeest on the woman who, in a short, a very short time, will become dearer to thy heart than any other beneath the face of heaven. It is Henrietta, the friend, the mistress doomed to give thee exquisite anguish, and the gentlest pleasure!—When his horse was effectually stopped, he sprung to the ground, apologized incoherently to the lady; and, observing her still in some terror, endeavoured to re-assure her by his words, and by ordering the cause of her fright to be led to some dis-tance. He succeeded in restoring her tranquillity, but his own he lost for ever, though the rank he held in the regi-ment prevented his long remaining in-active in her company. From that pe-riod, the eyes of Henrietta unconsciously pursued him, whose anxiety for her safe-ty had engaged her gratitude; while his gentle manners could not but render that gratitude an easy tribute. She sought him not out, yet his form was still there, always the most conspicuous of any in the throng, whether he led the way for his hand, or pierced into the thickest of it's ranks: there was a pleasure in be-holding him; and there was a pain when the review ended, and the carriage drew up to receive it's company. Were there not means once more to thank him for the attention he had shewn? There were; for he approached, as they were prepar-ing to quit the field, to renew, for the last time, his apologies and expressions of regret. Then it was she observed, more at leisure, the man who had so fixed her regards; and felt, when she bade him farewell, an emotion of sorrow never known till that hour.

THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

HENRIETTA was the daughter of Sir William Marsden, at whose mansion, her mother having long been dead, she had for some time presided. He had only one child besides herself; and with these two, equally amiable, lived in the most perfect cordiality. His fortune was affluent, for he had estates in different counties of England; and, at the time we are now speaking of, was preparing to remove his summer residence from the north, where society he found too unfrequent an advantage, into Berkshire. The estate that there belonged to him he had not visited for many years; consequently, on becoming fixed upon it, he discovered himself to be surrounded by an infinite number of families, at short distances, few of whom he had the slightest acquaintance with. That, however, was an inconvenience that soon ceased: people, in a certain line of life, may always form more intimacies than, if they are prudent, they will chuse to enter into.

The family whose possessions lay most contiguous to Belleforest, was that of Colonel De Lorraine. He was married with one son and a daughter; and being reckoned the richest man in the neighbourhood, the reports of it chiefly concerned himself, his wife, or his children. Had those reports been favourable, such celebrity might not have been a subject of regret; but the De Lorraines were not favourites with any. Numerous were the accounts given of them to the stranger family, but never various. The colonel was still represented as a man proud of family and fortune, tenacious of his rights, haughty and unyielding; and his wife as a masculine and ill-tempered woman; while the son was called a cockcomb, spoiled by his mamma; and the daughter the inheritor of her father's temper, with the addition of female form and stiffness in the utmost degree. Yet this young lady, so spoken of was soon, it was reported, to be married to a very amiable young man, the eldest son of Lord Elwin, with whom she had been contracted for several years. The match, as will readily be supposed, was not of his chusing; neither was it of hers. The fathers had contrived it; and to fathers in general this story is addressed.

Sir William Marsden had been a very short time at Belleforest, when, as he

was himself walking over the grounds, and Henrietta, at the library window, was enjoying with her brother the finest summer evening, while his flute joined in the garden concert, the two latter were surprised by the sudden throwing open of the park gates, and by the appearance of a long cavalcade, consisting of a chariot and six, a phaeton and four, and three horsemen. 'Tis an invasion!' cried Sydney Marsden. 'Where are the fire-arms?'—'Tis the 'De Lorraines,' returned Henrietta, with a tone of Ennui. 'Ourselves, not the mansion, are threatened.'

THE RACES.

It proved she was right, and her tone of Ennui was instinct; for their neighbours, such as we have described them, remained at Belleforest for three hours; and it need not be added that their parting occasioned no regret. Henrietta found Miss De Lorraine the very last kind of young woman with whom she could wish to form an intimacy; for she was disagreeably plain, reserved, and formal, with only an appearance of much ill-health to be pleaded in her excuse. Her brother, though the darling, was the perfect contrast of his mother, being much more effeminate than would have become even her to be. His attentions to Henrietta amounted to officiousness; but as they seemed to originate from an idea of their being requisite towards every woman, they gave her little disturbance.

An acquaintance of such a nature as this, it will be said, could not prove productive of material satisfaction to a family like the Marsdens; but from other quarters of the neighbourhood they met with ample amends; and when it was necessary to visit at Lorraine House, they performed the task with resignation.

At the distance of a few miles from Belleforest stood a fine house belonging to Lord Elwin, father of the intended husband of Miss De Lorraine; and Sir William had not been long settled in Berkshire, when that nobleman came into his neighbourhood, to reside there, as was supposed, until the marriage of his son should be concluded. That son did not come with him, but was expected down at Reading Races, which were to be within three weeks after. Lord Elwin returned with punctuality at Belleforest the compliments Sir William
E. a. Marsden

Marsden had paid him at his own house on his first coming to it; but they were not men to suit each other. The former was mean as a person of fashion, and despotick as a father and a master; whilst the latter had a soul made up of honour, was the informal friend of his children, and the mild director of his affectionate dependants.

At the time of the Races, being at some distance from it, he removed to the town of Reading, and there every conversation was engrossed by the pompous appearance of the De Lorraines, and the expected arrival of Lord Elwin's son, who, however, was not seen in public till the third evening. His presence in the assembly-room was early announced, and every eye was attentive when he should stand up with his intended bride. Henrietta's curiosity, with that of others, was engaged; and the moment Miss De Lorraine arose from her seat, her observation was directed to the gentleman who led her up the room. But what was her surprize, what were her emotions, when she beheld the very figure of the man whose horse had so frightened her at the review! 'Alas!' cried she internally, 'is it him! Was he Henry Davenport, the son of Lord Elwin, the future husband of her, who, of all women—How unfortunate am I!' Her father remarked her astonishment, nor felt a surprize much inferior himself. He regretted, in lively terms, the unpromising prospect that lay before a young man to all appearance so amiable, and who was so well spoken of; and when the ball was over, accosted him as a person to whose politeness he in some measure felt himself indebted, at the same time requesting to see him as often at Belleforest as his leisure or his inclinations would permit. Can it be said that the latter were likely to prevent his visits there? If they were, why did he start, why did he change colour, on being led up to Henrietta by her father? Why was his behaviour to his magnificent partner cold and inanimate throughout the evening? And why, on parting for the night, did he ask of Henrietta, with a tone of dejection, and a sigh half suppressed, if he had her permission, as well as Sir William's, to pay his respects to her at home?

The remainder of the Races afforded little satisfaction, it will be supposed, to either party. When they were concluded, all the neighbouring families return-

ed to their own houses, and visiting, reporting, and conversation, reinforced by the subject of the late diversions, resumed their dominion.

THE TETE-A-TETE.

THE attendance of Lord Elwin at Lorraine House became now very frequent; and it was thence inferred, that the connection between the families would soon be finally adjusted. His lordship exulted highly in the prospect, for Miss De Lorraine's fortune was large; and he often reprimanded his son for not wearing a like appearance of joy with himself. No such appearance could indeed be traced on his countenance: he spent more time at Belleforest than at the abode of his mistress, and there only seemed to enjoy any tolerable degree of tranquillity. He formed a strict friendship with young Marsden, whose dispositions were altogether similar to his own; and, in the company of his sister, the hours passed on, by him rarely noticed. One morning, having rode over, on pretence of calling upon his friend, he found him absent with Sir William; but was informed, that Miss Marsden was at home, and in her dressing-room. He begged admission, and was immediately conducted up stairs, where he discovered her at work, and sat down informally on the sofa beside her; while she enquired after Lord Elwin, and the family at Lorraine House, with whom she knew he had dined the day before. His answers were cold and uninterested; till at length, on speaking of young De Lorraine, he mentioned having heard a report of his being soon to pay his addresses to herself. 'I know nothing of it,' replied Henrietta. His behaviour to me is the same it is to every body else; that is, very complimentary, and very trifling. I make no apologies to you for such expressions, because I know you must think of him as I do.'—'Perhaps I may,' returned Henry; 'but still, must I not tell you, I am sorry to observe so little prospect of succeeding in the negotiation I have been desired to undertake?'—'What negotiation?'—'Colonel De Lorraine has requested me to speak in favour of his son, to you and your brother; while he himself expressed his wishes concerning your union to Sir William Marsden. I told him it was a task I

was

‘ was very unequal to, and begged to be excused; but he would take no denial, though I confessed myself utterly at a loss what to say in favour of the young gentleman, whom, in truth, I knew to little of. I am come, therefore, this morning, to recommend him to you; and intreat you will reflect, he is the heir of a noble fortune, and at the death of an uncle and his father will bear a very high rank in life.— That figure,’ cried Henrietta, pointing to the representation of a little Chinese prince upon the chimney-piece, ‘ bore an higher one than ever he will; and yet, I do entreat you, in my turn, to believe, I never would have had him.’—‘ Miss Marsden,’ exclaimed Henry, with affection, ‘ there is not a man in the world who can be worthy of you: if there was, it would be him who had a soul to love you as you deserve, and fortitude sufficient to forbear wounding you with the unavailing confession.’ It was impossible to mistake the signification of these words, and Henrietta was confounded by them; when the sudden presence of her father and brother relieved her distress, and spared her the pain of framing an answer to them.

THE FATAL MARRIAGE.

IN a very short time after this visit and conversation, the day for Miss De Lorraine’s marriage was fixed on; and Henry’s profound dejection increased as it drew near, till the morning before it, when, as he was breakfasting at Lorraine House, in company with the Marsden family, letters, with the London mark, were put into his hands. After he had read them, his countenance instantly cleared up; he assumed a calm, and even cheerful, behaviour; and conducted himself, if not with warmth, at least with the most attentive politeness towards his bride, who seemed disposed to consider his slightest mark of regard as the effect of the liveliest passion. Henrietta’s surprise was mostly excited by this change. She had been more acquainted with the sentiments of his heart than any other, Lord Elwin excepted, whom his son had repeatedly implored to disengage him from a family it was impossible to esteem, and a woman he never could love. To Henrietta, therefore, the alteration in his manner was

inexplicable. It passed off, however, without being materially noticed; and even the next morning he appeared with the same settled air of composure. Sir William, with his son and daughter, was requested to spend the day at Lorraine House; and, impossible as it was to decline it, they accompanied the family into the chapel, and witnessed the ungrateful ceremony. Ungrateful to Henry it appeared, indeed, for he repeatedly changed colour while it was proceeding; and, not till the whole was concluded, resumed any marks of tranquillity. On their return, however, into the house, he received, in a becoming manner, the compliments that were paid him, those excepted of Henrietta, for they struck too near his heart to be heard without emotion. Throughout the day, an unerring sense of propriety regulated his behaviour; and, even as it advanced, he seemed more and more composed, till the clock struck eight, when he arose, and left the company. Colonel De Lorraine had quitted the room but a few minutes before, so that Henry’s departure was not remarked, it being thought he had gone in search of the other; but each of them staid some time, and at length the colonel returned without his son-in-law, whose absence began to excite, not their surprize only, but their uneasiness: when, after near two hours were elapsed, in which they had heard nothing of him, and Sydney Marsden was preparing, at Lord Elwin’s request, to make enquiries after his son; a servant of that nobleman entered the room, and delivered to his master a letter, the seal of which he hastily broke open, and found, within, these words—

MY LORD,

YOUR anger at the step I have taken it is impossible for me to apprehend, since yourself have driven me into it. The lady you designed for me I never can love; yet, in compliance with your positive will, I have married, though it is not in my power to live with her. I have exchanged into a regiment abroad; and am now on my road to Gibraltar, for which place I expect to embark early to-morrow morning. All pursuits must therefore be vain; besides, that it would be incompatible with my duty to remain a day longer in England. I am sorry at being compelled to leave your lordship the unpleasant task of breaking the knowledge

knowledge of this matter to the De Lorraine family; but you must indeed pardon me for saying, you have brought it all on yourself; for you have always well known how repugnant to the thoughts of such a match was the heart of your devoted son,

HENRY DAVENPORT.

The fury of Lord Elwin after he had done reading this letter, the eager curiosity of the spectators to learn it's contents, and the distress of the greater part of them when the truth was revealed, who may describe! I attempt not the picture. Suffice it to say, that in less time than five minutes the enraged nobleman had formed fifty designs, each more impracticable than the other, and all of them absurd to the extreme degree; that Colonel De Lorraine seemed choking with suppressed haughtiness and choler; that his daughter, after fainting several times, and expressing her sorrow one moment by tears, and her pride the next by invectives, was carried ill to bed; and that the Maridens, finding all confusion and dismay, and that it was impossible for them to be of any service, left the scene of tumult, and returned to Belleforest, late as it was. The next morning, on sending to enquire after Lord Elwin and the family, a general answer was returned, that they were very well: that, however, was not the case; for the high spirit of the unfortunate Henry's wife, added to her natural ill health, throwing her into perpetual faintings, very nearly overpowered her frame. It is scarcely possible to express the uncommon noise that this adventure made in the neighbourhood; for it was not in the power of any of the parties to disguise the real truth. No one appeared surprised at the strength of disgust that could induce a young man to behave in such a manner to such a wife; and the family of the De Lorraines were so generally disliked, that few persons felt any emotions of pity at the appearance of their ill-disguised distress. The bosom of Henrietta, perhaps, though at first the most inclined of any to mourn the prospect that lay before Henry Davenport, was now the most sensible of commiseration; and she could not but blame him, as it was not practicable for him to live with her, for marrying at all, without considering the violent and unconquerable temper of his father,

THE REFUSAL.

SEVERAL months elapsed without any intelligence concerning Henry arriving in England, excepting such as was imported by some officers returning from Gibraltar; that he appeared in a state of the deepest dejection, and always intreated the commander to place him in every post that could be esteemed most dangerous. Information of a nature like this was not calculated to restore much tranquillity to the breasts of those who either wished his welfare, or his return; for they were very distinct: the prayers of the De Lorraines arose for the latter; those of the Maridens for the first.

It has already been mentioned, that at Colonel De Lorraine's request, Henry, before his marriage, intimated to his fair friend something of a design entertained by the other family of uniting themselves to Sir William's by her means. This design, though for a while neglected amidst the tumult, was by no means laid aside, but rather seemed to gain additional strength from the troubles they felt, arising from a different quarter. The colonel formally proposed his son to the baronet, who returned the same answer he had always done on occasions of the like nature—That he was as much the friend, as he was the father, of his daughter; and that she had a prudence he could rely on, even in a case where her own happiness was concerned, the most important one to him: and, therefore, that to herself alone he referred him for a positive acceptance or denial. The man to whom he spoke had few feelings that corresponded with his, and seemed, consequently, much surprized at the reply; but only said, that if such was his method, the young gentleman himself might be the properest addresser, and the most likely one to succeed. Sir William was silent; for, knowing his daughter as he did, he could be little able to join in opinion with him.

In a few days after, Henrietta received a state visit from the personage so totally unformed both by nature and art to win her affections, even though they had not been inclined to favour another: an amiable and unfortunate young man, whom, though she rightly considered as lost for ever to her, she yet found it impossible to forget. The event will be readily imagined: she declined his magnificent offers in the most positive, though

in the politest terms; and, by so doing, excited his astonishment to a degree so extreme, that for some moments he was unable to expostulate: till, on her repeating the firmest of her expressions, and at last adding others still stronger in their nature, he arose, enflamed with a resentment he could ill disguise, and that was most unlikely to prove a temptation to her to alter her resolve; and left the room, bowing profoundly, though little of respect could be discerned on his countenance. Henrietta rejoiced at the conclusion of a talk so disagreeable, and sincerely hoped that she might never again be teased with the solicitations of any of his family, whom she must have known very slightly to have supposed capable of repeating them. So great was their pride, and so warm their resentment, at what they termed her contemptuous rejection, that no communication ever after subsisted between the houses at Lorraine and Belleforest. In all companies they abused her *high spirit*, and affected to pity the *weakness* of her father; by such a method revealing to every one that truth they were most ambitious to conceal, and which, but for their own injudicious behaviour, might never have been suspected.

THE EVENT.

IN the mean time, Miss De Lorraine's health was far from being perfectly re-established; though pique and vexation, much more than any tender sentiment, had affected it in the recent shock. Yet time had sensibly abated her emotions; and, at the end of six months from her marriage, the idea of Henry Davenport recurred without occasioning her much disturbance; and she was visibly gaining strength in as material a degree as her constitution seemed likely ever to allow of, when, at the above-mentioned period, an intelligence arrived from Gibraltar, that at once effectually blasted all her hard-gained composure; and, by the surprise it caused, threw her back into her worst stages of health. The intelligence I speak of was that of her husband's death, killed on guard by a secret shot. Her breast was incapable of love; yet, from the weakness of her frame, she was as much affected as if he had been inexpressibly dear to her. What, then, were the feelings of Henrietta, who had a heart susceptible of the

tenderest emotions; and who now, for the first time, discovered the full strength of her attachment towards the ill-fated victim of his father's avarice! What, too, were the feelings of that father, who had the pangs of an upbraiding conscience to sustain, in addition to the sorrow he felt for the loss of the eldest, and the most amiable of his sons! I suppress them both, for they will readily be conceived; and return to the De Lorraines, who, afflicted as they were at the state in which they beheld their daughter, had the mortification to find every effort they could make to save her fruitless, for she lived three weeks only after the last news respecting her husband arrived. Lord Elwin, more able to combat with adversity, survived the shock; but he survived it only to deplore the wretched effects of his positive tyranny; and to mourn, while waiting for the return of his second son from abroad, with bitter anguish, the event that recalled him home. That son, whose name was George, was on his travels; for, from a collateral line, he inherited an estate by no means inconsiderable; and, at the time we are now arrived at, was at the Emperor's court, from whence an English gentleman returning, who had been there on a footing of much intimacy with him, spoke of his morals, manners, and disposition, in terms of the highest praise. He reported him to be universally beloved, and a model for every young Englishman who travelled for improvement; an article generally brought home of all others the least by wholesale. Information of a nature like this, respecting the now presumptive heir of his honours and estate, could not but impart some consolation to the bosom of a father; and Lord Elwin, on receiving it, reiterated his orders for the immediate return of his son, whom he had not seen for above five years, having sent him, at the age of nineteen, to a foreign academy.

The grief of Henrietta, in the meantime, though it grew less poignant than at first, became not by any means less rooted in her heart. This truth she endeavoured to conceal from the penetrating and affectionate eyes of Sir William and her brother; but the task was beyond her abilities. They observed, with infinite regret, that the sentiments of sorrow she nourished, insensibly preyed upon her; and, by every art of tender persuasion, strove gently to lead off her affections

affections to some other object, and induce her, in time, to marry. Insinuations of this nature she never made any reply to; till Lord Elwin intimated to her father a wish that, at some future period, in case the young people proved agreeable to each other, an alliance might take place between his family and theirs, by means of his son, whom he soon expected in Berkshire, and whose character general fame spoke of as so unexceptionable. Henrietta then firmly made answer, she could not hear of it, be George Davenport what he might; and intreated her father, in case Lord Elwin should ever again enter on the subject, to tell him, such a scheme must positively not be entertained.

THE BROKEN RESOLVE.

ABOUT this time, a friend of Sir William Marsden, whom he had long hoped to see at Belleforest, arrived there from London, where he always resided the winter and spring. His name was Clitheroe, an old and very valuable acquaintance of the baronet, and the god-father of both his children. From him the reports circulated respecting Mr. Davenport gained additional strength; for he had left him in town, where he had arrived but the week before, and from whence he was very soon to set off for his father's seat. Clitheroe's praise on the subject of this young man, though he had never met with him before, knew no bounds. The apparent sweetness of his disposition, the manliness of his conduct, the elegance of his deportment, and the beauty of his countenance, were themes to him inexhaustible; and when, on learning this favourable opinion, Sir William mentioned to him the circumstances of Lord Elwin's intimation, and his daughter's repugnance, Clitheroe only smiled; and said, he apprehended, unless she was really insensible to what was most engaging, that the son might prove more successful; especially as he had spoken of her in very high terms, and had declared to himself that it would not be in his power to help envying the happiness of that man who should prove the chosen favourite of Miss Marsden.

These expressions gave her much disturbance, and even surprise; for though she had frequently met with George Davenport before he left England, she could not suppose that her then girlish attrac-

tions had made such an impression on the mind of a boy of eighteen or nineteen, and strove vainly to recollect any little particularities in his behaviour towards her at the time. At length, she concluded that he must have received instructions respecting his present conduct from Lord Elwin, and that idea heightened the disgust she had entertained before. However, much consolation presented itself in the thought of her father's gentleness of temper; and, secure that his affection would never strive to constrain her inclinations, she awaited, with composure, the time when their titled neighbour should introduce his son at Belleforest, which he had promised to do the day after his arrival.

That circumstance took place within a week after Clitheroe's first reception at the house of his friend. They were informed of it the same evening by some chance visitors who had seen his carriage pass by, and had observed the livery of it's followers; consequently, the next morning, Lord Elwin was expected—by Henrietta, with an uneasiness she could not overcome; by her father, with a secret hope, though a failing confidence; and by Clitheroe, with undoubting exultation. These several emotions became each more violent; when, near one o'clock, the gates of the park were actually opened, and two gentlemen were observed riding up towards the house. Henrietta was above stairs in her dressing-room, and judged it most proper to remain there till she should be called down, which it was natural for her to expect to be every moment; yet did there above three quarters of an hour elapse, during which time she heard no human sound of any kind whatever. It was odd, and she felt some surprise; but still was pleased at the opportunity of strengthening herself against the so much boasted attractions of George Davenport, by the cherished remembrance of his unfortunate brother. She sat down on the sofa where he had rested at the time of his mentioning young De Lorraine, and wept at the recollection of his gentle manners and unhappy fate. At that instant her brother entered the room, sent by his father to bring her to the company; and she arose, immoveably determined not to waver from her first resolution; and with no other sentiments in her heart for the person to whom she was going to be introduced, but those of settled indifference,

or rather dislike, as she considered him then as in some degree the supplanter of her favourite Henry. These ideas gathered strength as she communicated them to her brother on their way; nor did he strive to combat them till they arrived at the door of the parlour, when Sydney, putting one arm round her waist, led her in with the other hand. His action somewhat surprised her; however, she went on unhesitatingly towards her father and Lord Elwin, who were standing near one of the windows, without the son of the latter, who being with Clitheroe at the bottom of the room, below the door, had stood behind Henrietta at her entrance. She paid her compliments to Lord Elwin, and afterwards turned round to repeat them to the Mr. Davenport she expected to behold; when, with his arms across, leaning against the wall, what figure struck her eye? Even that of Henry, her lamented Henry, whom she had mourned so long, and towards whom she had determined unchanging fidelity! The care of Sydney still supported her: without it, she had perhaps sunk; and, even as it was, her arms fell lifeless beside her; and she stood, a statue-looking form, with her eyes fixed on the cause of her astonishment. Need it be added, that he, with unfeigned affection, advanced, to prove that no delusion was offered to her sight; or that the silent wonder, which then possessed her, soon yielded place to the tenderest emotions of joy? Yet, till this miracle was explained to her, some amazement it was natural should remain. Lord Elwin removed it. The report of Henry's fall arose, he informed her, from the circumstance of his having really been dangerously wounded on guard, and laying for near twenty-four hours to all appearance dead, during which time the dispatches had been sent to England. Contrary winds, he added, had for so many weeks prevented farther intelligence arriving, that he was sufficiently recovered to return home; at the same time that the regiment he belonged to left Gibraltar, with the contradictory news of his being still alive.

Clitheroe then, who had been present throughout the whole of this scene, admired his ingenious mistake, in having become acquainted with, and always speaking of, Henry Davenport, supposing him to have been his brother, who still remained at Vienna; for he had learned the fallacy of the report immediately after his father's orders arrived, and in consequence forbore to attend to them.

The information she received tended to convince Henrietta that the objects before her were absolutely real, and that she had not been deceived by a phantom; yet was it a considerable time before she could possibly compose her mind sufficiently to talk with any degree of coherence. At length, however, the expressions of her father's pleasure, and the soothing voice of her revived friend, restored her spirits to their natural state; and she congratulated Lord Elwin with testimonies of unsuppressed delight. He received them with a joy equal to her own, at the same time reproaching his interested views as the source of every sorrow they had felt. On this subject he was silenced by his son, who affirmed the present satisfaction to be ample amends for all; and by Sir William Mariden, who, as had before been concerted, took hold of his daughter's hand, and placed it within that of Henry, jointly presented by his father and himself. 'Now,' said Lord Elwin, 'the interference of a still angry Heaven alone can prevent my becoming blessed. I had nearly destroyed the lasting peace of mind of two amiable young persons, designed, I am convinced, for each other, and nothing but a miracle could turn aside the mischief I had plotted. A miracle has been allowed. My son is restored to life; he has forgiven his father, and, for many years to come, may the happiness of Henry and Henrietta prove a reproach to the tyranny of such parents as, not content with dominion over the *persons* of their children, would constrain their *spirits* also, which the Almighty alone knows, properly, how to guide.'

THE COBLER OF MESSINA.

THERE have been, now and then, extraordinary instances of patriotism and publick spirit, even among

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the lowest ranks in society. Of this we have a memorable and most surprising example, in the story of the Cobler of

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Messina,

Messina. It happened pretty late in the last century, and serves abundantly to prove that publick spirit is the growth of every degree.

The Cobler of Messina was an honest man; he was also a man of reflection. He saw the corruption, luxury, and oppression, under which his country laboured. He saw rapes unpunished; adulteries unreprieved; barbarous murders either screened by church-sanctuaries, or atoned for by money; in a word, he saw an universal degeneracy of manners, partly from the want of will, partly from the want of power, in the government, to chastise offenders. In this situation, he resolved to undertake the arduous task of reforming these disorders, and thought it both lawful and expedient to become at once the avenger of the innocent, and the terror of the guilty.

He accordingly sallied out in the evenings; and, as proper opportunities offered, dispatched such as he knew to be incorrigible offenders. As there were in Messina a great number of these overgrown criminals, the Cobler, in the space of a few weeks, did a world of execution. The sun never rose without discovering fresh marks of his justice: here lay an usurer, who had ruined hundreds; there an unjust magistrate, who had been the curse of thousands; in one corner, a nobleman, who had debauched his friend's wife; in another, a man of the same rank, who, through avarice or ambition, had prostituted his own; but as the bodies were always left untouched, with all their ornaments about them, and very often with considerable sums in their pockets, it was visible they were not dispatched for the sake of money, and their numbers made it as evident that they did not fall victims to private revenge.

It is not in the power of words to describe the astonishment of the whole city: things came at last to such a pass, that not a rogue of any rank whatever durst walk the streets. At last, the Viceroy caused publick proclamation to be made, that he would give the sum of two thousand crowns to any person who should

discover the author or authors of these murders; promising, at the same time, the like reward, with an absolute indemnity to the person who had done them, if he would discover himself; and, as a pledge of his sincerity, he went to the cathedral, and took the sacrament, that he would punctually perform every tittle of his proclamation.

The Cobler went directly to the palace, and demanded audience of the Viceroy; to whom, upon his declaring that he had something of great importance to communicate, he was admitted alone. He began with putting his Excellency in mind of his oath, who assured him he meant to keep it religiously. The Cobler then proceeded to the following harangue. 'I, Sir, have been alone that instrument of justice, who dispatched, in so short a time, so many criminals. In doing this, Sir, I have done no more than what was your duty to do. You, Sir, who in reality are guilty of all the offences which these wretches committed, deserved the same chastisement, and had met with it too, had I not respected the representative of my prince, who I know is accountable to God alone.'

The Viceroy, who was thoroughly convinced that he told him no more than the truth, repeated his assurances of safety, and thanked him very affectionately for the tenderness he had shewn him; adding, after all, he was ready to pay him the two thousand crowns.

Our Cobler returned the Viceroy's compliments, in his rough way; but told him that, after what had passed, he believed it would be but prudent in him to make choice of some other city for his habitation.

The Viceroy then ordered a Tartane to transport the Cobler, his family, his effects, and two thousand crowns, to one of the ports in the states of Genoa, where he passed the remainder of his days in ease and quiet; and the city of Messina felt, for a long time after, the good effects of his enthusiastick zeal for the publick good.





THE FAIR FUGITIVE.

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison: C^d July 2. 1787.

ELIZA;

OR,

THE FAIR FUGITIVE.

BY MR. FISHER.

ELIZA was the beauteous offspring of a fond but whimsical couple, whose peculiar absurdities were long the jest, as she was deservedly the admiration, of Bath, and it's polished environs. Though her education had been confined, and regulated on a plan of uncommon stupidity, yet so lavish had Nature been of every mental endowment, that very little aid was required from art to give each it's full degree of brilliancy and effect. Those who beheld her could not but admire the graceful ease of her deportment, and wondered whence she drew those large supplies of reason and humour which enriched and enlivened her conversation. With all these marks of superiority, Eliza had none of that frivolous vanity which seems almost inseparable from female excellence. If she at times conversed with freedom on the most interesting topics, it was evidently rather to gratify the inclination of others, who never could listen to her but with pleasure, than to indulge a volubility of speech, from which few of the amiable sex can plead an entire exemption. This observation, however, is by no means intended as sarcastick, since it is to that circumstance we owe more than three-fourths of the charms which embellish society.

The parents of Eliza, as it has already been mentioned, possessed very few, if any, of her amiable qualities: they were, however, what the world would have stiled good sort of people, had they continued to act that part in it with which they began their career, and for which alone nature had evidently designed them. But, if what Mr. Pope says be true, that 'men would be angels, angels would be gods,' and by that aspiring presumption throw every thing into confusion; we may with equal reason assert, that all is nonsense and ridicule, when the illiterate vulgar rush from their narrow sphere, and make awkward attempts to move with eclat in that of superior Beings. This was literally the case with our present couple, from the time of

their quitting their shop in Cornhill, to their retiring to a superb villa in the vicinity of Bath, and thus exchanging the centre of business for that of quality and dissipation. The husband having once conceived this sage idea, was not under the necessity of enforcing compliance with his cara sposa on this as on some former occasions: the purpose in view had been the primitive and glorious object of all her exertions and ambition; for this she had toiled and economized with unexampled frugality; while her no less assiduous partner was driving his bargains at Change, or negotiating loans in the Alley. An additional plumb to that of which they were already possessed would scarcely have afforded her more real satisfaction than the arrival of that period for which she had so long sighed.

Having fixed on their place of residence, and made an ample provision of whatever was necessary to the very splendid figure they were now determined to make in the world, they were conveyed thither in the full triumph of a coach and six, attended by a numerous retinue, to the great surprize and amusement of all who knew or beheld them. Their mode of life did not disgrace their equipage; and their Bath villa soon became the resort of all who thought proper to regale and divert themselves at their expence. The wines and viands were greatly extolled by those who piqued themselves on Epicurean taste, and their excellence was still more effectually proved by the most astonishing consumption of both at every quick-repeated entertainment. The table conversation was such as might naturally be expected from guests whose chief design in resorting thither was to display their wit in ironical compliments to the master and mistresses of the banquet, who swallowed the bait with equal simplicity and satisfaction. The peculiar grace of the latter, in her method of carving, was never suffered to pass unnoticed; and when, as was frequently the case, a dish

or a sauce-boat was overturned in the operation, some person was ever ready to observe that accidents of that nature might happen to the most alert and experienced. These sallies and inuendoes being perfectly understood by the parties present, usually produced convulsive fits of mirth; in which Eliza was the only person who did not take a part: and on this account she was frequently reproached for her want of taste and spirit; while tacit disapprobation was the only expression of her pity and contempt. It was not in the nature of things that the follies of her infatuated parents should escape her discernment; yet she knew how to respect them in those follies, and waited for the moment when time and experience might open their eyes, and give a new turn to their pursuits.

But what more than all contributed to support the fund of merriment, was the supposed antiquity of her father's family, on which he valued himself more than on all he possessed. To prove his pretensions in this way, for such they most literally were, the bottles and glasses were removed to make way for a large roll of parchment, containing his pedigree from nameless generations. The family name was originally *Nidrom*, which, by an apt transposition of the two letters *m* and *d*, was now changed into *Nimrod*, as he proved himself to a demonstration lineally descended from that celebrated hunter, which was also a sufficient authority for a stag's head, by way of crest, in his arms, and two hucks for supporters. To *NIMROD, Esq.* was invariably added; and *Sir* was not unfrequently prefixed to *ALEXANDER*; though he was prudently silent as to the time and occasion of his obtaining the honour of knighthood. My lady might have been equally puzzled to account for her title, had not the politeness, or rather policy, of her visitors, made them wave all disagreeable questions while in her presence, and thus rivetted both in the silly delusion. Eliza, whose tender heart was wounded by the daily repetition of this farce in high life, was often tempted to remonstrate with her parents in private; but when at last she did venture to break through her usual reserve, her intention was misconstrued into insolence and disrespect, and she was ordered not to presume to censure their conduct, which ought to be

the model of her own. The delicacy of filial piety made her seemingly acquiesce in what she knew to be pregnant with absurdity; especially as she clearly saw that the seeds of folly were too deeply sown to be eradicated by her feeble exertions: she therefore gave up the point as absolutely desperate, and waited with resignation, till Death, or more welcome Hymen, should remove her from a scene so irksome and painful to her feelings. Alas! how vain and precarious are most of our wishes! and how often do we look forward to some distant point with eager desire, which when attained only leaves room for deeper regret, and more heartfelt sorrows!

Had Eliza been left by her parents, as she was by Heaven and Nature, free in her choice of a partner for life, her good sense and penetration would doubtless have been the guide to her affections, and fixed them on an object deserving of so much loveliness and perfections; but even in this point, which was to determine nothing less than her happiness or misery for ever, was Eliza doomed to be the slave of parental authority, at the expence of every suggestion of reason, every sentiment and feeling of her soul.

And will Eliza submit to this most unnatural stretch of power? No: Nature shrinks back at the gloomy prospect which must then be opened to her view; she sees it in all its horrors; duty for one moment keeps reason in thoughtful suspense. 'Tis past! her resolutions are taken; and much is her spirit to be commended for thus claiming those sacred rights which cruel oppression would have extorted from her. This was done by a timely elopement; for which no person will, I believe, be inclined to blame her, who attends to the following faithful portrait of her intended husband.

This very hopeful youth had little in his form, and nothing in his sentiments, to distinguish him from the brute creation; though his manners had received every aid from cultivation, and at first sight spoke too much in favour of his character. Never, perhaps, were the fool and villain more completely blended than in his composition; and the too partial indulgence of a fond mother corresponded but too well with the evident design of nature in his original formation. A too great application to books, she would observe, might possibly prove
injurious

injurious to health; and, as her son, thank Heaven! was not born to acquire, but to spend, a fortune, he would surely have as much learning as was necessary for a gentleman. The most unrestrained practice of every species of gaming was admitted on the plea of gentility, and all his vices were excused because they were not of a vulgar cast, but those of a gentleman. Thus was he early initiated into irregularities; and seldom, if ever, retired from scenes of nocturnal riot but in a state of wretched intoxication. Woman, that last and best gift of Heaven to man! that loveliest image of his kindness, and fairest work of his creation! woman was only prized by this intemperate son of lewdness, as she submitted to be the venal instrument of his pleasures; and all that he knew of conjugal felicity was, that it would be his province to command—that of his passive consort to be silent and to obey. His heart had never been warmed by one generous feeling; brutality was the test of his social ties; and his haughtiness to those beneath him was only surpassed by his servility to superiors when submission pointed out the obvious path to interest.

Such was the man selected by the parents of Eliza from a numerous train of admirers. Should it be asked what could possibly induce them to give him the preference, the only reason that can be assigned is the extent of his influence, the number of his titles, and that alluring ignis fatuus, his pedigree. These were to supply the want of sense, honour, and such other requisites as can alone in any degree indemnify the tender sex for the resignation of liberty and that irresistible empire which beauty ensures to them over every subject heart. Determined not to be the prey of such a monster, Eliza fled, taking with her in money and jewels what would provide decently for her future support, and sought an asylum in the house of a friend and distant relation, who lived retired from the world in a very remote part of the country.

Misfortune, however, attended her to this retreat; for, having deposited her little property with a merchant at the usual rate of interest, he soon became a bankrupt, and she was left with no resources but such as must flow through the narrow channels of what is improperly called friendly benevolence. She

now soon experienced those slights which usually attend a life of dependence; and resolved to quit a house where she clearly perceived she was no longer a welcome guest: but whilst she was revolving in her anxious mind on what plan she should determine for her future support, the arrival of two servants from her father convinced her she had been betrayed by the person on whose fidelity she had relied for protection. Entreaties, she knew, would be lost upon mercenary souls; and, having no money to offer as the price of her freedom, she submitted to the hard law of necessity with becoming fortitude, and stepped into the chaise prepared for her, fully determined to act the only part which could now rescue her from worse than destruction.

On her arrival at Bath, she appeared perfectly composed in her actions; justified her conduct in few words; was callous to reproaches, which she was conscious she did not deserve; and still more so to menaces, which were far less terrible to her imagination than the threatened marriage, to which she repeated her most determined aversion. Every thing was however prepared for the nuptials; and, on the appointed day, she was dragged like a victim to the altar.

The clergyman, however, did not find Eliza so ready to answer questions as he was to ask them; or, at least, in the way that he expected, and her parents could have wished. She protested against the violence offered her, in terms of just yet modest indignation; interrupted the parson more than once in the usual preamble; and when at length the decisive question was put, she answered 'No!' in a tone of resolution which immediately destroyed all hopes of concluding the ceremony.

Old Nimrod exclaimed, that the girl was all perverseness; and my lady pronounced her mad: to which Eliza replied with a smile, that in either case she was in a very improper state for marriage, and consequently hoped they would excuse her objections. The disappointed bridegroom declared, with an oath, that if she would not, some other would, and that it made very little difference to him: while the parson and clerk retired with disgust at the loss of their respective fees.

Among others who were present at this ceremony, was a stranger of genteel

tel appearance, and who seemed greatly interested in what had engaged all his attention. The youth, the beauty, and perhaps more than all, the peculiar situation of Eliza, had made the deepest impressions on his mind, and produced a most effectual revolution in his heart. To feel for the distress and injuries of the softer sex is a sentiment so essential to the idea of true courage and honour, that we may in general pronounce that man every way unworthy of life who hesitates one moment to sacrifice it for their defence or rescue. Horatio was not a person of so dastardly a soul; and, yet uncertain whether the interest he took in Eliza's fate proceeded from compassion or love, he resolved, at all events, to redress her wrongs without delay. But before the means he adopted to effect this purpose are described, it will be proper to give the reader a just idea of his rank and character. Both these were such as to entitle him to universal esteem, though the latter was remarkable for one trait, which was rather extraordinary in a person of his strong sense and manly benevolence. This was nothing less than a rooted prejudice against the female character, as necessarily fraught with levity, inconstancy, and deceit; so that, though he was really the friend and advocate of the sex in one sense, he might be considered almost in the light of an enemy in another. His misfortune, it seems, had been, at an early age, to be familiar with none but the most abandoned of the sex; and such were the disgusts excited in him from these juvenile scenes of indelicacy, that he had formed a resolution never to make the happiness of his life depend on a female who might probably be tinged with some portion of those vices which had inspired him with such horror and detestation. Though a man of perfect candour in other respects, in this he proved himself most illiberally unjust; condemning, like many others, the whole for the errors of a few, when even they perhaps ought rather to be considered as objects of compassion than contempt.

Dear, tender, yet too often injured woman! never let me lose an opportunity of asserting thy worth, or of vindicating thy character. To thee we owe whatever can tend to refine the joys, and soothe the cares of life; and if, in the general distribution, a few slight imperfections may have fallen to thy share,

let them not be seen through the microscopic eye of malevolence, but rather lost in the brightness of thy perfections. Too well can I account for all thy seeming foibles in the tyranny of that usurper who would gladly mark thee for his slave; and often do I blush for the brutality of my ruder sex, when I see it insult the ease and gentleness of thine!

Had Horatio given way to sentiments like these, he would doubtless never have determined, in the full vigour of youth, to relinquish those charms which can only be found in the society and affection of a virtuous female, without considering that life, devoid of that invaluable blessing, is at best but a cheerless and dreary scene. A short experience, however, had taught him, while he languished in the profusion of fortune, that there is a void in the human heart which woman alone was made to fill; without whom, pleasure, and even repose, must be banished from it for ever. Thus convinced of his error, Horatio only waited for a proper opportunity of retrieving it; and he thought he saw in the person of Eliza what he had so long despaired of ever being able to find. There is a native eloquence in the female eye, that speaks conviction more feelingly to the heart than all the powers of diction combined, and this had in one glance spoke oracles to that of Horatio.

Having determined on his plan of operations in the conquest he had in view, which, as the reader will observe, was literally a coup de main, he went unattended to the house of old Nimrod; and with as little ceremony as Aimwell in the *Stratagem*, told him he was come to take away his daughter. 'Aye!' said the father, in a confounded passion; 'and what right have you to claim my daughter, Sir?'—'That,' replied Horatio, 'which I derive from love; and which this sword,' added he, drawing it, 'is ready to dispute with any human being!' The sight of a drawn sword in the hands of a desperate and stout young fellow, such as was Horatio, effectually cooled old Nimrod's rage and courage; he therefore only said, with a faltering voice, that since he had refused to marry the man of his choice, he would not give her a shilling. 'It is not your purse,' answered Horatio with disdain, 'but your daughter, that I come for!' and, gently seizing her hand,

hand, he led her with him out of the apartment, without farther explanations; leaving the parents to make what comments they might please on his mode of proceeding.

Eliza, who at first had followed her new lover with some mistrust and reluctance, was soon convinced of his honourable intentions, by the proposals of marriage which he made to her, and which were brought to effect in a few days after this their first auspicious interview. Never, I believe, had any man more reason to bless the name of Hymen than Horatio, or woman more cause than Eliza to revere that of her husband. The yawning fiend, Ennui, never once was known to break in on their felicity; nor was the voice of Discontent ever heard within their doors. Every action was spontaneous, and the idea of unlimited obedience could not possibly find admittance in minds which seemed only to vie in efforts of mutual kindness and condescension. If Horatio indulged in the sports of the field, it was chiefly in the hope of returning with spoils which might suit the taste of Eliza; whilst she in the mean time was preparing 'a feast for the man she loved.' Just Heavens! of what importance do the most trivial occurrences in life become, when consecrated at the shrine of love and fidelity!

Three years had insensibly fled away in this blissful union, when the sensible heart of Eliza was deeply wounded by accounts which she had for some time had reason to apprehend. Since her recess from her parental abode, the old couple had determined, in mere spite, to be revenged of her obstinacy, as they termed it, to spend every shilling of their property; and the steps they took towards it were so effectually forwarded by their numerous train of sycophants, that they were already reduced to the humiliating necessity of universal retrenchments, in order to preserve the wreck of their once ample fortune, for future subsistence. It was now that every face came forward from behind its mask, and the subtle sneer of irony was succeeded by the broad laugh of publick derision.

Unable either to support their usual expences, or to bear up against the stings of daily ridicule, poor old Nimrod and his consort were forced to hide their diminished heads in the bosom of obscurity,

and the Bath villa was disposed of to as little advantage as credit.

Forgetful of all the injuries she had received, the ever-dutiful Eliza no sooner heard of this catastrophe, than she determined to fly to their relief. Horatio accompanied her on this occasion; nor could she be prevailed on to leave behind her the blooming pledge she had borne him of their mutual and faithful loves.

It was not till after many enquiries that she discovered the retreat to which the old couple had retired, and where they still endeavoured to keep up at least the shadow of their former consequence. Old Nimrod still valued himself on his pedigree as much as ever, and not a day passed without the addition of some new name to the list. Eliza entered the apartment in which they were, without the formality of sending up her name; when falling on her knees, and presenting her child, whom she held by the hand, she for some moments in vain attempted to speak, overcome by the violence of her feelings.

'So! so!' exclaimed the father, mistaking the real cause of her embarrassment; 'what, I suppose, Miss, your heroick gallant has played you the old trick of seduction; and now you expect me to be burdened with the fruits of it!'

Eliza was proceeding to undeceive him as to the nature and object of her visit, when Horatio entered, who had listened to what had passed, and whose very aspect carried terrors to the heart of old Nimrod.

'Sir,' said he to him with a stern voice and countenance, 'I might forgive the imputation cast on my honour by your words, but be cautious how you say any thing to injure the feelings of this lady, who has too long been the victim of your folly. You are now, Sir, to consider her in the double capacity of your daughter and my wife; and I expect to see her treated with becoming respect in both those characters.'

'True, son-in-law; true!' answered Nimrod, trembling in every limb; 'I believe I am to blame, as well as my lady here; and I humbly ask you and my daughter pardon. As I live, now, you seem to be a clever fellow; and had you but a pedigree——' 'Tush! tush!' said Horatio, smiling, producing one which he had purposely drawn up at the request

request of Eliza, in compliance with her father's humour; 'here, Sir, is a pedigree every way authentick, of which the first peer of the land need not be ashamed!'

Old Nimrod spread the vellum on the table by the side of that which already lay there; and, embracing Horatio with the most eager transport, 'By Heaven!' he exclaimed, 'you must be a clever fellow; for your pedigree is within a foot of being as long as my own.'

Horatio soon gave the old couple more substantial reasons for being satisfied with the conduct of their son-in-law, by allowing them an annual stipend, adequate to all their exigencies, for the rest of their days. They both lived to see and correct the extravagance of their former follies; while the example of Horatio taught them to set a just value on those virtues which still continue to embellish their amiable daughter.

LOVE AND PHILOSOPHY;

OR,

THE HISTORY OF SIR HARRY BELLAIR.

SIR Harry Bellair had spent the early part of his youth in that whirl of pleasures and pains which always attend the fashionable way of living among the great, when he at once determined to retire to a country seat he had in Worcestershire. His time was there agreeably divided between hunting, walking, and reading. With what pleasure did he look back on that stormy sea, whose hidden rocks he now no longer feared! With what satisfaction did he congratulate himself on his having had resolution to enter the port of safety! Free from prejudices, delivered from the tyrannical yoke of the passions, he then beheld things in their true light. The mask under which dissimulation, treachery, perjury, infidelity, and ingratitude, conceal themselves, was fallen off; he saw all their deformity, and lamented the fate of those who were exposed to them. Enraptured with Philosophy, her charms were his greatest delight. 'How,' cried he sometimes, 'can men prefer tumultuous and noisy pleasures to the tranquillity of the wife! Alas! with what anxious difficulty, what regret, what torment, what remorse, is a moment of pleasure not purchased in the world? With what thick darkness is that feeble twilight not preceded and followed? The wise man, on the contrary, is always contented, always happy; his pleasures are less animated, but they are much purer, and far more durable; he owes his happiness to his own reflections only; can he be under any fear of it's miscarrying?'

Notwithstanding all the secrets which Sir Harry found in the study of wisdom, it was not long before he perceived that

something was wanting to compleat his happiness. Naturally tender, he had renounced love more out of pique than reason. The repeated infidelities which he had experienced from some of his mistresses, had contributed greatly to his retirement; and, in the opinion he was that levity is inseparable from the fair sex, he carefully avoided whatever might have led him into an engagement. But the god of hearts, who laughed at his precautions, knew how to render them useless.

At some distance from the house where Sir Harry had fixed his abode, lived a young widow, on whom Nature had lavished her treasures. Emilia, that was her name, joined to the most captivating person every charm of the mind. The death of a tenderly beloved husband, the fear of not being able to curb the emotions of a heart made to receive the tenderest impressions of love, had conducted her into a solitude, where every thing retraced to her the image of the dear spouse whom she had regretted. Retired as she was, Sir Harry's arrival made too much noise for her to be ignorant of it. His resolution was so extraordinary in a man of his age, that she wished to be acquainted with him. It was not long before she was satisfied.

A violent storm having overtaken him while he was hunting, he was obliged to seek for shelter at Emilia's house. This was the first time of his seeing her. Ah! how lovely she appeared to him! All his schemes vanished in an instant; his heart presented itself to receive the shaft. Astonished, struck motionless with admiration, he uttered a few incoherent words. Emilia, on whom a tender

der sympathy already wrought, perceived with secret pleasure the effect of her charms. After the usual compliments on such occasions, she made the conversation fall on the pleasures of a rural life. Sir Harry, recovering in the mean time from his first confusion, spoke like a sensible man who has seen the world; and, before he took leave of Emilia, obtained her permission to repeat his visits.

At his return home, retiring to his apartment, he reflected on all that had passed. He probed the inmost recesses of his heart, and this scrutiny served only to convince him that he was deeply in Love. Philosophy made in vain a few feeble efforts to stifle a passion which, in a man of Sir Harry's disposition, could not but increase rapidly in a short time. His situation seemed delightful to him. That terrible chasm, which even the closest study had not been able to fill, now disappeared; the wants of his heart were satisfied; his imagination transported him into a charming grove, where he saw Emilia seated on a bank of flowers, encircled by the Graces, Loves, and Pleasures; he was at her feet, in the most affecting attitude; a languishing look was directed at him; her pretty mouth was opened to say—'I love you.' What happiness did he not enjoy!

Emilia, on her side, was not less touched. How amiable did Sir Harry appear to her! His graceful behaviour; his sense, his person, had made the deepest impression on her heart. She could not disguise it to herself. The sweet agitation of her soul was accompanied with charms to her inexpressible. The memory of her husband, the most serious reflections on the dangers of Love, could not stand a moment against the delicate emotions of a new-born passion. With what pleasure did she behold the eagerness to please, the tender assiduities, the delicate attentions of her lover!

They used frequently to walk together in an avenue which led from the Servant to her house. 'It seems to me extraordinary,' said this young lady one day to her lover, 'that a gentleman of your age and merit should have broken off all commerce with the world. I should be much obliged to you, if you would tell me the reasons which have induced you to take such a step.'—'Can I ever wish to keep any thing secret from you, Madam?' answered

Bellair: 'I will inform you of what has been known to but very few.' Our two lovers having seated themselves on the grass, Sir Harry continued thus.

'Master of a considerable fortune, I appeared in the world with splendour enough to attract the eyes of the multitude. My company was desired in many houses; that of Lady G. had the preference. The handsomest ladies in London met there, more out of vanity than choice. Some of them made evident advances to me. I was young and unexperienced; my heart had wants, and required to be satisfied; accordingly, it was not long before I formed an attachment. The person whom I chose for the object of my attention, though past the bloom of youth, had yet remaining a thousand charms. Sprightly black eyes, a fine complexion, a lovely smile which spoke infinite sense, inexpressible gracefulness in all her actions, an elegant shape, and a great deal of wit; all these formed together a whole, which many people thought pretty. She seemed at first to pride herself on the conquest she had made of me; but, too frivolous to attach herself, she repaid my tenderness with a coin which never will be current among those who think with delicacy. I soon grew disgusted. Several others, to whom I made successively a tender of my homage, appeared to me in a short time to deserve only the contempt of an honest man. At length, despairing of ever finding what I sought for, I returned home, with a design to give myself up entirely to study.

'As I was walking one day in the Park, I perceived a young person whose appearance struck me. There was something so noble and interesting in her looks, that it was impossible to behold her without admiring. A sudden emotion seized me at this sight; my heart fluttered; my eyes could not quit the dear object which fixed all my attention. A woman somewhat advanced in years accompanied her. I would have accosted them, but dared not. Whilst I was deliberating within myself whether I should speak to them or not, Love urging, and the fear of displeasing keeping me back, they went away, before I had come to any resolution. I would have followed them; but the coach into which they got, drove off so fast, that I was obliged

ligned to return home without having satisfied my curiosity.

‘It was then that I began to make a difference between real Love and those transient fantastical tastes which owe their birth to vanity and sensual pleasure. The image of my unknown charmer followed me every where; the most barren spots, the most unfrequented places, were those which pleased me best.’—‘You was in Love, then,’ interrupted Emilia, with an agitation of mind which she could not conceal. ‘Yes, Madam, I was in Love; and to that Love it is that I am to impute all the misfortunes of my life—No, I owe every thing to it; it is that which has conducted me into this solitude. Charming retreat! shall I not owe to you all the happiness of my life, if I can touch the heart of the inestimable object which has now conquered me? Should I have known her, had it not been for you?—But to continue a narrative, in which you, Madam, seem to interest yourself.

‘Few days passed without my going to the Park, in hopes of again seeing there my fair incognita. One day, that I was quite lost in pleasingly musing on her, I staid there later than usual. Night came on, and it was eleven o’clock before I thought of retiring. Passing by a decent-looking house, my ear was struck with repeated sighs. I drew near, and saw through the parlour-window one of the most moving sights that ever I beheld. An elderly lady, bathed in tears, was stretched out upon an arm-chair betwixt two young damsels, one of which (judge you of my surprise) was the amiable fair-one I had been seeking for! ‘It is not that I am to be pitied,’ said that lady to them, ‘letting fall fresh showers of tears; death will soon render me insensible of my misfortune: but you, my dear children, what will become of you? It is for you that I shed the bitterest of tears. Who will defend you from the dreadful dangers which threaten you? Poverty is, alas! in general, the worst of foes to virtue.’

‘Consulting only the emotions of my heart. I burst suddenly into the room, and threw myself at the old lady’s feet. Affrighted at so uncommon and unexpected a sight, she at first screamed out; but soon after finding, by my be-

haviour and words, that she had no danger to fear from me, she desired me to rise. “You, Madam,” said I to her, after I was seated, “you, and your amiable family, are exposed to the vilest insults of fortune! On whom does fate vent its rage? Does virtue, joined to beauty, deserve such cruel treatment? But, after all, are your misfortunes so great, as not to admit of any remedy?”

‘My concern was so visible, and the comfort which the afflicted find in unbosoming themselves to those they look upon as their friends, is so great, that Mrs. Meanwell, (for that was her name) after looking stedfastly at me for a few moments, opened her heart to me in the following terms.

“Though I have not the honour of knowing you, Sir, I find myself so prejudiced in your favour, that I think I should make a bad return for your extremely kind and obliging behaviour, if I was to keep any thing secret from you.

“The father of these children, after having held for many years a distinguished place in the law, died, and left behind him a great reputation, with very little wealth; the usual effect of untainted probity. He left me but two thousand pounds, placed out at interest in the hands of a rich banker. I lived some years in that sweet tranquillity, which is known only to those whom the finalness of their fortune obliges to moderate their desires; which may be looked upon as the source of true happiness. Why has my felicity been so soon and so cruelly disturbed? The banker, in whose hands all that I had was placed, has just now failed: by this means I am reduced to the most shocking distress, having no hope, nor any resource. “Can there be a more deplorable situation?” At these words her tears flowed anew.

“I own, Madam,” said I to her, “that your misfortunes are great; but if they were still greater, they do not authorize despair. The virtue which you have practised all your life, offers you a resource on this occasion: she only can set us above the blows of adverse fortune. It is in our greatest, our most sudden adversities, that she shines brightest: besides, perhaps I may be happy enough to be of some
“little

"little service to you. May I presume to offer you five hundred pounds, which I received yesterday?"—"Your generosity charms me," answered Mrs. Meanwell; "but I should ill deserve it, if I accepted your offer. To howsoever low an ebb fortune may reduce us, we never will be burdensome to any one. My daughters can work well at their needle; the labour of their hands will provide for our subsistence; and we will bid defiance to the rigours of fate, content with not having deserved them." At every word which Mrs. Meanwell pronounced, her efforts to stop her bursting tears were evident. "How fine are these sentiments! how truly heroic! But would you mortify me so far, as not to accept what I have the pleasure to offer you? Ought one to carry the point of delicacy so far as to refuse even to borrow a sum which is not great?"—"How ingenious is your generosity, Sir?" answered she. "Consider that your virtue is all we have left!"—"Ah! Madam, fortune may grow weary of persecuting you; your banker's affairs may be made up. What! shall that lovely child be reduced to live by the work of her own hands! My God! the very thought of it alone makes me shudder. What! you!" added I, throwing myself at the feet of the young person; "you, the most perfect work of nature! you, who were made to give laws to the whole world, shall you be confounded among the crowd of those unhappy beings, to whom indigence leaves for their subsistence no other resource than that of labour! I never will suffer it," continued I, rising. "Madam," added I, turning towards Mrs. Meanwell, "I beg your pardon for those transports which I could not suppress. I love your charming daughter; were I to attempt to deny it, every thing would betray me: but I love her with all the respect due to superior merit. Founded on the most perfect esteem, my love aspires only at the happiness of being united to her by indissoluble ties. Look upon me as your son: I have at least the sentiments of one for you." At these words I withdrew.

The next morning I sent five hundred pounds to Mrs. Meanwell: it was all the ready-money I had. From

that time, I lived as it were at her house. Her daughter seemed to receive my assiduities with a sense of gratitude; she would sometimes tell me that my love touched her; that her heart was sensible of all its value. But it was easy to perceive, that these words were not dictated by inclination. Such indifference distracted, but did not quite discourage me: I flattered myself, that I might at length win her by my perseverance; but all my hopes vanished at once in the most cruel manner. Going one day, as usual, to Mrs. Meanwell's, I found her excessively dejected. Surprised and uneasy, I enquired what was the cause of it. She told me, that her daughter had disappeared since the day before; and that she had the strongest reasons to apprehend she had been carried off by a young man for whom she had long had a most violent passion; a passion which, however, she had always made a mystery of to her. What a thunder-stroke was this for a fond and delicate lover! I returned home in a condition easier to be imagined than described. A few hours after, Mrs. Meanwell sent me back the sum she had borrowed, with a letter, which left me no longer any room to doubt of my misfortune.

I was inconsolable for a long time; but at length, reason getting the better, and contempt taking by degrees the place of fury, I retired into this solitude, firmly resolved for ever to renounce Love. I aspired after that inward tranquillity, which is the object of the wife man's desires; and was even not far from attaining it, when you overset my schemes, destroyed my resolutions, and taught me, that Love will always triumph over Philosophy.

Emilia made no reply to the tender sentiment couched under these last words, but by a complacent smile, which kindled hope in Sir Harry's heart. "Can I, Madam," cried he, "be so happy as to find that the sincerest Love has made some impression on you! What words can express the raptures I now feel! My suit will not be rejected; your fair eyes tell me so. Into what ecstasy of joy does their language throw me!" Sir Harry spoke with such grace; that grace was so affecting; there was something so natural, so tender, and so persuasive, in his actions, and in his

manner of expressing himself, that Emilia could no longer conceal the conquest he had made of her. 'Ah! Sir Harry,' said she, with a look which none but true lovers know the value of, 'why are you so amiable, and why am I so weak? Ought I to have unveiled to you the secret of a heart, which is but too sensible of your merit?' At these words she stopped: a blush heightened the splendour of her charms; modesty and desire were visible in her eyes,

ready to combat with each other. Virtuous Love, the offspring of Sentiment, soon reconciled them, and shortly after lighted the torch of Hymen for these two lovers. Blessed with a wife, as amiable as she was virtuous, Sir Harry's wishes were completely crowned. He then experienced, that letters, without Love, cannot suffice to constitute the felicity of a man of delicate sentiments, and that both of them must be united to render such an one happy.

MUSTAPHA EBER IBRAHIM.

AN EASTERN STORY.

MUSTAPHA Eber Ibrahim was born in the city of Bagdad, where he gained such reputation in his trade of a Jeweller, that he soon became rich. Encouraged by this success, he resolved to breed up his two sons, Herber and Hassan, to the same trade; and that in such a manner as, he flattered himself, would enable them to rise to greater eminence in it than had ever been attained by any former artist. Mustapha was himself utterly unlearned. Practice had taught him to know the value of gems and metals in which he wrought, and to fashion and arrange them in such form and combination as should display their colours, and employ their properties to most advantage. But all his knowledge ended there. When he was asked the cause of these properties, and why such forms and arrangements produced those effects, he was unable to give an answer satisfactory even to himself, much less to the enquirer. The pride of wealth being hurt by a consciousness of this ignorance, he determined to save his sons from such a disgrace, by giving them a liberal education before he should begin to teach them his art. For this purpose he procured them the most celebrated masters in all the several branches of philosophy, who executed their charge with the greatest fidelity, though not with equal success, to their pupils, the turn and powers of whose minds were totally different from each other. Herber, the elder, was lively in the extreme degree; his imagination out-ran the precepts of his instructor. Without waiting to examine farther than the first glance, he caught at the conclusion before they could adduce half the proofs

and his tongue never wanted the happiest words to express his conceptions. Hassan, on the contrary, was given to doubt: he paid no respect to authority, nor would admit any thing without the clearest proof; in examining which, he was so cautious and slow, that he wore out the patience of his instructors, who hesitated not to pronounce him incapable of learning, and therefore counselled his father to apply him wholly to his trade. While Herber consequently was indulging himself in ranging through the boundless regions of theory, and reasoning upon causes and effects, according to the various systems of the philosophy he had studied, Hassan was obliged to confine his thoughts to his labour, and to rest satisfied with that small pittance of knowledge which he could obtain from experience.

Though Mustapha saw this disappointment of his hopes in his younger son, he found consolation in the rapid progress made by the elder; and his heart exulted when he heard him display his learning to the crowds whom his fame collected round him. But this exultation lasted not long: the knowledge of Herber was merely speculative; and, by misapplication, defeated the end it was designed to obtain. Confiding in it, he had disdained to apply himself to the gradual practice of an art, with the principles of which he was so well acquainted; and thinking he could execute whatever he thought he understood, he affected to mount at once to that eminence of skill which can be attained only by long and careful application. He could explain the nature of precious stones, and account for the different degrees of their perfection;

perfection; but when they were placed before him, he was unable to distinguish those degrees, and often bought the worst instead of the best. He could describe the effects produced by the various combinations of their colours; but he knew not how to combine them, so as to produce the effects he described: the consequence naturally was, that his knowledge was turned into ridicule. He lost his business, and wasted the wealth earned by his father; inasmuch, that Musta-

pha would have wanted a morsel of bread in his old age, had he not found a resource in his younger son; who, thinking for himself, while the other read the opinions of others, and labouring while he talked, had drawn real knowledge from its true source, Experience; and arrived regularly at the end which his brother had missed, by mistaking the effect for the cause, and beginning where he should have ended.

MEMOIRS OF A CORNISH CURATE.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

BY THE REVEREND MR. MAYOR.

TO pourtray one's own life with impartiality, and to lay open with candour the movements of the heart; to dare to confess it's foibles, and by the test of justice to try it's merits; is perhaps as difficult a task as can well be conceived: but, actuated by a regard for the happiness of those who have not yet determined on their future course of life, and hoping that my story may serve either to direct or to deter, I venture to lay it before the publick.

I was born in a distant county, in a remote corner of the kingdom. My parents were above indigence; and their honour above imputation. A family pride, which had been handed down through a succession of generations, prevented them from stooping to the drudgery of trade; while their hereditary estate, being insufficient to secure a genteel independence to themselves, was of course too limited to enable them to provide for the contingency of a numerous offspring.

I was the third son, and of course had but little to expect. My father early intended me for the church, and I was placed under an approved master, at a celebrated grammar-school. My diligence, let me say it, since I can without vanity make the assertion, soon procured me the good-will of my master; and the meekness of my disposition, the favour of my school-fellows, of whom I was in a few years considered as the chief, and on every publick occasion selected by my master, to prove his own diligence, and display my acquisitions. In seven years, I finished my career of classical education, and left the good old

gentleman with tears of filial affection; who heightened my feelings by the sympathetic regard which was conspicuous in his own looks.

And here I cannot forbear fondly indulging my fancy, with a retrospective view of those happy days, those years of unmingled felicity, when Care has not planted her sting in the human breast, or Thought launched out into scenes of future action, where Misery so often dashes the cup of life with her bitter draught!

There are, I believe, but few persons, however happy they may have been in their progress through life, who have not made the same reflections; and recurred with pleasure to those cloudless hours, when the task, or the dread of correction, were the worst ills that could befall them; when the joys of the heart were pure and unalloyed, the tear soon forgot, and the mind indifferent to what events might occur. If the fortunate have made these reflections, well may I, who have journeyed on one dreary road, since I first entered the path of life, and scarcely have known those intervals of bliss which the mendicant himself is not forbidden to taste!

From the grammar-school I was removed to the university of Oxford, and entered on the foundation of Exeter College. The same diligent application which had marked my former studies, soon rendered me conspicuous in the university; and I was complimented on every occasion, as a youth of uncommon genius and unwearied assiduity. My heart began to be elated with the applauses which were so lavishly bestowed on me; I was animated to yet farther exertions

exertions of application; and, in four years, took my bachelor's degree, with an éclat which has seldom distinguished a less diligent scholar. I soon became the object of universal admiration in the university; my future greatness was prognosticated in the most flattering terms, as one who would be an honour to literature, and a luminary in the church; but these compliments, however soothing to the youthful bosom, only operated to distress me. The less assiduous could not endure me to bear away the palm of genius on every publick occasion; and the proud, the honoured, and the great, began to affect a supercilious contempt in my presence, which I am confident was neither sanctioned by their situations, nor deserved by my conduct; but, as our harmonious Pope says—

* Envy will merit as it's shade pursues;

* And, like a shadow, proves the substance true.*

The charms of science, and the maxims of philosophy, could neither inspire me with fortitude, nor lull my sensibility. Too partial, perhaps, to my own merit, I was impatient of the slightest appearance of disrespect; and my feelings were, about this time, put to a most severe trial, by the death of my father, after so short an illness that I was prevented from receiving his last benediction. This calamity more deeply affected me than all my subsequent misfortunes; it was the first I ever suffered, and the keen edge of delicate sensibility had not yet been blunted by a frequent repetition of misery. I resigned myself into the arms of melancholy; and secluding myself from the impertinent or affected condolers of my loss, indulged that exquisite kind of sorrow which shuns the obtrusion of the world.

By my father's will I found myself entitled to 500*l.* which was all I had to combat the world, and establish myself in life; but, had I been rendered by my patrimony what the prudent call perfectly easy, my grief would not have been less poignant, nor my feelings less acute.

As my finances would no longer decently support me at college, and my affliction for the loss of a beloved parent stifled every throb of ambition, and forbade me to launch into a more active course of life, I embraced the first opportunity of an ordination, at once to se-

clude myself from secular employments, and to gratify my sedentary and studious disposition.

To engage in the most sacred of all offices without a more laudable view, may be excused in the eyes of an unthinking world, but must certainly render a man highly culpable in the sight of Heaven; and, though I am not conscious of ever disgracing my profession, except my poverty and misfortunes may be thought to have degraded it, I have often reflected with shame that I was not influenced by worthier motives.

Having assumed the sacred habit, I set out for my native place with a pain and reluctance I had never before experienced. I reflected, that I was now not only bidding adieu for ever to the seats of the Muses, and leaving behind me some valuable friends, to whom I was attached by a similarity of studies; but had likewise the melancholy consideration to support, that I had no longer a father to receive me in his longing arms, or a faithful friend to guard me from the deceptions of the world. At the sight of my native mansion, the tears gushed involuntarily from my eyes: I was overcome with contending passions; and could scarcely support myself into the room where my relations were ready to receive me, before I fell listless on the floor, and enjoyed a temporary suspension of thought, and a consequent relaxation from misery.

On recovering, I found the whole family anxiously attentive to my welfare; and my mother, from her apprehensions for me, was in a state little better than that from which I was restored. She, however, soon regained strength to bless God that I was safe, and that she had lived to see me in holy orders.

Regardless of securing any little advantage that might have accrued to me from my acceptance of a curacy, I continued some time with my mother and elder brother, prosecuting my theological studies with much application, and only allowing proper intervals for exercise, or company. Time, the grand restorer, assisted by those doctrines of Christianity which are peculiarly comforting to the afflicted, brought me by degrees to a necessary composure of mind. I gradually regained my wonted serenity; and was ardently looking forward to my future destination, when a fresh accident plunged me into the depths

depths of misery, and not only taught me to despair of finding friendship in a heart where the maxims of virtue are not inherent, but convinced me that the ties of blood may be burst asunder at the instigations of passion, and a brother with less reluctance sacrificed than a sensual appetite abandoned.

To alleviate the grief occasioned by a beloved partner's loss, my mother had requested the company of a young lady, named Olivia, the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman. She had often visited in our family; and, being nearly of my age, was my constant companion in every childish pursuit: but, as the impression on the breast of infancy is evanescent as the morning dew, or the bloom of the rose, her remembrance had been almost effaced from my mind; and, during the time which we had recently spent together, I had not felt a single emotion in her favour, nor treated her with more attention, than the fair, the lovely, and the young, have always a right, to expect from the manly and polished heart.

It being now the vernal season, I happened, one fine serene evening, to rove, with a book in my hand, to a considerable distance from home; till finding the shades of night suddenly surrounding me, I hastened to return. My nearest way was through tangled woods, and unfrequented paths, and to this I gave the preference; but before I had proceeded far, a female voice resounded from a neighbouring copse. Shrieks, entreaties, and prayers, which became more languid as I approached, seemed to be poured out in vain, and the voice died away in broken murmurs. With all the expedition that humanity could inspire, I flew towards the place; but, judge my surprize and sensations, when I beheld Olivia struggling in my brother's arms, and seemingly overcome by her exertions! At the sight of such an unwelcome intruder, my brother seemed confounded with shame: he instantly forsook his lovely prize; and, with eyes darting indignation, quitted the spot without uttering a single word.

Wounded to the soul with his baseness, and melted by the piteous situation of the lovely object who lay stretched on the earth in a state of insensibility, I was scarcely master of myself. However, I soon summoned a sufficient degree of reason to attempt her revival; and I had

the happiness to find that my exertions were not in vain. As she opened her fine blue eyes, and looked me full in the face, I felt an emotion which I had never before experienced. She started back at the sight of such an unexpected deliverer; and, notwithstanding my utmost endeavours, relapsed into the same melancholy state. At length I again found means to restore her; when, bursting into a flood of tears—'Eugenius,' says she, 'may every blessing attend your life! May Heaven shower it's choicest favours on your head! and may some lovely and fortunate fair reward your virtue for preserving mine!'—'My dearest Olivia!' exclaimed I, with all the enthusiasm of love, 'the hand of Heaven seems conspicuous in this deliverance; and, if I may presume to express the wish that lies nearest my heart, may the same Power make me the everlasting guardian of that virtue which I have been so miraculously enabled to save!'—'My deliverer,' sweetly returned the ingenuous fair, 'is entitled to every acknowledgment I can make; conduct me to my father, and lodge under his sheltering roof the child who is at his disposal.' With this requisition I immediately complied; and as we agreed that it would be prudent to conceal the rude assault of my brother, which the malevolent world might have represented as more fatal than it really was, we resolved to ascribe the lateness of our arrival to the fineness of the evening and the charms of the season, which had tempted us to linger beyond our intended time.

The apology was easily admitted; and, as I was invited to stay, I eagerly embraced the offer, as well to pass more time in the company of Olivia, as to recover sufficiently from my perturbation of mind before I met a guilty brother's eye.

Next morning I took leave of Olivia and her father; and, during my walk, felt a dejection of spirits, and heaviness of heart, which could not have been exceeded if I had been the perpetrator of villainy, and not the protector of innocence. The mind seems often prophetic of it's own fate, and intuitively foresees the storm that futurity is about to disclose. I approached my brother with looks of indignation and pity; but, before I could utter a single word, unlocking his bureau—'Receive,' says he, 'your
' your

' your patrimony, and immediately quit the house! I disclaim for a brother the wretch who can frustrate my wishes merely to gratify his own, and this under the more detestable mask of sentimental hypocrisy!' Strung to the soul, I replied—' The Power who sees the rectitude of my views, and by my means has defeated the villainy of yours, will abundantly provide for me! I renounce an alliance with your ignominy, with the same pleasure as you disclaim me for a brother: but let me caution you to beware, lest your passions precipitate you into irretrievable ruin!' With these words I rushed into my mother's apartment; and, falling on my knees, besought her benediction, before the opportunity was for ever closed. Too well acquainted with what had passed, she bathed my face with her tears; and bewailing her hapless situation, encouraged me to hope for a speedy reconciliation, bidding me rely on her unalterable love.

Alas! she lived but a very short time to realize her wishes; for, within three weeks, she fell a martyr to her grief, occasioned by the brutal insolence of my brother, in consequence of her partiality to me.

An outcast from my family, and equally disqualified by the delicacy of my feelings, and the narrowness of my circumstances, from elbowing my way in the world, I scarcely knew which way to direct my steps. Love, however, which can illumine the darkest hours of life, prompted my return to Olivia; that I might tell her how much my misfortune attached her to my heart. I revealed to the dear charmer my true situation, and concluded by asking her advice respecting my future conduct. She immediately referred me to her father's superior experience; and I accordingly communicated to him my fixed resolution of engaging in a cure, without assigning the most distant reason for quitting my brother's house. In consequence of this communication, I had in a few days the happiness to be informed, that an old gentleman, the rector of R——, a village about three miles distant, was in immediate want of a clerical assistant.

To him I presently applied, and without hesitation closed with his offer of allowing me twenty pounds a year; but as this sum would barely find me in

board, my patrimony began rapidly to decrease.

Olivia, I need scarcely say, in the mean time, engaged all my thoughts. Our love was mutual and sincere; and interest, that powerful incentive to modern contracts, was entirely overlooked by both, as her fortune was still inferior to my own. In a few months she consented to be irrevocably mine, and I then thought my felicity beyond the reach of fate. From this pleasing delusion, however, I had this misfortune soon to be awakened; for finding my income very inadequate to my expences, I began to shudder at the thoughts of involving a beloved wife in want and misery. These gloomy presages were too soon realized by the death of my aged patron; an event which wholly deprived me of employment. This stroke was followed by the birth of a son; which, though it ought to have taught me economy, and stimulated my exertions, only tended to lull my cares, and deaden my sense of want.

After vainly endeavouring to obtain another curacy, and being disappointed in my expectations of a small living by the machinations of my now-abandoned brother, Olivia's father was attacked by a paralytick stroke, which compelled him to resign the care of his cure to me. The whole amount of his living did not exceed fourscore pounds a year, and consequently little could be allowed for the maintenance of a curate. My Olivia was again pregnant; when I found that, exclusive of some trifling articles of furniture and books, I had scarcely 100*l.* left: and, to add to my distress, a second paralytick stroke, and soon after a third, deprived me of a valuable friend; whose effects, when disposed of, and his debts discharged, produced only about three-score pounds for his daughter's portion.

Being now destitute of every friend, my brother remaining irreconcilably inveterate, and a native bathfulness of disposition, for which the world is not always candid enough to make proper allowances, having prevented me from extending my connections, or securing many friends, I was in such a distressful situation, that my mind began to sink beneath its burden, and to become weary of struggling with fate.

The prospect, however, again brightened; and I obtained a very desirable curacy

curacy of thirty pounds a year, by the interest of a young baronet, who had accidentally seen Olivia and her two infant children, and expressed the warmest desire to serve us. As a present proof of his friendship, he applied to the rector of his parish, of which he was himself patron, to accept my services in the room of a young man, whom an unfortunate and ill-requited attachment had just hurried to an untimely grave.

To D—— I immediately removed with my dearest Olivia, whose kind solicitude for me was the only consolation of my life; and who, far from blaming me for that anxiety which continually clouded my aspect, kindly sympathized in my griefs, and endeavoured by the most endearing fondness to reconcile me to life. Sir Thomas S——, by whose interposition I had obtained my present establishment, likewise contributed all in his power to render my situation easy; continually loading the children with presents, and offering me the loan of any sum I might have occasion for. Of this last offer I too imprudently and fatally availed myself, by borrowing two hundred pounds. To corroborate our good opinion of his generosity, he bade me make myself perfectly easy in my situation; for, on the present incumbent's death, the living should instantly be mine. I thanked him with an ardour that mocked the expressions of form. But, alas! I had to deal with a man of the world; and found too soon that I had placed my dependence where I had nothing to hope, and poured forth my gratitude where my execrations only were due.

This unprincipled young man was our constant visitor, and encouraged our extravagance merely that he might have an opportunity of supplying our wants. My Olivia was charmed with his condescension; and, as virtue cannot readily suspect that artifice which it never practised, she congratulated me—she congratulated herself and children—on the advantages we were likely to derive from a friendship which neither of us could suppose to be interested. The contrary, however, soon appeared! Olivia, whose beauty was rather improved than diminished, was invited to celebrate with me a Christmas festival at Sir Thomas's. A blameable politeness to my supposed friend easily induced me to drink more plentifully of the wine with which his

board was profusely covered; than my constitution would bear; and as I soon felt its effects, I was conveyed to bed in a state of ebriety and stupefaction. On Olivia he likewise had the same shameful design; but, guarded by the laws of delicate propriety, she resisted his most earnest solicitations. However, as he attached himself entirely to her, his parasites and dependants, who saw plainly that he had views upon her virtue, retired one after another, leaving Olivia and him alone together. Immediately on this he shut the door; and beseeching her attention for a few minutes, to an affair which nearly concerned his happiness, he began to insult her with the most violent protestations of love; and swore that if she would not return his passion, he should never see another happy hour; adding, that he might command his fortune and his life, and that what he had already conferred, was only a prelude to what he meant to do.

Awakened from her dream of happiness, she sprung up; and, animated with that courage which indignant virtue will ever feel when it comes in contact with vice, she dared him again to wound her ears with his unhallowed vows; protesting that his conduct should be made known to an injured husband, who would make him severely repent of his temerity. With all the insolence of conscious superiority, he then opened the door; and, with a smile of contempt, informed her, that since she refused his friendship, his fortune, and his love, she should feel the effects of his resentment. These threats, it is evident, the base villain must have prepared to put in execution previous to his diabolical invitation; for, before I descended next morning to breakfast, I was arrested at his suit on my note for two hundred pounds, which I had pressed him to accept on his lending me that sum; and as it was not in my power to satisfy one half of the demand, I was hurried away to prison.

My prospects were now entirely blasted. Want, ignominy, and disgrace, presented themselves to my view, in their most hideous aspects; and I could have laid down my life without a sigh, had not a faithful and affectionate wife, with two infant children, bound me to them with ties of indissoluble regard. My confinement, I was truly sensible, could only add to their misery; yet the most unfortunate cannot without reluctance let go those

attachments which are so firmly rooted in the soul, or bid farewell to mortality with a stoical apathy.

But, O God! my heart bleeds afresh at the recollection of the scene I am now going to describe—My Olivia, unable to support her separation from me, requested leave to make my room her habitation. The fatal request was granted. For a few days I was surrounded by my wife and children; they cheered the prison gloom—But, can I proceed!—I was soon deprived of these comforts for ever! In three short weeks after my commitment, they were carried off by an epidemic fever; and these eyes, which never beheld the misery of a stranger without bestowing the alms of pity's tear, were doomed to behold a wife and two innocents press the same untimely bier.

The pathos of language is too weak to express my sensations; I became delirious, and my own hands had nearly perpetrated a deed which my soul abhors—for now I had no more to lose! And, gracious Heaven! if at that trying juncture I arraigned thy justice, forgive me! for Affliction laid its iron hand too heavy upon me.

By degrees I fell into a settled despondency; and, since I entered this miserable room, four years have rolled away their melancholy hours, in which I have hardly beheld the face of a friend, or been soothed by the voice of a relation. The machinations of my unnatural bro-

ther, who leagued with Sir Thomas on account of his cruelty to me, have prevented me from obtaining my release, and seem to have shut the gates of mercy on my fate. My only expectation of deliverance is by the hand of Death, for whose speedy approach my prayers are continually offered up. When that happy period arrives, my soul shall soar above its enemies; and, leaving resentment entirely behind, shall taste that fruition for which my misfortunes here will give it the higher relish.

From my melancholy tale, which I have ardently desired to publish before its authenticity could be disputed, let the sons of pleasure learn to reflect, while they roll in the abundance of riches, and enjoy the completion of every wish, that there are many wretches, like me, whom their licentiousness ruins, and whom their benevolence might save! Let those whom the charms of science allure to ascend the summit of fame, timely consider that learning is not always the path to preferment, and that silent merit may sink unnoticed to the grave! From my fate, too, the defects of our boasted establishment in church and state may be evidently traced; and the great be brought to allow, that some regard ought to be paid to the virtuous and the modest in every sphere of life, and that the road to honours and emoluments should not always be through the gate of superior address and unblushing assurance,

MELINDA;

OR,

THE FOLLY OF AMBITION.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

THE relations of Melinda inhabited one of those islands where the governor, being at a remote distance from the sovereign, too frequently makes use of his authority to gratify his passions.

Melinda experienced this on the verge of being united to a person who had captivated her heart, and to whom the secondary authors of her existence had destined her from the very dawn of life. A reciprocal affection had favoured the views of M. D'Arly, the father of Melinda. No marriage could have been

formed under more happy auspices, Birth, fortune, inclination, conspired to render it, to all appearance, the consummation of happiness: though it must be confessed that Madame D'Arly consented to this alliance with some degree of reluctance. Vain, ambitious; in her opinion, it was not sufficient that her daughter should meet with a partner of equal rank, she wanted to see her raised to one that was superior. Vanity is more absurd than any other passion, with respect to its pretensions: it overshoots its mark, at the same time that it imagines it must

must hit it. A mother who wishes nothing for her daughter but a life of splendor, never thinks, that if she should obtain it, she must be mortified to see herself her inferior.

Madame D'Arly had made a virtue of necessity, in giving her consent that Valmor should marry her daughter Melinda. Having no material objection, and Valmor being the best of the two parties, she would have consented, though with regret, to their nuptials; but the arrival of a new governor proved a fatal stroke to the two lovers.

The Count de Soissons, a man of violent and impetuous passions, which he could not subdue, knew no other bounds to his desires but the impossibility of gratifying them, and was fond of pomp to an excess. On his arrival at the island, more studious to display his luxury and magnificence, than to acquit himself of the duties of his place, he was fond of giving magnificent treats, to which all the ladies of the island were invited. Melinda was one of this number. As her charms were superior to the rest of her sex, she had the misfortune to attract the Count's attentions: she even inspired him with a passion, to which till then he had been a stranger. Though upwards of forty, he had lived among the sex without attaching himself to any. He made a minute inquiry concerning Melinda. He was informed that she was promised in marriage to Valmor, one of the handsomest and best made men in the whole island. He understood that a mutual affection made them wish with impatience for that happy moment which was to unite them for life. This detail, instead of making the Count relinquish his pretensions, served only to heighten his infant passion. His pride, as well as his love, made him conceive an infinite pleasure in surmounting the obstacles, which would render the triumph more illustrious in the eyes of the publick. Considering in this rash hope, he shewed the greatest attentions to Melinda and her mother.

The Count followed them wherever they went, and refusing to dance with any but her, prevented her from enjoying the company of her dear Valmor: but that which put her heart to the torture, afforded transports to that of her mother. Madame D'Arly could not contain her joy, it was so excessive. To see herself distinguished in a point which

rendered the rest of her sex envious of her and her daughter, was the greatest joy she ever felt; she entertained herself with the most flattering hopes.

The Count begged permission of her to make his addresses to her daughter. As soon as he and Melinda were alone, he gave her some oblique intimations of his intentions. She heard him with reluctance; but being naturally modest, as true merit always is, she looked upon the views of her mother rather as the effect of ambition, than the suggestions of reason.

The Count, after some visits, in which he had no reason to be satisfied with the reception he met with from Melinda, being more obstinate in prosecuting his suit, declared to Madame D'Arly, that he was ready to share his fortune with her daughter, if she had no objection. Madame D'Arly answered for her husband's consent, and the compliance of Melinda. The Count, encouraged by her promise, no longer doubted of the accomplishment of his wishes.

Madame D'Arly, on the other hand, making use of no other optics but her prejudice, and judging of the ideas of her husband and her daughter by her own, imagined that she was going to carry them the best news in the world; by informing them of the governor's offer. After M. D'Arly had heard her, he replied very coolly, that, so far from looking on the proposal of the Count as a happiness, he esteemed it as a misfortune, because it was always disagreeable to refuse an alliance with a person who is superior to us, as he would sometimes be so unjust as to think himself injured by a refusal which was dictated by reason.

'And why should you refuse it?' said Madame D'Arly, with some warmth: 'take care you do not render the affair abortive. I would disinherit my daughter. I would leave you, and you should not see me any more as long as you live. What! Sir, when by an unforeseen happiness, which I could not flatter myself with when I married you, I have an opportunity of raising my daughter to a rank which I might have claimed myself, shall you oppose her preferment, and ours too at the same time? Consider the advantages of such an alliance! What an honour! Remember that we shall be respected as much as the governor himself!'

'Madam,' replied M. D'Arly, 'I should despise myself, if I were to suffer myself to be dazzled by such a vain parade. I am under engagements to Valmor's family: he has a right to depend upon my promise. You know how much he is enamoured, and that his passion meets with a suitable return. Is it just for us to smother a passion to which we have given rise, which likewise has our sanction? No, I would refuse a king for a son-in-law in the circumstances in which I am at present. My word is my bond: I will not forfeit it as long as I live. I will be answerable for it, that my daughter thinks as I do.'

'Your daughter, Sir, shall obey,' said Madame D'Arly, 'unless you encourage her to rebel by your foolish scruples. I hope I shall find that she has spirit enough to join with me; and that you will endeavour in vain to inspire her with your grovelling ideas. I insist upon her obeying me; that is positive. I have pledged my word—I have pledged yours.—' Mine, Madame,' said he, 'is not at your disposal.'—'We'll see that soon,' answered Madame D'Arly. 'Let me tell you a secret—it is dangerous to disappoint our betters.'

She immediately went to her daughter, whom she informed of the proposals of the governor, and her fixed resolution to comply with them. A capital sentence would have had less effect upon her. Melinda was too well acquainted with her mother's ambition, and how obstinate she was in all her resolutions. Her tears were her only reply. Madame D'Arly, after having made use of caresses and menaces to no purpose, left her with her orders to prepare herself to receive the Count, who was to espouse her within a few days.

Melinda had no other resource but her father's fondness; they were both in search of each other. She poured out her grief in his bosom; he revived her courage, by promising her that, whatever might happen, she should never be married by his consent to any but Valmor. Melinda, sustained by the firmness of this assurance, and her own passion, had strength enough to make a professed resistance. She received the Count's application with a modest indifference, capable of intimidating any man

of common delicacy, or at least of suggesting to him the means of gaining by esteem what he could not gain by inclination.

But the Count, too haughty, too impetuous, to make that concession which circumstances required, had recourse only to artifice and effrontery.

Emboldened by the approbation of Madame D'Arly, he behaved rather as a person who insisted upon his rights, than as a lover, who endeavours to gain his point by the vehemence of his passion.

Melinda, provoked by an insolence which was rather affrontive, quitted the room, at the same time giving him to understand, that death would be less terrible to her than the alliance which was proffered to her.

Her mother, exasperated with a conduct which seemed to strike at the very roots of her hopes, said every thing to the governor which either her apprehensions or her ambition could suggest, to make him firm to his first overtures. She was not ashamed to intimate, that she would have recourse to force, if it were necessary, to bring her daughter to the altar.

If Madame D'Arly had been acquainted with the Count's character, she might have spared herself the trouble of making such indelicate promises. A person of his stamp did not want such concessions to make him obstinate in prosecuting his designs, and to push him to the greatest excesses, rather than to relinquish his pretensions. Notwithstanding, being too conceited to let the world know that he owed his success to the abuse of his power, he intended to gain over Cecilia, Melinda's woman, by presents. Fraud and artifice are the chief resources of baseness.

Cecilia, dazzled by the rich presents made her by the Count, especially with the hopes of marrying his gentleman, as he promised she should, yielded, after a weak and feigned resistance. It was agreed upon, that Madame D'Arly should know nothing of the plot; her character made them apprehensive that she would object to the imposture which was to be put in practice to deceive the distressed Melinda. Some days passed, during which the Count found means of employing Valmor in such a manner that he had not one moment's leisure. The post which the governor was invest-

ed with, furnished him with such plausible pretexts as rendered it impossible to guess the true cause of his acting in that manner.

During this interval, Cecilia, as the Count had tutored her, took advantage of her mistress's uneasiness to gain her confidence, and pretended to be very much affected with her trouble, in which she seemed to be involved. Melinda imagined that, if she made Cecilia her confidant, she would assist her in finding out the true cause of Valmor's absence. She conjured her to take every step to discover the motives of a conduct which was doubly afflicting in her circumstances. The perfidious Cecilia, to make her point the more secure, added some exhortations which might give her a little consolation. At last she asked a few hours to make her discovery. She returned with a sad countenance, and seemed not to have strength enough to communicate what she had learnt. This affected silence alarmed Melinda. She proposed several questions to her, trembling, both dreading and longing to know the calamity with which she was threatened. She insisted upon an eclairecissement with so much vehemence, that Cecilia seemed rather to obey with reluctance, than to comply with consent; and told her, affecting to shed tears at the same time, that she had discovered that Valmor had revived a former connection which he had had with one of the handsomest women in the island; that this intrigue was formed at one of the governor's balls; and that from that time Valmor passed whole days together at the house of his new flame. But as the lady had but lately lost her husband, she could not enter into the bands of Hymen so soon, though it was said that they had been married in private, and that it was the general opinion they were so.

The amiable Melinda was astonished at the invidious tale. Her grief was so profound, that it almost stopped her breath. The inconstancy of Valmor appeared more shocking to her than the necessity of renouncing him to oblige her mother. Cecilia, though unaffected with the tortures which she occasioned, pretended to be much concerned on account of them. After dwelling upon every circumstance which is most bitter to the heart that imagines itself to be betrayed, she intimated that an immediate re-

venge would be the surest way to forget one who was so ungrateful. Notwithstanding all the subtilty she used to make her proposal appear in the best light, Melinda rejected it with horror; and, as if she was fearful to render herself criminal, and justify the perfidy of her lover, she protested that she would give her hand neither to the Count nor any other. Always sure of the indulgence of her father, she implored him to intercede with her mother to give her leave to finish her days in a convent.

M. D'Arly, surprized to hear of the pretended inconstancy of Valmor, was concerned at an event which made his daughter uneasy, and disappointed the ambitious views of his wife. Irresolute what party he should take, he would promise nothing. Melinda, imagining herself to be deserted by nature as well as by love, gave herself up to despair: she was all bathed in tears when her mother came into the room.

Entirely engrossed with preparing for a marriage which flattered her vanity, she brought with her a fan, which she thought would certainly turn the scales in favour of the Count. When she presented it to Melinda, her tears increased, and flowed with more bitterness. Her mother, alarmed at a grief which till then had been restrained within the bounds of good-breeding, asked her, in an imperious manner, what could be the cause of so indiscreet a forgetfulness of her duty? And then, turning the discourse to her husband—'Is it you, Sir,' said she, at the same time looking at him with eyes flaming with anger; 'is it you, Sir, that give sanction to this excess of impudence? Have you resolved upon your disgrace as well as mine? Speak; I'll soon put it in your power to lessen only yourself. I'll go far enough—' As she uttered these words, she covered her face, to hide the tears of indignation.

M. D'Arly, who was fond of her, was concerned at her chagrin: he appeased her, by communicating the false report which Cecilia had made. A lively satisfaction took place of Madame D'Arly's passion; and, without regarding the agonies it must occasion her daughter, she ordered the maid to repeat, and enter into a minute detail of the circumstances of an adventure which promised her all the success she could wish for.

Cecilia was perplexed at the application.

sion: she saw, on one hand, the necessity of supporting her tale in the presence of Melinda; but, on the other hand, she was apprehensive of being discharged by Madame D'Arly, if she should deceive her; for she knew she could not endure a liar. To avoid both, she resolved to carry on the fraud; but, as she related her invidious tale, she gave broad hints to Madame D'Arly. The latter, not understanding her meaning, ordered her to be more explicit. Cecilia, being now more perplexed than ever, confessed to her that she had put the trick upon her daughter, only for her sake, and to promote her design the better.

Madame D'Arly, unable to contain herself, told her aloud, that it was a base action; that it was mean in her to make herself useful at the expence of her veracity; and, besides, it was disgraceful for a mother to have recourse to artifice to secure the obedience of a daughter. And, without suffering her to say any thing in her own defence, she told her daughter herself, that her credulity was abused by a false report.

Melinda, transported with so unexpected a kindness, and penetrated with the most lively gratitude, cast herself at her mother's feet, returning her a thousand thanks for delivering her from a burden which she was unable to sustain.

Madame D'Arly, who had only kept up to the rigour of her character, and was not drawn aside by maternal affection, spurned her unhappy daughter from her with indignation, and made her blush for having presumed to flatter herself, in her presence, with the fidelity of a person whom she had commanded her to forget.

'I wish I could obey you,' said Melinda, at the same time shedding a deluge of tears; 'but, pray remember, that this cruel command was preceded by one of a softer kind. Ah! if it were possible for us to command our affections, what efforts would I not make use of to oblige you!'—'It would cost you nothing to obey me,' replied Madame D'Arly, 'if you knew, as well as I, your own interest: as I have nothing else in view, I shall never change my resolution.'—'And for my part,' said M. D'Arly, 'I shall be faithful to my promise. Dry up thy tears, my dear Melinda: if Valmor be always deserving of thee, he shall have thee.'

Madame D'Arly flew into a terrible rage against her husband, and protested that she would turn the world topsy-turvy, before she would consent to a marriage which was contrary to her inclination.

Cecilia, who was an ear-witness of all that had passed, informed the Count of it. He was staggered at the opposition of M. D'Arly, and at the same time alarmed at the promise which he had given to his daughter: he thought he could not be sure of obtaining Melinda's hand, unless he sent her lover to some distance. It was easy for him to do so, by virtue of the post which Valmor held in the island. He was so much dependent on the governor, that, at the very moment when he intended to see his dear Melinda once more, he received positive orders for his instant departure to a distant station. Distracted at instructions which he could not evade without wounding his character, and not ignorant of the true motive of the Count's behaviour, he wrote to M. D'Arly. He expressed the concern he was under in being obliged to set out immediately, begged him to make his apology to Madame D'Arly, and to represent his grief to Melinda.

On perusing this letter, M. D'Arly fell into a violent passion, from the conception that Valmor's departure was owing to the artifice of the governor. He could not contain his resentment; and made use of invectives, which, though injurious to the character of the Count, were nevertheless what he deserved. He exclaimed very much against the abuse which he made of his authority, and made a solemn vow that he would make his complaints at court. The Count was soon informed of this by his spies, who were not attached to him from principle, but were instigated only by base hopes of making their court to him, and securing his favour.

The Count, overjoyed that the person whom he looked upon as his enemy had furnished him with a specious pretext of wreaking his revenge, gave way to the suggestions of malice and hatred. He ordered M. D'Arly to be apprehended that very day; disguising this act of violence under the mask of precaution. He represented M. D'Arly as a public incendiary, and pretended that he made use of several treasonable expressions against the supreme magistrate.

Madame D'Arly, hearing of the imprisonment

prisonment of her husband, thought he was really guilty; and, losing sight of every other concern at this crisis, she thought of nothing but exciting the clemency of the governor in her favour. She had recourse to her daughter to soften him. Considering the extreme fondness which Melinda had for her father, she hoped that this very misfortune would furnish her with means to accomplish her design. Not knowing, but from common report, the crimes of which her husband was accused, she heightened the danger he was in to her own imagination, and represented it, with all its aggravations, to her daughter. The delicate Melinda fainted at the relation of the fatal news: a thousand times more affected than when she heard of the infidelity of her lover, she was unable to sustain the burden of her grief.

She had scarce come to herself, when a letter was brought from the Count, wherein he desired Madame D'Arly to come to his house. She solicited her daughter to bear her company, judging well that she would be more successful than herself. But the Count, tortured with the consciousness of being guilty of injustice, and more so with the uncertainty of what might be the result of his violence, changed his resolutions every minute, followed the letter he had sent, wishing by this step to demonstrate his friendship, and at the same time to intimidate Melinda. He excused himself on account of the necessity he laboured under; and then lamented the misfortune of filling a place, which at that juncture obliged him to make use of a degree of severity which he could not remit without exposing his behaviour to the suspicions of the king himself.

Madame D'Arly burst into tears. She would have given all she was worth to save her husband; but the Count accused him of such heinous crimes, that she thought he was inevitably lost. Melinda, overcome by filial affection, and suppressing her horror, fell at the feet of her enemy; but with such a variety of passions, as rendered her grief almost irresistible. The Count pretended to be very much affected, though at the bottom he piqued himself on pulling down her pride so far as to become his suppliant. He could refuse nothing to a lady, who, from the passion with which she had inspired him, was become the arbiter of his fate; that he was ready to

sacrifice his place, nay, his very character, if he could promise himself that the hand of Melinda would be the purchase.

The lover of the unfortunate Valmor started back with horror on hearing this. Reduced to the dreadful alternative of betraying her lover, or her father, and having on either side no choice but what would render her criminal, her heart fluctuated by turns between the instincts of nature and the claims of love. She could scarcely refrain from expressing her resentment; but recollecting the danger of her father, she had strength enough to smother her indignation. She embraced her mother's knees, begging her to solicit a favour, which she could not obtain under the considerations which had been proposed. Madame D'Arly, distracted at the refusal of her daughter, and fearing, from experience, to make use of her authority in vain, made no other reply at first but that of her tears and sighs.

'What,' said she at last, 'my daughter, will you refuse, when you find a generous protector, who risks every thing to restore your father to you? Ah! what a father! O Heaven! it was only his fondness for you that has plunged him in an abyss of evils, from which you can rescue him by a single word.—Oh, unhappy father! if thou wert to know the barbarity of thy cruel daughter, thou could'st never survive it.'

'O Heavens! O my mother!' cried Melinda, almost distracted, 'you break my heart; you tear it to pieces by that cruel expression. Ah! what must I do! Nay, what can I, without breaking my promise? Ask me any thing, my liberty, my life! I would die a thousand times, if I could, for the best of fathers!—Yes, Sir,' added she, with a warmth and dignity which heightened her charms, 'accept of me as a victim; let me expiate my crime: it is not *his*, but *my* crime, which you punish in him; it is his blood which runs in my veins. If the laws demand his, they will be sufficiently avenged in shedding that of his unhappy daughter.—O my dear, my tender father, can I suffer you to languish in irons!—O Valmor, dear Valmor, can I break the vows which I made to thee!—But I see, Sir, that his name makes you uneasy; then punish me, punish an unhappy wretch, who dares to fight for another,

'another, exclusive of you. Fetters, dungeons, nay, even the scaffold itself, cannot intimidate me. I shall behold my last hour approaching with composure: provided my father lives, no kind of death can terrify me.'—
 'Your choice,' replied the Count, with great coolness, 'not only perplexes, but even provokes me. Tremble, left——' 'No! I tremble at nothing,' replied Melinda, 'for I am assured that you cannot be so barbarous as to refuse the sacrifice I have offered. I must submit to the laws, even to yours; and I confide in your generosity.'—'Do not flatter yourself with that, cruel fair one!' replied the Count, 'as I am incapable of making any impression upon you; you only can compassate me for the loss to which I shall be obnoxious for saving your father: it is you only who condemn him.'—
 'Heavens! ye celestial powers!' cried Madame D'Arly, almost frantick, 'support me! assist me to make some impression upon the heart of my daughter!—M. D'Arly, my husband, the unhappy father of Melinda, come with thy irons, come and melt the heart of thy daughter, and mine!—Melinda, my dear Melinda, see thy mother weeping at thy feet! I shall die, if thou continuest obstinate in thy barbarous refusal.'

Melinda, being distracted with opposite passions, knew not which to give the preference to. Her affection for Valmor, her filial piety, her hatred of the Count, all these various emotions raised a terrible conflict in her heart. Two violent passions may possibly reign together in a well-disposed heart; but misery almost always turns the scale in favour of that which oppresses most.

At length Melinda, being overcome by filial affection, the virtuous principle triumphed over all others; and, sacrificing more than life, she submitted to the most painful concession which could be demanded of her. The Count, satisfied with a victory which he had purchased with a crime, had scarce begun to pique himself on account of it, when M. D'Arly appeared, accompanied by Valmor. The fond Melinda, transported with joy and grief, fled into the arms of her father, crying out—'Heavens! what have I done!'

The governor, confounded at so unexpected a sight, changed colour; but

endeavouring to conceal his concern, he asked Valmor, in a menacing tone, why he was not at his post? 'Because I learnt that innocence was oppressed,' answered Valmor, with a modest assurance: 'I fled to the succour of my father. I assembled my friends; justice always creates them, when a tyrant is to be opposed.'—'Rash youth,' replied the governor, 'consider that it is in my power to punish thee!'—'Yes, said Valmor, 'I know that thou mayest abuse thy power a second time; thou mayest do it now with some shadow of justice, because I have had recourse to violence to restore his liberty whom thou hast robbed of it very unjustly. I am culpable in appearance; but am I so in thine eyes? I appeal to thy conscience.'—'What effrontery!' exclaimed the governor. 'Do not be displeased,' answered Valmor, 'I am ready to submit to my sentence, were I condemned to pass the rest of my days in irons: I shall not murmur at it; I have delivered my friend, the father of Melinda, I am satisfied. I leave my fate to your disposal.'

The Count was struck with the generosity of his resolution. He who had been able to resist the tears of Melinda, was not proof to the elevated sentiments of Valmor; or rather, confused to find such a greatness of soul in his rival, he could not bear the thoughts of suffering himself to be outdone in magnanimity.

Seeing likewise his artifices discovered, and his injustice revealed, he found it necessary to make a concession, which only could regain him the esteem of a family which he had oppressed too much.

The melancholy family waited in a kind of sullen silence for the decision of the Count, as if it were a sentence of death. The father and daughter had but one wish. Madame D'Arly was divided between the wishes of ambition, and the desire of seeing the virtuous intrepidity of Valmor rewarded. Drawn aside, in spite of herself, by her vanity, though she was no stranger to the horrid plot of the governor, she was concerned that vice on one hand, and virtue on the other, would not permit her to interpose her authority to oblige her daughter to make good the engagement into which she had just entered.

During this silent scene, Melinda cast the most tender glances towards Valmor. Every

Every sigh she fetched, her heart seemed to have left her bosom to unite itself to that of her lover.

The Count, preyed upon by an agitation which cannot be described, could not tell what party to take. What he beheld, contributed to make him more desperate. At last, after a suspense which tortured every one that was present, he shewed his generosity, by presenting his hand to Valmor. He was not contented with this noble concession; he insisted upon Melinda's accepting the jewels which he had designed for her, and promised Valmor to get him the next place to himself. Pride has it's subtleties: when it's natural food

fails, it seeks to indemnify itself; and it is a happy thing if it should be by noble actions.

Melinda and Valmor, happy beyond their most sanguine expectations, expressed their gratitude to the Count in such a manner as was capable of flattering him; and administering comfort to him at the same time. They were married the same day. Nothing could equal the happiness which attended them the rest of their lives. The ambitious Madame D'Arly enjoyed their felicity. So true it is, that we more frequently find our happiness in those things which we have despised, than in those which we wished for with the greatest ardour.

MORAD AND ABIMA.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

BY MR. MARTYN.

IBRAHIM the Second reigned over the empire of Persia; the lustre of whose virtues was resplendent as the burning luminary of the heavens, and the mildness of his reign inoffensive as the nocturnal reflector of it's beams.

Nezam, the beglerbeg of Curdistan, attended his royal master in the city of Ispahan: his sword had formerly supported him in his pretensions to the throne; and his counsels now guided him in the paths of justice, and rendered him beloved and revered by his subjects, while his name was held in respect by the most powerful nations of the east.

Abima, the daughter of Nezam, was beautiful, as the damsels of Paradise. Her skin rivalled the whiteness of the snow on the mountains of Kirvan; her eyes were bright as the morning-star; and her tresses vied in colour and glossiness with the fleeces of Astracan. When she smiled, the dimples of the Houris adorned her cheek; and when she spoke, her voice was like the music in the gardens of eternal delight, and her breath as fragrant as the breeze which gathers perfumes in the vallies of Arabia.

But the gentle Abima had a heart susceptible of love; and while Nezam, to secure to his daughter wealth, grandeur, and rank, engaged her hand to the rich and powerful Abubekar, she secretly

plighted her faith to the brave, the generous, the youthful Morad.

Nor was Nezam unsuspicious of his daughter's engagements: he knew and honoured the virtues of Morad; but his possessions were unequal to the extensive domains of Abubekar, whose camels were counted by thousands, and whose flocks and herds were as innumerable as the sands on the sea-shore.

Yet not the diamonds of the royal turban, or the rubies which glittered in the throne of Ibrahim, could have purchased the chaste affections of the faithful Abima. The heart she had surrendered to Morad was incapable of change; nor did she hesitate to comply with his intreaties, to bind herself by those indissoluble ties which transfer the rights of the parent to a protector of another name; and, influenced by a passion as pure as the light which issues from the third heaven, she abandoned the splendid mansions of Nezam, and fled to the humble dwelling of Morad.

No sooner was the flight of Abima discovered by her ambitious father, than he pursued her to the habitation of Morad; and with all the authority of a parent, and all the pride of offended dignity, demanded at his hands the treasure which he suspected to be in his possession.

But the happy, the enraptured Morad, though gentle as the doves of Circassia, and humble as the Faquir who traverses the approaches of the sacred temple of Mecca; in the defence of his love, was fierce as the lion of Mount Caucasus; and of his honour, as the tiger which haunts the banks of the Ganges. Equally above deceit and fear, he avowed the possession of his adored, his faithful Abima; and his intentions to retain the glorious prize in his hands, at the risque of what he esteemed far less valuable, that life which without her would cease to be the object of his care.

Enraged at the bold determination of the intrepid Morad, the father of the fair fugitive retired to the house of the enamoured Abubekar; and having communicated the intelligence so fatal to his hopes, they proceeded together to the Divan, and waited with impatience the appearance of the sovereign of Persia.

No sooner did the trumpets proclaim the approach of the monarch, than the trembling Nezam, having thrice prostrated himself before the throne, and thrice invoked the prophet he adored to render his sovereign propitious to his prayer, thus laid before him the source of his griefs, and demanded redress for injuries which he represented as unequalled.

'Father of thy people! light of the sun! friend of Ali! prince of the faithful! governor of the world! at whose frown all the nations of the earth tremble; at whose smile the three known quarters of the terrestrial globe rejoice! thou who assestest the rights of all true believers, and punishest those who offend, without regard to power or condition! If the sword of Nezam hath ever been drawn in thy defence; if his arm hath ever been extended successfully against thine enemies; if thou hast ever profited by his counsels, or his friendly suggestions have shielded thee from impending danger; attend to my complaints, and afford to the wretched Nezam that justice for which the meanest of thy subjects have never sued in vain.

'Morad, the perfidious Morad! hath invaded the mansions of happiness and peace: he hath ravished from me the delight of my eye, and the comfort of my age; he hath covered my head with disgrace, and filled mine eyes with sorrow.—Oh! Abima, Abima! lost, deluded Abima!

Passion had now overwhelmed the disappointed Nezam, and stopped the utterance of words; when Ibrahim, adorned with all the dignity of sovereignty, and all the grace of conscious virtue, arose from his throne, and thus addressed his agitated suppliant.

'Nezam, if thy complaint is as unfounded as thy suspicions of Ibrahim, thou seekest not justice, but partial favour; which thou shalt never receive at the hands of the humble vicegerent of Heaven, who hath armed his servant with authority for purposes in which friendship hath no interest, nor favour the smallest share: but if thou hast, indeed, received injury from Morad; if he has defrauded thee of thy parental rights, and possessed, without thy consent, the child of thy bosom; were he as dear to my heart as Mirza, the heir of my throne, justice should tear him from my affections, and the sentence of my lips decree him to make restitution.'

Abubekar now approached the throne; and having confirmed the charge of Nezam, and claimed the interest of an affianced husband in Abima, the officers of justice were dispatched to bring the delinquent into the royal presence; and to conduct thither, also, the partner of his heart, the fair object of contention, the gentle Abima.

In a very few minutes a general murmur, which ran through the assembly, announced the entrance of the faithful lovers. Morad, with a manly and modest air, led the trembling and weeping Abima to the foot of the throne; and the charge of Nezam, and the claim of Abubekar, having been stated to him, the monarch of Persia called on him for a defence; and admonished him to beware how he trespassed the bounds of truth, or attempted an excuse founded in the slightest imposition.

But the virtuous Morad needed no such caution: he scorned to purchase even happiness at the price of dishonour; and though he held his Abima dearer than his life, yet he would much rather abandon both than retain them at the expence of falsehood. He acknowledged, and he gloried in his love; he confessed his having prevailed on the fair Abima to prefer him to her more wealthy lover; and he justified her choice by a fair and candid comparison between his own age, person, and qualifications,

cations, and those of the rejected Abubekar.

But the declarations of Morad amounted rather to a confession than an extenuation of his guilt; and Ibrahim, though his heart acknowledged the truth and felt the force of his excuses, found himself compelled to render the justice he had promised to Nezam, and to condemn the unfortunate Morad to the severest of all punishments, the parting with his adored Abima! but, like a gracious judge, he tempered the rigid letter of the law with the mildest interpositions of humanity; and while he pronounced the following sentence, the soft tear of pity reflected more lustre on his cheek than all the diamonds in his crown.

‘Morad, thy condemnation proceeds from thine own mouth! Thou hast taken the daughter of Nezam, without the consent of her father; and the contracted wife of Abubekar, without his permission. Restore, then, to the parent his child, and to the lover his mistress: and, to console thee for thy loss, Ibrahim will advance thy fortunes, and raise thee to such dignities and honours, that the chiefs of the empire shall court thy alliance, and thou shalt chuse a representative for the fair Abima among the choicest beauties of Ispahan.’

‘Father of the faithful!’ replied the unfortunate Morad, ‘thy servant bows down in humble and submissive gratitude before the just and gracious minister of Heaven! The favours thy goodness would extend to the meanest of thy subjects, bestow on some more worthy and more fortunate object. The wretched Morad murmurs not at thy decree—but he hath lost his Abima: the world has no charms for him; and he will court death as a relief from pain, and seek it as the only shelter from his sorrows!’

Morad having pronounced these words, quitted the hand of Abima; and while every heart melted at his dis-

tress, bowed in silence to the throne, and prepared to quit the assembly.

At this instant Abubekar made his way through the crowd which surrounded the weeping pair; and having seized the hand which had just been grasped by her more favoured lover, he besought the monarch to acknowledge his claim to Abima before Morad should be suffered to depart: and this request having been complied with, he thus addressed the disconsolate lover.

‘Morad, thou hast reason to complain that the wealth of Abubekar hath proved a bar to thy happiness; but the gracious Being who distributes prosperity and adversity, frames also the minds of his creatures, and endows them with faculties to enjoy, and patience to endure. On me the Almighty power hath lavished in abundance the bounties of his hand, and he hath also blessed me with desires to enjoy; but he hath tempered my enjoyments with prudence to controul my passions, and he hath restrained my inclinations, by reason, within the bounds of temperance and moderation. Thinkest thou, Morad, that my enjoyments consist in gratifications purchased at the expence of misery to my fellow-creatures? or that the soft sensations which move the mind of the magnanimous Ibrahim, are strangers to the breast of the less distinguished Abubekar? Thinkest thou, that while the fountain of his humanity flows with oil to pour into the wounds of affliction, the sources of Abubekar’s pity are dried up, and his heart steeled against the noble feelings of humanity? At my hands, deserving Morad, accept the choicest of earthly blessings, a beautiful and virtuous wife. May Ali, the friend of our prophet, crown thy union with unfading felicity; and Ibrahim, his lieutenant, dispense to thee, and the fair and faithful Abima, the full measure of thy desires, in power, riches, and honour!’

LEISURE HOURS.

HOUR THE FIRST.

SIR ROBERT MARKHAM.

HOW frequently do we hear people talking of philosophy, and attributing effects to its power, which, with as much reason, and more probability, might be derived from almost any other cause! Apathy, affectation, fullness, indolence, and silence, originating from a real want of capacity to talk, are each distinguished in turn with this honourable name, and their respective proprietors held in estimation accordingly. When a man *says* he despises the world, why should we not suspect that the spirit of figure-making, or, what is worse, that of contradiction, which is every day influencing others, does not influence him? and when he *thinks* he despises it, let us enquire whether his hopes have not been disappointed, or the benefits he has conferred been repaid with ingratitude. It is difficult to decide whether we oftener miscall the motives of our own actions, or mistake those of other people; and, of all human causes, none is so often erroneously supposed as stoicism, or philosophy. I shall be understood to mean in our own case, for we are not so apt to attribute it to our acquaintance: on the contrary, whenever we hear any of their actions derived from it, we erect ourselves against the opinion, and make a parade of what we call our sound judgment, which prevents our being misled into any mistakes of sentiment; for, among the many pretty names we bestow on our own sensations, soundness of judgment is that by which we usually distinguish such as, in general, arise from envy, or other feelings of the same stamp, equally in want of some of those pretty names to set them off. But with ourselves the case is altered; and every action wherein passion does not evidently stand foremost, becomes clearly the result of a superior understanding assisted in its endeavours by a philosophick turn of mind. In fine, I believe all the *real* stoicism of this world might be comprehended within a very limited circle; in a still less one, perhaps, than our disinterestedness, which has generally been esteemed that virtue, of every other,

which Nature has been most sparing in her distribution of.

The example of Sir Edward Markham may serve to enforce my opinion. This baronet was one of those country gentlemen who pride themselves on the ancientness of their families, live on their estates, and attend only to the improvement of those, and the augmentation of their interest in the county where they reside. He had but one son; and how highly he valued him, as the future inheritor of his name and fortune, after the above traits of his character, may easily be conceived. Not but that young Markham's worth might of itself justify his partiality, for he was a general favourite; and his popularity arose not so much from those noisy pretensions to fame, which are certain of fixing the approbation of vulgar minds, as from those still and unassuming virtues, the influences of which are felt but within a limited circle, and acknowledged too generally by spirits only of a superior order.

Adjoining to the property of Sir Edward, was the estate of a gentleman with whom he had been unremittingly at variance ever since he had succeeded to his father. The quarrel, in some degree, had subsisted for generations, and promised to do so as long as the cause of it should remain, which was, the boundary of their respective dominions; for, at the time Sir Edward judged it proper for his son to endeavour at the representation of their county in parliament, it was raging at an higher pitch than usual, and ceased but for a time, in consideration of a misfortune, which nearly overturned the unbending adversary's reason. This was no other than the loss of a wife, to whom he had been married only three quarters of a year, and devoted on to distraction. So extreme was his sorrow at this event, that even Sir Edward, whose turn of mind was not that of compassion, felt a share of the pain it occasioned, and testified his regret in terms that only lost their expression of amity in proportion as the grief of the sufferer subsided. It sub-

sided

sided altogether in due time; and then the old dispute was taken up with accumulated vehemence, and carried on several months with a vigour on both sides that at least appeared not likely to decrease on either. About this period, the success of the young gentleman, respecting the favourite point in view, a seat in the House of Commons, fulfilled his father's ambition, and he received the nearly general congratulations of the shire he was to represent, to the delight of him, and the revived affliction of the litigious borderer, who had not generosity of mind sufficient to except the son from the hatred he bore his father. The rejoicings of this latter will be supposed extreme: they were so; but they were short-lived.

George Markham, amiable as we have described him, was guilty of the fewest excesses. The pleasures, as they are called, of the table, were to him no pleasures; but moderation in those of the field he was unacquainted with. Hunting he made a science, and no science was ever more practically studied. His hunters were the finest horses of that species in England; and he prided himself equally on them, and on his consummate skill in the art of riding: but this skill, great as it was, proved fatal; for too frequently it led him into dangers, one of which proved the early period of his days.

A chace uncommonly interesting had exhilarated his spirits beyond their usual pitch. No attempt appeared too hazardous, no obstacle too great, to be overcome by any one in the company; and could Markham, their acknowledged leader, fall back at the sight of peril, or resign the distinction of *foremost*, which he had undisputedly maintained so long? The effort could not have succeeded, had it been made, but it never was made; and the appearance of a precipice seven feet high occasioned not in him the hesitation of a moment. His horse was equal to the leap, and might have effected it without hurt either to his master or himself, had it not been for the large loose stones with which the ground at the bottom of the precipice (formerly the edge of a quarry) was covered: these rolling under the horse's feet, brought him down; and the unfortunate Markham was thrown to some distance, with his head over one of the largest. He expired instantaneously,

before any of his companions, whose course was stopped by the alarming prospect, could reach him by the circuit-way, which they then thought proper to prefer to the one he had chosen. Sir Edward was not present; but the dreadful occurrence had taken place on his grounds, and the mansion-house was even in sight. The body of his son was carried thither on horseback, while the truth was made known to him by the soothing voice of a friend, and every one stood mute in expectation of the torrent of grief that would burst from the afflicted and *disappointed* father. The gentleman with whom he was at variance was there among the rest, and the idea of his own recent loss recurred. 'The shock is a dreadful one,' said he, in a low voice, to the person who stood next him; 'but it is not to be equalled to mine, for our feelings are more lively with respect to the other sex; yet I am told this Markham could blame the excess of my affliction for the death of my Maria: let us now see how he himself can bear up against the stroke of adversity. Were the event of our suit to depend on the matter of fortune only, I fancy it would soon be determined in my favour. What lamentations shall we now have! He will never support himself, even with as much philosophy as I did.' These words were heard by the person to whom they were addressed; but they were overheard by Sir Edward too, whom the general silence favoured. He stood for a few minutes with the marks of reflection, as much as those of sorrow, on his countenance; and then retired without uttering one word. The next day, with the appearance of a settled but manly grief, he gave orders concerning the interment of his son, and even enquired into the particulars of his death. Amazement was the sensation of every one. His survival of the blow had scarcely been expected: but to behold his sorrow softened into calm dejection; to hear him, within a fortnight after, talk of the dispensations of Providence, and of the evils his beloved son had perhaps escaped by so early a summons to his Creator; appeared indeed a miracle. His conduct was called philosophy; it was even called religion: but was it in fact either? No; for thus had Sir Edward reasoned within himself. 'My loss is irreparable; my affliction the bitterest that can be felt: yet shall the

' the man I hate have cause to triumph
 ' over me? shall he rise superior on com-
 ' parison, and my own weakness force
 ' every spectator to side with him against
 ' me in his esteem? It shall not be said.
 ' I will shew the world, that the high
 ' Markham spirit can soar to any height;
 ' and that, far from sinking under the

' stroke that has been inflicted on me,
 ' I can submit to it without a struggle.
 ' He who thinks to point me out as an
 ' object of contempt, shall himself ap-
 ' pear mean in competition. I will
 ' force him to acknowledge his inferior-
 ' ity.' Such is Stoicism.

HOUR THE SECOND.

PERRY PRYWELL.

THERE is in this world a community of people, the members of which we are perpetually meeting with, who seem born for no other end than that of disturbing themselves and others with the concerns of those others. These people are sillier than children, their minds are worse employed, and they are beyond comparison more troublesome. Perpetually intruding themselves where they have no business, and where it is not possible they can be productive of any good, their spirits never can be possessed of the slightest degree of tranquillity; for no sooner have they with difficulty escaped from the midst of one *vacarme*, than they edge on unremittingly till they can find an opportunity of plunging into the very thickest of another; not to mention their never-failing talent of creating imaginary monsters, which none but themselves ever heard of, or ever will perceive. They are always in a wonder, always in a labyrinth, which no contrivance but their own could have formed, and which they are half distracted when they cannot conduct their auditors into as well as themselves. To be quiet is incompatible with being in their company, for they are incessantly in a state of perturbation; and, contrary to the usual order of things, you must be in the same, if you mean to be at peace. But characters of this stamp are only despicable. Woe beto those who inhumanly can busy themselves to destroy the innocent pleasure they see others possessing! The former are generally the harmless pests of society; but these are infernal, and their blighting breath is repugnant to human nature. I want to know why every man cannot walk on in the path he sees before him, contentedly, and in silence: if thorns lie in his way, why he cannot clear them deliberately aside, or prune them off, so as to leave his passage free, without indolently endea-

vouring either to be hopping over them, and thereby, if he falls, scratching himself the worse, or needlessly killing himself to be straining them up by the roots? Much more would I be informed, why he cannot satisfy himself with looking, if he needs must be looking, into his neighbour's path, without attempting to thrust himself into it, and be walking abreast, when perhaps it was too narrow for one?

Perry Prywell was a first character of this sort. Any circumstance's not concerning himself, was a sufficient reason for his interesting himself in it; and he enjoyed a happiness nearly perfect, when, by any application, or any meanness whatsoever, he had made what he esteemed a discovery, and could find such opportunities of imparting it to his acquaintance as were likely to enhance its value. A young nobleman, of the most unblemished reputation, to whom he had long been known, used often to remonstrate with him on the subject of this practice, and warn him of the scrapes which in all probability it would at some time lead him into. But Perry was incorrigible; and even conceived a dislike towards the man who so sought to deprive him of the supreme enjoyment of his life. This dislike supposed, it will be thought he felt an emotion rather of pleasure than pain; when one day, in the course of his daily rounds, passing by one of our fashionable gaming-houses, he saw this young lord coming out of the door of it with his arm under that of a gentleman whom he did not know farther than as being noted for his attendance there. This was a discovery; and Perry lost no time in making it general. The first person he communicated it to, was a whimsical old lady, who encouraged his favourite passion of tattling by the extreme delight with which she used to listen

to his reports, and by the wonder they always threw her into. But here her surprise seemed much to exceed her pleasure. 'Lord Henry R—— come out of a gaming house! So fine a character! So well spoken of a young man! Was it possible?' The old lady's daughter was present, and by her these last words were echoed. In short, Perry plumed himself very highly on being in possession of this great piece of news; and posted away through a dozen houses, anxious to reveal the important secret to any that would give him the hearing. In a few days after, the following paragraph appeared in the morning papers. 'We can assure our readers, that the reports lately circulated respecting a future alliance between Lord H—— R—— and Miss E———, are without foundation; or, at least, if they could ever boast of any, that the match is entirely broken off.' The reading of this article completed Perry's triumph. The initials of the young lady's name he knew to be those of Miss Ellesmere, daughter to the old one above-mentioned; and the idea of her being by his means preserved from a gamester, flattered that portion of benevolence that could find room in a heart nearly engrossed by one predominant passion. It is true, at the time Lord Henry was seen by his general observer, he was on the point of marriage with Miss Ellesmere, who was a very amiable and a very beautiful girl, but with a fortune extremely limited. It has already been observed, her mother was whimsical to a degree. No consideration, after the receipt of Perry's intelligence, could induce her to consent to the match going on; and, under pain of her eternal displeasure, Amelia was ordered to give up every thought of the man she had been carefully instructed to regard; and he was for ever forbid to enter the house, unable as he was to imagine the cause of a change that interested him so nearly. Not only this, but, in a very short time after, a private gentleman of good fortune offering himself to Miss Ellesmere, she was directed to give him every proper encouragement; and her remonstrances and expressions of dislike availed her so little with a mother who had no idea of her commands, either reasonable or unreasonable, being disregarded, that the union was absolutely concluded on in less than three weeks, and the very morning fixed on which it was to take

place. Two days before it, Mrs. Ellesmere received a letter from Lord Henry, acquainting her that he was informed of the approaching nuptials, and requesting, as a last favour, that she would allow him, any where, a quarter of an hour's conversation, as it was his particular wish to impart to her a circumstance that she could not but deem of the utmost importance. Her daughter was out of the question; he wished only to see her. The contents of this letter, to the person it was addressed to appeared extraordinary; and, at first, an emotion of continued displeasure tempted her to refuse the demand of its author. Yet her spirit of curiosity in the end surmounted every opposing passion, and the appointed hour once peculiar favourite to meet her the next day at the house of a common friend, for into her own she had resolved he should never enter more. His impatience conducted him there before the time. When she came, with a dispassionate tone, he addressed her in these words. 'It was your pleasure some time ago, for what cause I never could possibly guess, to break off my proposed alliance with your daughter, my attachment for whom you had full reason to believe the sincerest possible. I acquiesced in your decision; and, though I cannot express what it cost me, gave up every hope of calling her mine. I am now informed, by certain authority, that in a very short time she is to be married to Colonel Crawley. My own regard for her happiness I never wished to surmount, and that alone actuates me at this moment. He is the most noted gamester in town. I know him to be a ruined man, and one whom millions could not enrich. He was some time my friend, and I pitied his infatuation. Not boastfully he it spoken, but for the purpose of shewing you his incorrigibility: once, on receiving intelligence of his being at Brookes's, and taking very high, I went thither; and, by repeated expostulations, effected his removal, and brought him out with me. Since then, he has returned to the destructive practice; and, at the time we are now speaking, I could by certain means, if you required them, convince you that he is indebted every shilling in the world!'

How strong and how various were the emotions of Mrs. Ellesmere, while Lord Henry

Henry was pronouncing these words, cannot be expressed. Some seconds elapsed before she had the power of speaking. When it returned, her first use of it was to ask, at what period the circumstance he mentioned had occurred? and his answer perfectly corresponding with the report of her officious intelligencer, effectually removed every doubt remaining in her breast; for, as he had always been kept in ignorance as to the cause of his discreditation, there was no reason

whatever to suspect the veracity of his present story. Her expressions of delight flowed unrestrained; she recounted to him the whole of the affair; and its sequel may readily be imagined. The intended match with Crawley was broken off; that with his rival concluded; and the man who, by his idle meddling, had so nearly ruined the happiness of a whole family, for ever banished from their society.

HOOR THE THIRD.

ANTHONY SELDON.

FEW things in conversation are so apt to excite the impatience of sensible persons, as stupid and illiberal prejudices, involving whole nations, or other bodies of men. These we see too often not only admitted, but indulged: sometimes even by people of superior understandings; but oftener, as indeed they ought to be, by ill-educated fools, who fancy their abuse will give them an air of consequence and reasoning; and dread lest, by seeming too often pleased, they should be thought insignificant. From these good causes, or, perhaps, from having imbibed such notions young, and wanting afterwards sense or activity to enquire whether they were justly founded, we hear arguments held with heat, ill-manners, and impetuosity; where the foolish *reasoner*, if the term may be so misapplied, blunders on blindfold, attacking all before him, and industriously placing himself in a light much more contemptible than any whole set or community can ever appear in to such as are endowed with a liberal way of thinking. Those who have not that good fortune, will always take it for granted what a man is by his country or profession. Physicians or lawyers will be condemned unheard. An Irishman will be a dangerous person to keep company with, as he must infallibly be a murderer, or a duellist at the least; though the very same man, born on this side the Channel, would be esteemed the best-natured and pleasantest creature in the world. A native of Wales will be inflamed with pride; though an Englishman, just like him, would be modest and unassuming: and it will not be in the power of a Scotchman to look up, or to look down, without some interested mo-

tive. These I have mentioned in particular, because, for what reason I know not, we seem more inclined to expose ourselves, by ridiculing our nearest and British neighbours, than any foreign power; and because I really hold it possible for an Irishman not to be bloody-minded, a Welshman not choleric, and for a person to be honest and undesigned without having drawn his first breath on the south side of the Tweed.

Anthony Seldon was a venerable old man, respected by every individual in the neighbourhood where he lived; and universally compassionate, as having met with disappointment in the supremest of his wishes, that of beholding his eldest son an honour to his age, and to the family from which he was descended, which was ancient, but, by repeated instances of ill-fortune, reduced to circumstances the most limited. Young Seldon was, indeed, most undeserving of his father; and, though want of sufficient means prevented him adding to the number of the modern heroes of the metropolis, yet in the principal town of the county wherein his father resided, he contrived, by his exploits, to distinguish himself in no inconsiderable degree. At Norwich he perpetually lived; and was there when a fit of illness, the consequence of quick-succeeding debauches, suddenly seized, and in four days reduced him to extremity. Intelligence of it was immediately sent to his unfortunate parent, with a request that he would set off for the town (fifty miles from his own house) without loss of time, as his son had been given over by his physician, and wished to see him once more, that he might die forgiven. A dispatch of such a nature was not to be

be neglected. With a bleeding heart, the unhappy old man left his home, and hastened towards a scene so threatening to his affection and his feelings. Age permitted him not to ride: a chaise, therefore, though ill suited to his circumstances, was the quickest conveyance; and, in three hours and an half, he had gone upwards of forty miles, and was arriving within view of Norwich, when the end of the stage obliged him to stop to change post-horses. Five minutes before his arrival, a Scotch lord, with a retinue of eleven servants, had come into the inn, and engaged every horse belonging to it. Those that had brought old Seldon were too tired to go any farther, at least without reposing some time; and time was what he could not lose. There was no other public-house in the village, and his distress was the most perplexing that can be imagined. To heighten it still farther, he heard something of a confused report, left there that morning by people travelling on their way from Norwich, that his son had been arrested, and carried to prison. Distracted by this news, he sat down; and, as well as his agitated senses would permit, wrote a supplicating letter to the noble lord above-mentioned, acquainting him that he was on business of the utmost importance, his eldest son lying, eight miles farther, at the point of death, and humbly entreating that he would spare him; for one hour, two horses out of the twelve he had lately engaged. He farther besought his forgiveness for the liberty he was taking; but hoped the pressingness of the occasion might plead his excuse. To this letter, couched in such terms, Seldon received no answer; but, in less time than a quarter of an hour, had the mortification to see two coaches and four, and four saddle-horses, set off from the inn-gate, and at once destroy his last hope of ever, in this world, beholding his son again. The old man was naturally choleric; he was prejudiced too, and hated the Scotch. 'Proud, cursed, and over-bearing people!' cried he, 'may ye meet with all ye merit, the contempt of every Englishman! May ye be turned out of our deluded country the beggars that ye came, and never more be suffered to monopolize here, and swell on the wealth of others!' He was yet speaking, when a stage-machinist flew past the door. The people of

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the house, knowing his distress, stopped it for him; and he got in, execrating the Scotch nation, and blessing Providence for this chance of once more embracing his child. Somewhat less than an hour conveyed him to Norwich, and a few minutes to the abode that he now almost dreaded to enter. With a trembling hand, however, he knocked. An old woman opened to him. She was in tears; and could scarcely articulate words sufficient to inform him, that his son, a very short time before, had been dragged out of the house by three men, and carried, she was afraid, to prison. He was better, she added for his comfort, having been pronounced entirely out of danger; but which way they had taken him, for certain, she could not say. So intense were the feelings of her auditor at this news, that what he least thought of was making her any answer; and she had not even quite finished speaking, when he turned from her, and was preparing to set off anew. At that instant, a servant in livery came up, and gave a letter to the old woman, charging her, as soon as the father of young Mr. Seldon should arrive in town, to deliver it to him. The direction was in his son's hand. He snatched it from her; and, tearing it open, found within these words—

A Spirit of Heaven, O my father! has relieved me. They were dragging me to prison, when he met me, discharged my debt, and had me conveyed beneath his own roof. Come to me, for I am forbid writing. Enquire for the house of Lord Melrose, just without the town. You will there find your repentant son,

GEORGE SELDON.

Lost in amaze, and scarcely knowing what to believe or expect, the much agitated father followed the servant, who offered to conduct him to his master's abode. There the mystery was cleared up. The same proud nobleman, who disdained to answer the supplicating address of an insignificant stranger, had, on his entrance into the town, observed a genteel young man, with the appearance of death on his countenance, forcibly dragged along, by three ill-looking officers of justice, towards the common gaol. He had enquired into the affair; had learned that the unfortunate victim of his own imprudence was just recover-

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ing from a mortal illness; and, without informing himself of the amount of his debt, had ordered the creditor to come to him; and conveyed the other to his house, where a bed was prepared, and every possible attention directed to be paid to him. 'Oh!' said the aged Seldon, 'I never more will condemn any one individual, until he be thoroughly

tried; for man is a contradiction to himself, and it is not for man to judge him. Much less will I ever direct my abuse towards a whole nation. Virtue and vice are indifferently the produce of every country; and often, as here, do we find them inhabiting the same bosom!

HOOR THE FOURTH.

MATILDA.

IT is an idea exceedingly unpleasant and discouraging, that those persons who are possessed of external recommendations in the greatest variety, can generally be least praised for those within. One of the greatest pleasures we enjoy, is the society of politeness and affability. Cruel drawback! that they should be so often attended with insincerity and coldness! Could we be certain of every one proving what he seems, how delightful would be the general confidence we might indulge! Whereas, now, how depressing is the restraint that common prudence dictates! Inward and external graces not only are seldom united, but the latter, frequently, it is to be feared, are accompanied by the basest inmates. Whenever a person is seen of manners peculiarly soft and engaging, we must not be led away by the pleasurable emotions that his conversation will naturally excite. We may enjoy his society for the time; but must not be dazzled by the well-glossed creature, nor believe we know what he is, so long as those manners are the only evidence in his favour. Vices of the deepest dye require the whitest cloak of concealment—Unpleasing sensation! which breaks the ungalling chain by which you were held, and snaps it short at the moment you most wished to draw it closer! The rough and unpolished are oftenest, though not always, to be trusted. Generally speaking, conscious of no evil intention, they need no deceit: but happy are they who, with the base of virtue, can wear the polish of the vicious; though how, when all are alike, can they be distinguished? Yet, what a triumph for Vice, that she should be more beautifully clothed than her rival!

The orphan Matilda had been left by a father, not remarkable for penetration,

singularly subject to the will of two widow aunts his sisters, who had married brothers, and of whom the youngest only had one son. Matilda was an heiress; and these aunts, in case of her dying unmarried, or marrying without their joint consent, became her successors. Had they been both alike, and both like the eldest, such a disposition might not have been attended with disagreeable consequences; but their characters were widely different. The smoothest courtesy, and the most winning deportment, recommended the younger Mrs. Lawley to all who beheld her; while the rough, the blunt and unpolished manners of her sister, gave general disgust. Their ward doated on the first, who was all affection towards her, as much as she dreaded the uncomplaining, intolerating spirit, of the latter.

She generally lived with these ladies; and it was a singular circumstance for her, when, on being invited to the house of a particular friend of theirs, she was allowed to spend three weeks from them; at the end of which she returned, as impatient to embrace one of her guardians, as fearful of beholding the other. During her visit, Sir Charles Morton, a young baronet of large fortune, and a neighbour of the lady she was with, having frequent opportunities of seeing her, grew, in time, somewhat particular in the attentions he paid: yet his behaviour was not that of a man who seeks amusement only; it bespoke a more serious wish; and Matilda really expected, as the limits of her stay approached, an immediate application from him. She left, however, the house of her friend unsolicited; but, in her first conversation alone with her favourite adviser, acquainting her with what circumstances had occurred at —, she mentioned Sir Charles

Charles Morton among others; and forgot not to speak of his conduct respecting herself. Mrs. Margaret sighed at the recital; and, shaking her head, replied that, supposing he should make proposals to her, the more advantageous they appeared, the deeper would be the regret she should feel; as it was to be apprehended her sister, Mrs. Lawley, who could not bear the thought of her niece's marrying at all, would flatly refuse him. Matilda involuntarily sighed too at this idea; and a very short time served to convince her of her aunt's penetration: for, the week after, a letter actually arrived from the young baronet, jointly addressed to both sisters, requesting their permission for visiting the young lady, avowedly as her lover. The event proved such as had been foretold: Mrs. Margaret Lawley's consent was immediate; but, as she informed Matilda, it was impossible to change the determination of her colleague, who, under pretence of Sir Charles's being a man of a libertine turn of mind, was resolved to withhold her approbation. Mrs. Margaret added, that it was with such reluctance she suffered him to be forbid the house, that the answer returned should not be of *her* writing; her sister must take the whole management of it upon herself. So this affair was likely to end; and Matilda, who was of a contented disposition, had almost forgotten her lover and his refusal, when a favourable chance recalled them both to her remembrance.

That part of the country she lived in was celebrated for the sports of the field, and many gentlemen used to come there in the season, for the convenience of hunting. Among others, Sir Charles Morton was sometimes one; and he now came to be an inmate of the house of a friend who lived very near the Mrs. Lawleys. He soon discovered that he was in the neighbourhood of the woman from whom, notwithstanding the answer he had received, he could not detach himself; and it was for several days his endeavour to meet her in the course of some of her walks, for the purpose of talking over the recent business, and enquiring if there were not methods by which he might attain to the good fortune of calling her his. After repeated disappointments, he at length succeeded; and perceiving her one morning at some distance, he

joined, and requested permission to walk with her. He then entered into conversation on the subject; and, in the course of it, could not refrain some expressions of resentment against her eldest aunt, who, he said, not content with merely denying him, had wrote him a letter absolutely abusive. Somewhat heated by the topic, he drew it out, and was reading some of the strongest of it's passages, when Matilda, chancing to cast her eye over it, perceived the hand-writing of Mrs. Margaret herself. Staggered by the appearance, she begged to have the letter; and, on reading it, was astonished by the most artful composition that could, in such a case, have been made use of. It was signed M. Lawley, the name of the eldest being Maria; and the expression in it of—'My sister, Mrs. M.' made it be considered as coming from the eldest of the two. The other, Sir Charles was informed, was intirely in his favour; but he was bid, not in the politest terms, to forbear thinking of their niece, as *her own* consent (addressing him in the character of her sister) was what he never should obtain. Lost in wonder as Matilda was at this discovery, she penetrated through the whole in an instant. Her measures she immediately adopted, flew back to her eldest aunt, and shewed her the epistle she had been reading. Amazement was again the leading sensation; for Mrs. Margaret, it now came out, had told her sister, on finding she entirely approved of their ward's match with Sir Charles, that he never by her should be suffered to approach her, and without their joint consent nothing could be done. Mrs. Lawley, therefore, had desired the other to return the answer she thought proper, if really determined against a match so eligible, and begged not to have any farther concern in the matter, Mrs. Margaret, in consequence, as has been seen, took advantage of the general credulity in favour of her son, to whom, had he not already been married, she would certainly have disposed of her niece; and, for a time, had exulted in the success of her detestable hypocrisy. The time, however, was short; by the advice of Mrs. Lawley, counsel was applied to, the villainy of the youngest sister publicly exposed, and the fatal will set aside. After that, need it be added that, under the auspices of her rough and dreaded

aunt, Matilda, as Lady Morton, returned thanks to Providence for it's interference, and blessed the day that first

taught her to distinguish hollow-hearted courtesy from plain and unadorned goodness of disposition?

HOUR THE FIFTH.

GEORGE DENNEVIL.

IN one of the Spectators, similarity of disposition is asserted unnecessary to the formation of a strict friendship: in support of which assertion it is observed, that we are more apt to be taken with an agreeable quality in another person, of which we are not ourselves possessed, than with one already familiar to us; and, I think, whoever reflects upon the matter, or even looks around him, will be of the same opinion; for we see every day connections of amity formed, and supported with pleasure, by such as, from their difference of age, or other circumstances, it would be impossible to suppose alike in their dispositions. Those who *are*, I am far from believing incapable of attachment; but *their* attachment will not be of a nature so perfect as that of the others. It will be a delusive kind of self-love, perhaps less pleasing than the real, with an insipidity not unlike the sound produced by octaves, which, though incompatible with discord, will convey no lively pleasure to the ear, while a judicious variation of sounds will afford the greatest. Besides, we have a pride in imitating those we love; and when it happens that they have virtues which we have not, the advantage is obvious. Mutual obligations are justly esteemed the strongest cement of friendship; and who can confer on us an higher obligation than that of adding to our stock of virtues? Not to mention that every quality amiable in itself will, by appertaining to those we love, appear additionally so, consequently more worthy of becoming our model. And it may farther be said, that those whose virtues are various, seldom fall into errors of the same nature; and we may, with a better grace, set about correcting in another the faults we have not ourselves, than those we have, for a right sort of friendship will never be weakened by judicious correction; and the gratitude arising from the consciousness of an improved heart towards the improver, will, of ought to, prove the strongest tie.

George Dennevil felt the truth of what I have been maintaining. He was a

country gentleman, not young, in affluent circumstances, and had twice been married. His first wife was nearly of the same age with himself, and died between forty and fifty. He had two sons by her; and these boys, contrary to what we see occur oftener than is to be wished, suffered from the too great coincidence of their parents opinions. Their father loved the country, and was somewhat inclined to be parsimonious. In both instances Mrs. Dennevil resembled him; the consequence of which was, they entered not into the world themselves, nor suffered their children to do so. These latter were brought up at home, and *educated*, if I may be allowed to use the word, by the curate of the parish, an ignorant, but conceited fellow; who, in consideration of his instructions, which chiefly tended to render his pupils able horsemen, received a salary of twenty-five pounds a year. The eldest boy, improving under this tutor to a degree that may be imagined, was thirteen when his mother died. It will be supposed the grief of her husband, at losing a companion so perfectly the representative of himself, was extreme; but, in fact, it was slight and transient. His natural disposition was contradictory; and, though fond of his own opinions to excess, by finding them so much those of another, they became in a manner burdensome to him. Humoured in every instance, and never meeting with opposition, he grew fretful to himself; and the equal insipidity of his hours and his feelings increased that fretfulness in proportion as the reproaches gained strength, which neither he nor Mrs. Dennevil could forbear bestowing on themselves, whenever they admitted the recurring idea of the manner in which their sons were brought up into life. Conscious they were wrong with regard to them, each wanted spirit to adopt proper measures; for such was the state of apathy into which they were sunk, that any thing like emulation seemed dead within their souls. The loss of his wife, therefore, gave no lasting uneasiness

uneasiness to George Dennevil. He felt relieved of a burden, yet resolved to marry again some woman whose vivacity might rouse the latent sparks of his own. This design he executed. Lucy Walton was twenty-four. Though handsome, sensible; and prudent, though lively. On her he fixed as the future companion of his days; and, by her management, they were rendered happy. His sons the sent first to a private school; then to Westminster; and then to a foreign academy, under the care of a man of her own selecting, and every way fit for his office. His country-house she

made him alter considerably, and a handsome one in town was taken by her direction. She made him spend three months every year in it; she contradicted him with judgment whenever he was wrong; and, in the end, forced him to own that, far from perpetual indulgence being suited to the nature of man, it is not possible for him to be even tolerably happy while his faculties are suffered to be useless for want of proper opposition, which calls them into life, and rouses himself to a capacity of enjoying the happiness which Providence has marked out for his lot.

HISTORY OF KITTY WELLS.

KITTY Wells was the daughter of an honest pair, who lived in a low station in the village of Eltham, in Kent, about eight miles from London. Soon after her birth, her mother was engaged as housekeeper in a gentleman's family in Yorkshire, to which she removed, leaving her young daughter to the care of her father, who remained in their native place. The father, like most others of the same rank in life, thought nothing of his daughter's education: he provided for her the same decent maintenance that he had for himself; and, by his daily labour, made them both comfortable, at least, if not luxurious. About two years after the establishment of her mother in this northern family, she sent for her daughter, then about six years of age. She was sent down to her in the waggon, and the mother received her into her bosom with all the transports of unbounded affection. The two old people had been very happy when together, and they were not miserable when they parted. The husband said that his wife had strange megrims now and then, which he did not know how to describe; but which very near approached, in his opinion, to insanity. She also had her story; and said he was a dull, morose, plodding man, with only the vulgar qualities of honesty and industry to recommend him. In short, he was a simple, plain labourer; and she inherited a family obliquity, a whirling in the brain, as Mr. Charles Turner calls it, which hurried her occasionally into whimsical excesses. When they parted, therefore, there were no violent convulsions of grief; and, during their absence, they seldom or ever correspond-

ed: they were very well satisfied if they heard once or twice in a year that they were both alive and well; and he was quite happy when his old wife sent him up by the waggon a piece of hung beef, or a tongue, to relish his beer, and prove that she had not forgot him.

The good woman's distemper was very much fed by what is called the fun and the humbug of the large family in which she lived. There is a spirit of wanton wickedness alive and active in the breasts of a certain description of people, which urges them to mischiefs of humour, as they are called, but which are really productive of severe calamities. The lazy domesticks of large families are more than others tinctured with this vice: pampered and dissipated, acquainted with all the follies of the times, by the luxury of a winter residence in town, they play a thousand antick tricks for the sake of jollity, as they practise a thousand debaucheries for the sake of enjoyment. If there is any ancient domestick, whose fidelity hath given him a sort of inheritance in the household, with all the simple honesty of a countryman who never emigrated a dozen miles from the cottage in which he was born; he is sure of being made the butt for the ridicule of the trim footman, and the pert chambermaid. An old maid is chased from every corner to which she retreats; and is found to take refuge, at last, either in the out-houses, among brutes more human than those from which she has retired, or to some unfortunate sister, driven, like herself, from the abodes of men. A gentleman—by which appellation every one is called who has not had the good fortune, like themselves, to sit in
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the one shilling gallery, and assist, by roaring and bellowing, at the damnation of a new play—a gentleman is condemned to suffer all that empty pride and little cunning can inflict. In short, the manners of a great man's hall are tainted with follies more disgusting even than those of his drawing-room. In the one, my lord and my lady, and my lord and my lady's friends, are politely complaisant, and cheat one another out of their money, or whisper one another out of their reputation, with the most courteous and civil behaviour that can be imagined: in the other, there is a constant series of ill-humoured offices, by which they vex, torment, scratch, and pelt one another, with the best dispositions in the world, or rather with dispositions towards one another neither good nor bad.

In such a family it was that the mother of Kitty Wells resided as housekeeper. By slow degrees, they discovered that her mind was disordered with an irregular and unfortunate addiction to gentility; she was constantly fancying herself the descendant of some great family, her mind was so superior to her station, her views were so high, and her propensities so different from the vulgar. This was but an odd right on which to found her claim to gentility. But how many people are seen pretending to birth and rank with no better pretensions? how many miserable beings do we see rejecting every kindly offer that is made to assist them, because they are, or fancy themselves to be, too much of gentlemen for the drudgery of business? and, for the honour of their families, they will rather starve as gentlemen, than submit to live, as citizens, on the comforts of their industry. The maiden-name of Kitty Wells's mother was Howe; the family in which she resided lived in the neighbourhood of Castle Howard, the beautiful seat of the young Earl of Carlisle. One of the lowest of the servants, to whom Mrs. Wells would never condescend to speak, 'because it would *arrogate from the indignation of her rank to hold aversion with such infernal sillies!*' had a good deal of archness in his mind; and being instigated by the haughty deportment of the housekeeper, as well as by his natural love of humbug, he came home one evening from a route, given by the butler of Castle Howard, with a most important face. He looked with all the gravity of a man who labours under the

pressure of a weighty secret; his natural levity was gone; he was silent and circumspect; and ever, as Mrs. Wells passed him with her uplifted crest, he would lay his hand on his breast, and make her a low bow, without daring to lift his eyes from the ground. The servants stared; the housekeeper was gratified; and, in the course of half an hour, whisked into the hall six or seven times, to receive the reverence of Robin; on all which occasions he started from his seat and repeated his bow. It was in vain for the servants to enquire the cause of this extraordinary conduct; he preserved his gravity, his silence, and his secret. The morning came, and Robin was still as troubled in his mind, and as submissive to Mrs. Wells. After carrying on this gloomy farce for some days, and winding up to the utmost pitch the curiosity of the whole family, he suffered himself to be prevailed on by one of the dairymaids, a talkative girl, with whom he had an intrigue, to declare the whole of the mystery. After extorting from her a solemn promise of secrecy, which he very well knew the world without solemnity break, he told her a wonderful story of an apparition that had appeared to him on the night of the route. 'In coming,' says he, 'from the castle, down the long avenue, which is shaded with elms, I was not altogether at my ease, for you know there was always a story that a ghost has been seen wandering about the walls of the castle. It was twelve o'clock, and the night was dimly dark; there was not a single star in all the heavens, and there was no moon. I whistled, to keep myself from thinking; but it would not do; my hair somehow was unsettled, it felt as if it were bristling on my head; and I was constantly turning my eyes, by compulsion, from one side to another, attracted by the supposition of a glaring head, or of a bloody hand. Just as I came to the pigeon-house, and was in all this confusion, I heard a flutter of something behind me; I started, stood still, shook, and stared, but saw nothing. Well, I collected myself as well as I could, believed it was only a pigeon, and crept away from the place. I had not gone a hundred yards, and just as I had made up my mind to believe that it was a pigeon, I was stopped of a sudden by some invisible power. It came over me all at once, just like the night-

mare;

mare; but somehow I was not terrified as before, or rather I was petrified, and was not able to feel at all. "Robin!" said a voice, that came from I know not what. "Lord have mercy upon me!" said I. "Robin, don't be afraid," said the voice. "Our Father which art in heaven!" said I. "Don't be afraid, Robin," it repeated; "I am only a ghost, and have wandered up and down this avenue, and round the castle, for this hundred years and more: I am the ghost of Charles Howard, the unhappy Charles Howard, who was said to have died an infant, but who was really exposed, and saved by accident. I was carried to Manchester, and brought up, by the name of Howe, to the mean employment of a weaver, although I was the son of Castle Howard; and Mrs. Wells, Robin, your housekeeper, is my granddaughter: Oh that the grand-daughter of Castle Howard should be reduced to the station of a menial servant, and that, too, under the very walls of her own seat! Go, therefore, Robin, and contrive to make her leave a place where she cannot continue without degrading her ancestors. Robin, I shall never be happy till my grand-child leaves this spot. If she must be a servant, let it not be upon my own haunts, for I dare not leave them." This was the secret with which Robin was so full; he told it with great art, for he had an archness, accompanied with an easy cunning address, which he had acquired by living with a young barrister of the Middle Temple. Just as he had imagined, the story was told, improved, heightened, and inflated to a pitch of terrific wonder, in less than four hours. The same night, at an hour the most favourable to superstition and credulity, the story was communicated to the person whom it was intended to delude. Where the heart was predisposed to favour the deception, the conquest was very easy: poor Mrs. Wells, who was but too fanciful before, became in a great degree frantick with the tale; she slept none that night; in the morning she sought for Robin: there was a formal ceremony in this interview; they were locked up in her room, and he told her the story twenty times over, with the same inflexible muscles, and without altering a syllable of the ghost's narrative. During all this time the other servants were watching at

the door, listening, and anxious to catch a glimpse of the scene transacting within. Mrs. Wells was so infatuated with the story, that in half an hour she came out perfectly ridiculous, dressed out, and bedizened with a profusion of tawdry ornaments, in which the yellow was paramount, because the yellow was the livery of Howard. The servants now perceived the humbug: Robin was extolled, caressed; and, for mere joy, the butler opened the best henn in the cellar, and treated the whole family with bumpers to the health of Robin and his new-created Lady Mary Howard; nay, in the openness of his heart, he treated his master at dinner with a bottle of that wine which he had reserved for his own drinking. They entered into a conspiracy to further the plot; and Robin was sent for, to engage the servants of the castle in the scheme. Alas! there was no need for much preparation, the poor woman's own temper fought more than half the battle. She determined, that very night, to have an interview with her great ancestor, to make his mind easy, and also to gratify herself with a sight, or a conversation; or, perhaps, she said—"who knows," and she was enraptured with the thought, "but the gentleman's office may have familiar secrets to disclose, or may tell me where *familiar* treasures lie buried." In order to prepare herself in a becoming manner for the honourable and affecting scene, she dressed herself all in white; and slipped out, unperceived, between eleven and twelve o'clock, making the best of her way to the dreary avenue described by Robin. She sauntered up and down this place, without any palpitations, but making many pious oraisons to the manes of her wandering forefather. Robin had spent the evening with loud merriment at the castle, his invention had been wonderfully praised, and after laughing and drinking, and contriving many stratagems for furtherance of their plot, he heard the old clock strike the midnight hour. Robin set off in high glee; but, as he approached the dark avenue, Robin could not help thinking of what he had done: there is a feeling in the mind, which in a dark and solitary scene cannot brook the sporting with serious things.

'At night, an atheist half believes a God.'

As truly and emphatically might it be said, that the stout man who is so ingenious

nious as to contrive stories of apparitions when sitting in a large company round the fire-side, feels a little compunction, as well as palpitation, when he comes to reflect, in the glooms of solitude, on the sportability of his imagination; at least it happened so with Robin. He began to think there was intolence in his conduct; what had he to do with the mysteries of the grave? Heaven would not suffer the secrets of its prison-house to be profaned. These were his thoughts as he approached the pigeon-house. Mrs. Wells saw him; and fancying it was her grandfather, she knelt down, to fortify herself with a pious ejaculation. Robin came up, and saw—oh, dreadful!—saw the white figure kneeling just before him, with its hands raised up and folded. It was too much, in such a moment, for human strength to bear; he trembled, his blood froze in his veins, and he stood at last, like a statue, motionless and glaring. The fanciful Lady Mary looked at him with perfect composure, the composure that is natural to the frenzy with which she was afflicted; she discovered him, and rising, exclaimed—‘Robin!’ Robin started. ‘Lord have mercy upon me!’ says Robin. ‘Robin,’ says she, ‘don’t be afraid!’—‘Our Father which art in heaven!’ said he. ‘Don’t be afraid,’ Robin, said she. Robin took to his heels, and never looked behind him: she followed him as fast as she could, yet he got into the outer house, where he lay with another of the servants; and she slipped in by the garden-gate, which she had left open for the purpose. Robin’s case was pitiable. He was in a cold sweat. He awaked his bed-fellow, and told him his story. His bed-fellow laughed at him, cursed him for awaking him out of a sound sleep, asked what other humbug he had in view, told him he was a good actor, and turned upon his back, bidding him go and catch young birds with chaff. Robin lay all night sweating and trembling, without rest, and with a troubled conscience. In the morning he was ill. All the rest of the family were like his bed-fellow; they ridiculed him for his attempting to impose upon them; and his story and distress were disregarded. He fell ill, and was confined to his bed in a high fever.

The disaster of Robin, which at first was the jest of the whole family, became seriously affecting. The physician pro-

nounced him to be dangerously ill; and while in this melancholy state he lay with the horrors of an expected dissolution before him, at times delirious, and at times tortured with the recollection of his presumptuous behaviour in regard to Mrs. Wells, he was exceedingly anxious to confess the deception of which he had been guilty, and thereby remove, at least, one sting from his bosom. The unhappy woman was also in a fever, but of another sort. Her’s was a fever of the brain, Robin’s of the blood. Her’s was the effect of that hereditary maggot which we have described, cruelly irritated by the wanton imposition which had been practised on her; while Robin’s flowed from the shock of an apprehension in which conscience had a share. Robin’s bore all the symptoms of fatality, while the poor woman’s was lively and spirited. They both deserved the compassion of the spectator, but they were not likely to receive it in an equal degree; for, that the soft and tender emotion of pity may be engendered in the heart, it is necessary that the object under affliction should appear sensible of his sufferings. When we see Mad Tom, decorated with his crown of straw, issuing his sovereign mandates from his aerial throne, do we pity the misery of a man who himself feels no misery? It is the melancholy lunatic, it is the sensible, the afflicted Maria only, that can move the heart, and inspire the soft and sympathetick affection which Yorick so strongly felt, and so elegantly described: the man who, from the wheel, the rack, or (to bring it closer to our feelings by a more familiar allusion) who under the torture of the lash preserves the serenity of manhood, and looks around him with the composed dignity of a soul superior to the weakness of lamentation, he calls upon us to admire, rather than to pity him.

The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear;
And blood must follow where the poniard
 stabs—

But there are men who exalt their species by shewing, amidst the agonies of death, that their flesh and blood are the only mortal parts which they possess. The trembling, miserable wretch, whose clamour is proportioned to his suffering, affects the tender strings of the heart; we bleed at every stroke; we pity, but we cannot admire.

Mrs.

Mrs. Wells's fever bore her on the pinions of fancy into the regions of romance; and while she indulged herself in all the phantasies of a bewildered brain, there was too much rapture in her eye to suffer those around her to compassionate her case. But Robin lay gasping under the misery of his madness; his paroxysms of delirium were filled with ravings of disordered guilt; and his intervals with reproaches more excruciating for being ineffectual. In one of those short cessations, however, he procured Mrs. Wells to visit his bed-side; and there, with considerable difficulty, and many interruptions, he explained to her the poor stratagem that he had practised on her easy mind: but, what was the unhappy consequence? A person whose extacies are the result of infatuation, will not easily be brought to reason. To undeceive Mrs. Wells was to rob her of her transports: instead, therefore, of returning to the quiet tenor which conviction ought to have inspired, she flew into a violent phrenzy, and loaded the miserable author of all her unhappiness with every epithet that rage could dictate. It became a scene which those who are fond of sporting with human weakness ought to have seen: it would have been a lesson to them for life; by which they would have been instructed not to enflame the disorders of their fellow-creatures, for cruel must be the pleasure which concludes so fatally. They tore her away, but they could not overcome her passion. She went into her room, and spent the remainder of the day in a perturbation of mind which may be imagined, but cannot be described. At night she went out again by the same door as formerly; and from that instant to this she never has been heard of, nor seen. Where she went, or what was her fate, the worthy and humane gentleman with whom she had resided as housekeeper was never able to discover. In the morning, the servants were sent to traverse the fields and parks in every direction; nay, the ponds and rivers were dragged, but all to no purpose. Her departure in this strange manner soon became the topick of general conversation; and, as is usual in a country place, there were a thousand stories of her being seen wandering to and fro, and appearing first in one place, and then in another. These stories, the hasty invention of wonder or weakness,

VO L. II.

it is not necessary to relate, since they were at once ridiculous and untrue. Robin slowly recovered, to exhibit to the affected family, of which he had formerly been the soul, the wasted and melancholy picture of a man who, having wantonly provoked the distemper of an unhappy creature, was now labouring under the mental punishment of being her destroyer; a conscious criminal rendered grave by penitence in his nineteenth year, incapable of sharing in the joys or pleasures of youth.

Kitty Wells, at the time of her mother's departure, was only seven years of age: she therefore received no durable impression by the event; and, at the end of a few weeks, she was sent for by a Mr. Atkinson, of Northampton, a relation of her mother, under whose care and kindness she soon lost the few faint traces that remained in her mind. She continued with him, and received an education suitable to her rank in life, just sufficient to qualify her for a decent service, or a feminine employment. In the month of November last, having entered her sixteenth year, Mr. Atkinson sent her to London, to an uncle, a half-brother of her mother, who had been for many years one of his majesty's coachmen. The letter was addressed to him at his house, and she was sent up by the coach. No adventure worth the recital occurred to her during the journey; but with a good deal of painful anxiety, and that sort of timid surprise which an innocent girl feels on her first entering the crowded streets, and the noisy bustle of the metropolis, she arrived at her uncle's house. But what was the shock of her astonishment and despair, when she found that her uncle had been dead for some months; and that his death had been irregular, as he had put an end himself to his existence! It would be painful to enter into a minute description of the particulars. Like Kitty's own mother, he possessed an hereditary disturbance in his mind, which had pushed him to the horrid perpetration of suicide.

Of all crimes, that surely should be avoided; nature, reason, and every action of the brute creation, shews this observation: and shall man, the first and noblest of all, want that fortitude? In all troubles, in all cares and adversities, look up to Providence, pay attention to the Supreme Being, who will give you

L strength.

strength and resolution to overcome difficulties.

Should they arise from persecutions, console yourself with the comparison of others more unfortunate, and be gratefully thankful for your situation; if from errors and temptations, resolve to err no more; supplicate the Divine will, and he will hear: but, above all, remember the Lord gave, and the great Creator is only to dispose of our lives. It is a weakness; it is cowardice: we wish, we accept the blessings of this life, but want resolution to bear the evils, when they are only to dispose us for, perhaps, our good. Job was punished to try his strength; he prevailed: and therefore let us, in all our troubles, in all our dangers, say—'It is God's work, and let his will be done.' Perhaps, by relying on him, our future days may be happy; and, in the end, we may bless the rod of affliction.

Kitty gave way to these clamorous emotions of grief which are likely to draw the attention and excite the pity of the beholder. In this miserable situation, without a friend, relation, or acquaintance, in the midst of the great metropolis of the kingdom, inexperienced and simple, destitute and dejected, she was found by the charity of Mrs. Broadhead, a lady who unites the elegance of fashion with the splendor of benevolence; and, while she prepares the most sumptuous entertainments for the great and affluent, does not forget to supply the needy with the less brilliant but more substantial comforts of life. She enquired into the poor girl's case, and took her home to her mansion in Portland Place, with the view of procuring her a situation in some respectable family; or, at least, providing for her in some way or another, that she might be snatched from the dangers of destitution. After having kept her in her eye for a fortnight, and finding her totally unfit to be trusted by herself, she thought the best way was to send her down to Eltham, to find out, if possible, her father, whom she had not seen for so many years. The undertaking was almost romantick; for, during the space of ten years, she had never heard of her father; she knew not where he lived, or whether he was yet alive or not: he had only been a labourer in a low condition, and his obscurity might elude her strictest search. But the attempt was to be made; and a servant

was sent to conduct her to the stage, which sets out every day from Charing Cross. The footman was unfortunately as ignorant of the town as she was herself: they missed their way; and, instead of getting to their destination, wandered through Holborn, and were reconnoitred by one of those sharpers who, under the character of smugglers, impose on the ignorant the manufactures of Manchester and Spitalfields as the finest silks and muslins from India. These fellows are to be seen every day in the great thoroughfares, buttoned up in large great coats, and crammed on both sides with bundles of their goods, which chiefly consist of jammy waistcoat-pieces, handkerchiefs, chintz, nankeens, and all the little gewgaws which grown-up boys and girls, in their first approaches to finery, are eager to procure. He traced simplicity and ignorance in their faces, and cajoled them into an alehouse, where he displayed all his stock in trade, and in less than ten minutes deprived them of the trifle which they had in their pockets. Froom poor Kitty's nutmeg-grater she took the guinea which her patroness had put into her hand at parting, and received in its stead a bundle of fine things, which must be a prodigious bargain, as they were so much under the shop price; and the footman thought himself a perfect beau, by the purchase of a bit of paltry moreen for the breasts of a waistcoat.

Having stripped them of their cash, the friendly gentleman put them into the way for Charing Cross, where they arrived about three in the afternoon; and, to their inexpressible sorrow, found that the coach set off at two o'clock, and did not go again till eight next morning. As the footman was obliged to go home to wait at dinner, they must separate; and they agreed that she should pursue her way on foot. Just as a gay young fellow was coming by, the footman gave her the following distinct route by which to pursue her way. 'You must, Kitty, make the best of your way down the Strand, along Fleet Street, up Ludgate Hill, through St. Paul's Church Yard, along Cheapside, pass the Change, down by the Monument, over London Bridge, through the Borough, and then you must ask the way to Eltham, in Kent.' With this direction, after shaking her by the hand, away he went; and the poor unfortunate girl was left standing

Standing at Charing Cross, at three o'clock in the afternoon of one of the dark days of November, to make the best of her way to Eltham, without knowing a foot of it. She did not stand long without company. There are a set of young fellows in London, whose fathers, having toiled and amassed a fortune, leave them only the employment and pleasure of spending it. Having a great deal of leisure, they learn to be debauchees; and, having the power of purchasing the various gratifications of life, they are constantly in the search of them: from a thorough knowledge of the town, they are able to distinguish between the hacknied and innocent objects of desire; the former of whom they abandon, and the latter they debauch. As young inexperienced men fall a prey to the artful and experienced women of the town, so the young and innocent of the female sex fall victims to those gay, embroidered rakes, whose arts of address and gallantry are heightened by every incentive that splendor, wit, and manners, can bestow. Some of these young fellows are members of parliament. Yes; these very grave, sedate, sober, and prudent men, (as senators surely ought to be) have, some of them, heads as green, and hearts as passionate, as any other members of the community; and, while the Senate-house is filled with boys of one-and-twenty, it must be so. These gentlemen, who may be called the rangers of the metropolis, are everlastingly in pursuit of intrigue; and they have such opportunities and knowledge, that, in traversing the streets, they can select from the number of passengers the particular girls, whose roving eyes, and giddy manners, give them to understand that they have more passion than prudence; and that, if they have not yet fallen, it is because they have not yet run the gauntlet of ardent solicitation.— Hear this, ye volatile and flighty girls; whether you are sempstresses or servants, milliners or mantua-makers! whether you trip in couples to the park, or seat yourselves in the two-shilling gallery; whether you go to church or to market; hear, and be alarmed! You cannot throw about you one inviting glance, you cannot harbour one lurking leer, you cannot breathe one melting sigh, you cannot indulge one tempting titter, without being observed. The rangers are always hovering about you, ready to grasp at your thoughtless hearts, and se-

duce you into ruin.—It was such a fellow who heard the footman's instructions to Kitty.

He made up to her without the embarrassment of ceremony, and with that familiar expression in his countenance which was calculated to reconcile her to the impudence of his intrusion. 'Pray, my dear,' says he, 'will you give me leave to conduct you to the end of your journey?' There are moments in which the heart is easily beset. Let the reader imagine the situation of the forlorn and simple girl. She was in a state of mind favourable to surprize; and, alas! but too favourable to the designs of gallantry. She turned to the young fellow, on this address, and in the pure ingenuousness of distress, burst into tears. 'Heavens! my good girl,' says the gentleman, 'what ails you! Are you unhappy, and can I be of service to you?' Kitty told him, with much discomposure, that she had not a friend in the world, and hardly an acquaintance; that she was in search of a father whom she had not seen for many years, and of whose existence she was ignorant; and that she was going to Eltham, and did not know a foot of the way. This account of herself, so singular and pathetick, at once roused his suspicions, his curiosity, and his feelings. He knew the town well enough to be on his guard against the lures of the hacknied, and he was aware that artifice might be dignified with the semblance of simplicity. At the same time he was anxious to discover the truth of what she told him, from an earnest desire to assist her if the sorrow was real; for he mixed benevolence with gallantry; and though he was heartily disposed to debauch her if innocent, he was as well inclined to protect her if friendless. He soothed her with the most endearing condescensions, and intreated her to step in somewhere, that he might be able to enquire if the coaches for Eltham were gone out, or that he might provide for her some way or another. She made no hesitation, and he carried her into a neighbouring tavern, one of those convenient houses where intrigues, in whatever place they may be begun, are generally concluded. He called for a bottle of wine, and heard from Kitty the particulars of her story, as we have related them. The romantick fate of her mother, and the very lamentable situation of the girl herself, made him take a peculiar interest in her affairs. He determined, with glowing and honest ge-

erosity, to shield her from all the difficulties to which she was exposed: but while he was thus to guard her from others, he made a reservation in favour of himself. He no longer doubted her sincerity. Nature was in her face; she had testimonies of truth in her features and behaviour which could not be feigned, and which he could not mistake. But this was not enough to deter him from an attempt on her virtue. He was the slave of passion. His habits had given such ascendancy to his desires over reason, morality, and honour, that he was constantly in pursuit of objects of intrigue; and a mind not by nature vicious, was rendered so by indulgence. He attacked her with all the violence of ungovernable appetite. He promised her immense sums, threw his purse on the table, and used every art that desire or gallantry could invent to produce her compliance; but Kitty resisted him with the native dignity of innocence. She broke from his arms, reproached him with the baseness of insulting an unprotected woman, whom misfortune and not error had put into his power; and, overwhelmed with grief and fatigue, she burst into a flood of tears. The hurry of her spirits increased the invitation of her looks. The blooming health that flushed in her cheeks received a deeper tincture; and the blood, which seemed to be too copious for it's channels, was warmed into a more rapid course. The gentleman was agonized with passion, but he was checked by the commanding influence of modesty. He then endeavoured to calm her tumults, he spoke to her with the most gentle and compassionate tone, and he assured her that he would not dare to offend her more. She was hushed into confidence, and for a few minutes they conversed on the means of her going down to Eltham that night. The waiter was sent to know if there was any coach going that road; he returned, and informed them that none would go before eight o'clock the next morning. This disappointment threw poor Kitty into the most excruciating state of mind: he seized on this circumstance as a new ground of hope; and, under the tyranny of his erratick passion, he again importuned her to make him happy. She now started up, and in her simple but honest repentment of his behaviour, pulled out of her pocket her whole treasure, a very few remaining shillings, a nutmeg-

grater, and a thimble: from this she took and threw a shilling on the table, to pay her share of the reckoning, that she might not, she said, be under the smallest obligation to such a villain. He could not avoid smiling at her simplicity; but it concluded his prospects, and his hopes of seduction were now converted into the most fervent wishes to protect her. He again, with much difficulty, and many asseverations, reconciled her to her seat; and he procured her promise that she would take up her abode for that night in the tavern where they were, and in the care of the landlady, to whom he would speak, and in the morning he would take a ride with her down to Eltham, and assist her in the search of her father. If they failed, he promised her, upon his honour, that he would provide for and protect her till they could look out for a genteel service, and he would not harbour the most distant intention against her. With these assurances she appeared to be satisfied. It was now between three and four o'clock. It was the first day of the meeting of parliament, and he was a member of the lower house. This gay, unprincipled rake, was a man to whom a part of the constituent body of the nation intrusted their rights; and, with all this foible or vice in his nature, he was a valuable, because an independent representative. He promised to return by eight in the evening; and, after giving orders to the house to supply her with whatever she might want, and intreating her to compose herself and remain in the confidence of his protection, he left her. The poor unfortunate girl having had the experience of his ungovernable temper, and justly fearing that he might renew his outrages when he had her again in his power, flew from the house on the instant of his departure. With a sorrowful heart she walked along the Strand, and down Fleet Street; at the bottom of which she was perfectly bewildered, and stood crying in the middle of the street: she was, however, directed across Blackfriars Bridge; but by the time that she had wandered up as far as the obelisk, it was dark, a very heavy shower came on, and she was wetted to the skin. She asked her way at the turnpike, to Eltham. The people were struck with her misfortunes; and an old man, after examining her very closely, procured her a lodging for the night at the house of a washerwoman in the neighbourhood. The gentleman

tleman who had left her in the bagnio, returned, according to his promise, at eight o'clock; and on being told by the waiter that she had left the house immediately after him, flew into a vehement passion, and swore that they wished to secrete her. In truth he believed so, and with all his debauchery he was exceedingly anxious to save her from their mischievous designs. He searched the whole house, and was only convinced from their patience while he did this, that the girl was gone away. The next morning he rode down to Eltham, and just as he was turning into the village, he came up with Kitty, who had set off on foot at a very early hour, and had made her way to the place without any farther accident. The meeting occasioned considerable apprehension on the part of Kitty, but he dispelled her fears by the openness and re-

spect of his behaviour. The whole day was spent in seeking for her father, whose obscurity eluded their search, and it was by mere good fortune that he traced him at last to a miserable hedge alehouse, drinking his pint of beer with some of his fellow-labourers. The father and daughter met one another with an honest joy; and the young fellow who, but the day before, did every thing in his power to ruin her peace of mind, now felt the most exquisite sensations on her recovery of a natural guardian, and he took the most generous interest in her welfare. He forced upon the father a twenty pound bank-note, with which he might provide comfortably for Kitty's maintenance; and, within a fortnight, he procured her a service in the family of a most amiable aunt, to whom he communicated the story, and where Kitty now resides.

THE

ANTICIPATION OF EVIL.

AN APOLOGUE.

BY DR. DODD.

COMPLAINTS of the miseries of life, and murmurs at the present disposition of things, are heard from almost every quarter, are breathed from almost every lip of mortality. I hough it is not to be denied, that human existence is subject to sorrow; that moral and natural evil predominates, in a great degree, throughout the creation: yet neither is it to be denied, that much of the misery whereof men complain is of their own seeking; that many of the murmurs which querulous mortals emit, spring from the bitter fountain of their own folly and imprudence.

A copious source of disquietude is that anticipation of misfortunes, that ingenious method of self-tormenting, wherein many are so skilled, by which they penetrate into all the possible calamities of futurity: nor ever allow themselves to enjoy the present, through an irrational dread and suspicion of what is to come. As nothing can be more destructive of felicity, so nothing is more disgraceful to reason, or more contrary to that pious dependence upon God, which religion in general, and the Christian revelation in particular, so clearly inculcates.

This evil, without doubt, arises from weakness of understanding, and want of faith. For did men recollect that no human fears can influence futurity; that He, in whose hands are all events, both can and will dispose them according to his good pleasure: they would quickly drop all unmanly dread of the morrow; and labour only to secure his protection, who, sovereign in power and goodness, causeth all things to co-operate for the good of his creatures. From such principles, a prudent, but not anxious, a reasonable, but not distressful regard to the future, would preserve the composure, and ever maintain the cheerfulness of the mind.

Carviceo never leaves his house, but he is under a thousand apprehensions during his absence, lest some mischief should befall his wife or his children: he prognosticates an army of evils, and is generally disappointed, at his return, to find all things well. Ventosus is seldom seen to smile, is commonly ruminating on the mournful situation to which he shall be reduced, in case the vessels, wherein his substance is embarked, shall chance to be taken by the enemy, or sunk by

by the forms; and with these melancholy probabilities, his family, for the most part, every evening are entertained. Carcalla preys daily upon her own vitals, and is often observed to drop a tear in silence; for the conjectures, and forebodes, that her husband, on whose life the whole support of her family depends, will die before his children are brought up; 'and then,' says she, with a lamentable sigh, 'where shall such a wretched widow and her poor orphans find a friend!'

An ancient Apologue—for fables may reach where the more serious dogmas of science are fruitless—well exposes this pernicious weakness.

Beneath the thick covert of a wide-spreading oak, sequestered from the herds, and enjoying the cool of the shade, lay a Stag, with his beautifully-chequered partner by his side; while around them bounded in sporting play, a little lovely fawn, produce of their mutual affection. The forest boasted not a mate more faithful and fond than he; more pleasing and constant than the no gentle hind was renowned through the glade. As she viewed, with tender affection, the branching antlers nodding on his comely brow, the glossy smoothness of his skin, and the elegant beauty of his slender and well-turned legs; full of love she sighed deeply, while a round tear stole involuntarily down her dappled face. Attentive to her looks, he soon discerned the rising sorrow: 'And whence,' said this native burgher of the woods, 'whence, my soft mate, this sad sigh? Wherefore these tears, that steal from your eyes as if they wish to be concealed? The sharer of your heart must claim a share in your troubles; imparted griefs are diminished, as imparted bliss is doubly augmented.'

'Alas!' she replied, 'perhaps the day will come, perhaps it is nearly approaching, in which I shall have no partner to share in my griefs or my joys; but be left a widowed hind, to range the lone forest in desertion and solitude. The mournful reflection for ever presents itself to my view; and I am hourly apprehensive of thy sharing that fate to which the cruel gods have subjected our unhappy race! Full fresh in my memory, nay, present, as it were, before my afflicted sight, is the miserable catastrophe of my brother—a stag of noblest nature, and once nimblest of those that skim light o'er the lawn.

'Shall I ever forget the day, when, breathless and panting, he sought the thick covert where I chanced to lie hid! His bursting heart throbbed impetuously; his weary legs could no longer support him; in anguish and dismay he threw himself along the turf; and, as he cast his eyes at me, who trembling with terror surveyed him, "the big round tears coursed one another down his innocent nose in piteous chace." Just as he was going to vent his deep woe, the horrid tumult of the hunters and the hounds too loudly and plainly bespoke the cause. Unable to fly, he armed himself with desperate resolution; and, shocking to relate! I beheld, at a distance, the blood-happy pack hang growling at his fair-jutting chest: I saw him long maintain the unequal combat; I saw—but, oh! should such fate befall thee!—Nay, and perhaps that pretty innocent one, which plays its sportive gambols around us, unsuspecting of danger, unconscious of the future; that lovely fawn, dear pledge of our fondness; perhaps, too, we are breeding him up to the savage slaughter! Ah, wretched mother!—ah, miserable wife!—is the fruit of thy loins, is the husband of thy love, destined to be torn by devouring dogs; destined to be the sport of men, more devouring and inhuman than they!'

'Cervilla,' said the stag, rising with much dignity and grace, and assuming a tone of authority, softened with love, 'vain are thy complaints; thy apprehensions are the children of timidity and weakness. The tenderness of thy conjugal, the yearnings of thy motherly affection, can alone plead thy pardon for indulging such unreasonable terrors. But say, my loved mate, canst thou pierce into futurity, and see the yet dark and undiscovered issue of things? Or, grant that thou couldst, yet canst thou counterwork the great and irreversible decrees of sovereign Pan, or cause the silver bow'd Diana to lay aside her destined shafts? Suffice it for thee, that these potent deities preside over all the affairs which concern our race. Wise in their rule, they will deal properly with us. It is ours to secure their favour; it is ours to submit to their will. Thy heart heaves with anguish, through dread of misfortunes which never may happen; and, if so, vain is that dread, though thy
anguish





THE EARTHQUAKE.

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. Aug. 1787.

' anguish is a real evil: How many of
' our dappled kindred have escaped, to
' the utmost day of cervine longevity,
' the toils of the hunter, nor ever fled
' before the deep-mouthed pack? Why
' wilt thou not rather anticipate the good
' than the evil? Nay, do but consider,
' should it be the high will of Diana,
' that I and my son flee before the hun-
' ter, were it not more wise calmly to
' enjoy what is granted at present, than
' to die a thousand times, than a thou-
' sand times to suffer, in the fearful ap-
' prehension of the death, of the suffer-
' ing, one day to come! It will be time
' enough to lament when the hour of
' lamentation is at hand: and if, in-
' deed, we are to be sought out for the
' chase, let us gallantly prepare and
' exercise ourselves thereto; that so we
' may have hope to escape, and by our
' fleetness to baffle the scent and sagacity
' of our pursuers. Or if we are to fall,

' let us resolve to sell our lives as dearly
' as we may; revolving daily in our
' minds those heroic principles handed
' down from our ancestors, which may
' strengthen us to meet our fate with due
' magnanimity; and may give us, in
' the songs of the groves, to immortal
' memory.

' Blest in each other's love, my Cer-
' villa, blest in the pleasing disports of
' that jocund one, who now courts our
' attention; with placid serenity, let us
' enjoy what is bestowed; with calm
' prudence provide for the future; and,
' prepared for either fortune, wait sub-
' missively the determinations of the
' great Pan. Make neither what thou
' canst, nor what thou canst not prevent,
' the subject of disquietude; and ac-
' custom thyself rather to crop the golden
' flowers of balmy Hope, than to browse
' on the bitter wormwood of Doubt and
' desperation.'

THE EARTHQUAKE.

A TALE TOO TRUE.

BY THE REVEREND MR. MAVOR.

FROM the scourge of pestilence,
the pinings of famine, or the de-
vastations of an Earthquake, even virtue
must not hope for exemption, nor can
innocence expect security. 'The ways
' of Heaven are dark and intricate;' the
good and the bad are involved in com-
mon calamities, and partake of common
blessings: but the former enjoy the plea-
sures of conscious rectitude, and they
can rely on a 'bright reversion in the
' sky;' while the latter endure the stings
of conscience, even amid the gleam of
prosperity; and in the dark hour of ad-
versity must confess the justice of their
fate, and embrace the spectre Despair,
instead of the angel Hope.

Signora Ramoni, the subject of this
little history, was descended from the
ancient family of Ramoni, in Sicily.
She was fortunate in her connections;
she was favoured by nature; and the
hand of diligent cultivation had rendered
her mind as lovely, at a very early period,
as her person was enchanting. With
every advantage from fortune, and every
attraction that beauty can confer on a

polished understanding, it is natural to
imagine the heroine of our melancholy
tale could not long remain unadmired
and unsolicited. The richest and most
accomplished young gentlemen of her
native isle paid her the most flattering
marks of attention before she had com-
pleted her fifteenth year; but Providence
seems to have reserved her for another
love, which neither party at that time
had ever conceived probable, or even
considered as an object of hope.

Sevini was a young Sicilian of splendid
talents, but moderate possessions. He
had studied at Rome, till the prize of
literature fell to his lot at almost every
competition. His fame had reached the
members of the conclave; his merits
made impressions in his favour wherever
they were known and recorded; and his
manners conciliated esteem and friend-
ship wherever they were displayed. He
was early devoted to the church, by the
premature determination of his father;
and he had already experienced that
struggle between inclination and duty
which is so frequently felt, when a path

is chalked out by parental authority, in which a child cannot walk with pleasure, and from which he dares not deviate without incurring the blame of disobedience.

After having completed his general studies, and before he applied himself to divinity as a future profession, a relaxation of a few months, in his native island, was wished for and allowed. He set out for Messina, the place of his nativity, with that placid joy which ever pervades the breast when we are about to revisit scenes endeared to us by early recollection, and to see persons united to us by the binding ties of nature; and he had the happiness to find, that the arms of his parents were extended to embrace him, and the associates of his infancy anxious to recognize him.

The family of Ramoni had been settled in the vicinity of Messina for at least three centuries; between whom and that of Sevini there had always existed a friendly intimacy, notwithstanding a considerable disparity in their fortunes. The only daughter of Ramoni, who had just entered her seventeenth year, was a visiter of the aged Sevini at the time of his son's arrival. We have already given a short description of the person and accomplishments of this lady; and, in the eyes of a youth of twenty, they did not lose their effect. He saw, and was enamoured, before he had time to think on consequences, or knew that he was really a lover. It was his study to pay every attention to the beautiful Ramoni; but this might be ascribed either to elegance of manners, or to the ardour of attachment. The innocent and amiable fair-one interpreted his assiduity as the proof of a growing passion, which she suffered herself to indulge; and young Sevini with transport perceived that he was not indifferent in the eyes of his charmer.

If she sought the citron grove that communicated with his father's garden, during the sultry hour of noon, he was sure to trace her steps, and to engage her in some interesting conversation. The conversation was, indeed, general; but the looks, which best explain the heart, were too particular not to be mutually decyphered. They were attached to each other by nature and sentiment; and on such attachments only Heaven can look down with approbation and de-

light. Why are they not always propitious! why should the gross and selfish passions flaunt it in the face of day, without fear, and without shame; and genuine regard tread the eye of discovery and seek the shade of concealment!

Sevini began to reflect; reflection only served to torment him; and he fled to the presence of his love, to avoid its admonitions. His father, he well knew, had destined him to perpetual celibacy; and his affection was too sincere to permit him to think of dishonourable gratifications. He was reduced to the painful alternative of violating either his love or his duty. The first is the strongest sensation in the heart of man; and, consequently, when real, will always come off victorious in the conflict with inferior passions. He now resolved to avow his flame, and sacrifice all to affection; but though he had little reason to apprehend the neglect of his mistress, he had as little room to hope that her family would even consent to a match which worldly prudence must deem so unequal. This increased his distress; but his resolution was fixed; and weak must that attachment be which will not inspire fresh confidence, and smoothe the aspect of conglomerated difficulties!

While the setting sun was one evening gilding the summits of *Ætna*, the young Sevini, in melancholy mood, entered the garden, which lay at a small distance from the house; and, in order to indulge his reflections without interruption, sought an arbour, adapted by nature and art for pensive thought and secret retirement. At his approach, he found it pre-occupied by his dearest Ramoni. Her head reclined against the trunk of a tree that assisted to form the retreat; in her right hand she held a book; the left contained a handkerchief, which she frequently applied to her eyes as she read; and so intent did she appear on the subject of her study, that she perceived him not till he spoke. Starting up, she exclaimed—'Is it you, Sevini! I thought myself secure from interruption; and I tremble to think what opinions may be formed of our private interviews, which have been too frequent of late to appear entirely accidental.'

'Charming Ramoni!' replied the youth, 'accident has little share in what you remark. My feet naturally con-

ducted,

duct me to the person in whom my heart has reposed its eternal felicity! You cannot be wholly a stranger to the sensations of my breast: they sufficiently influence my external appearance to witness that I sincerely and ardently love. Will Ramoni, without glancing disdain, permit me to avow myself her most passionate admirer; and will she deign to cast an eye of pity on the unfortunate Sevini!—'Sevini is justly entitled to my most favourable opinion: his merit, his virtues, independent of his expressions of particular regard for me, claim my unreserved esteem; but I know too little of my own heart to define the exact nature of the regard I feel. Perhaps I have confessed too much; but I am unacquainted with the arts of dissimulation, and I am averse to learn their practice. Leave me, for the present, to recover myself from that flutter of spirits into which this unexpected and unusual conversation has thrown me; and, if you are studious to deserve, and anxious to possess them, be assured of the best wishes of Ramoni.'

With these words she darted from his sight, before the pleasing impression they had made would permit him to recover from his reverie of bliss, and to frame a suitable reply, or obey the injunction she had already rendered useless. However, he speedily recollected himself to follow her; and, advancing towards the house, saw her enter the door, which was instantly shut: and thus he was, for this time, precluded from renewing his professions, or urging his plea.

But love had gained an equal ascendancy over the breast of Ramoni: their hearts beat in unison; their eyes, on every occasion, interchanged the sweetest effusions of mutual regard; and had not the destination of Sevini lulled the vigilance of his family, and the rank of the lovely Ramoni stifled conjecture, perhaps every domestic spectator would have penetrated into the emotions of their souls.

Their interviews were now frequent, but private. Time flew on his swiftest wings; and the mournful day almost imperceptibly approached, on which Sevini was again to bid adieu to his native Messina, and Ramoni to revisit the seat of her fire. They well knew that a discovery would have blasted both their hopes; they reasonably concluded that

entreaty or expostulation would be in vain: they therefore agreed on a private marriage; and resolved, if possible, to conceal their connection till the death of one or both their fathers, who were far advanced in years, or till some more desirable occurrence should justify their avowal. The marriage was solemnized the very day before Sevini set out for Rome; and such extreme caution was observed, that even suspicion slept.

The priest who joined them was the only person privy to this transaction; and him they engaged to carry on their mutual correspondence. The melancholy moment of heart-rending separation at last arrived. The sun shot his fairest beams into the chamber of Sevini; the birds carolled their sweetest notes from the spray; the voice of cheerful labour resounded in his ears; and Messina seemed proud to feast his eyes, for the last time, with a display of her most magnificent structures. But he was to bid adieu to his mistress, his bride, his wife; he was to become an involuntary exile from all he held dear; and nature, to his gloomy apprehension, seemed dressed in her most forbidding garb, and every object to sympathize with his distresses.

Ye who have felt the ardour of genuine regard, the exalted glow of original affection; ye who have tasted the luxury of love repaid; think, for ye know, what Sevini suffered at this crisis! what the beautiful Ramoni endured at the solemn word Farewell! To you I need not attempt to describe what the sterility of language denies; and to you, who derive your happiness from insensibility, I disdain to address myself. This frame, which is feelingly alive to every touch of distress; this heart, which vibrates to every impulse of pity—wretched as it is from the keen reflection of losses not to be recovered, and the prospect of ills that still menace a fall—shall never pay homage to unamiable indifference, or seek for shelter in sullen apathy!

Sevini reached Rome without meeting any particular accident to retard his journey; and Ramoni bid farewell to the scenes which were now no longer lovely when deprived of her lord. But, alas! she carried her unhappiness with her. Sevini was ever present to her mind, though lost to her sight; and the tear was often ready to start when she was invited to

festivity and joy. Her father, who was not destitute of penetration, saw the anguish of his daughter's breast; but, as he could not possibly conjecture a probable cause at present for what was too conspicuous to escape observation, he waited till some circumstance might occur to develop the mystery he could not comprehend, and which he was unwilling to investigate by a formal enquiry.

Six months rolled away their melancholy hours, during which Sevini and his bride regularly corresponded, and had hitherto escaped suspicion. This was remote from felicity; but it did not preclude hope. It did not, indeed, gratify the enthusiasm of love; but it repressed the arrows of despair. A time, they fondly imagined, would arrive, when it would be no crime to be known by one common name; and when one house, one table, one bed, would be neither criminal nor unlawful. The fond ideas of bliss they allowed themselves to indulge. Heaven forbade to realize. The storm began to collect, the clouds to impend, and all their combined vengeance at once to burst on their heads.

Signora Sevini began to feel that, if the name of wife might be concealed, she would soon be a mother. This she communicated to Sevini with all that anguish which ought only to attend guilt. He endeavoured to console her; and, by a letter glowing with terms of the most ardent affection, proposed to her that he should leave Rome, and return to that country and that society which was dearer to him than fame, and sweet as life. She was musing on this letter when her father entered her chamber; the tears were trickling down her cheeks, and seemed ambitious to obliterate the writing, to prevent a discovery. The old man saluted her before she suspected interruption—'And whence, my child, proceed these tears? Has your father ever shewn himself indifferent to your happiness? and why should you brood over misery, without making him the confident of its cause?' At this unexpected address she fainted away. The aged Ramoni was eager to restore her; but happy had it been for her had she never opened her eyes again, as she only opened them to fresh scenes of distress. No sooner did her sire perceive his exertions for her recovery were likely to be crowned with success, than he snatched up the letter which lay on the table. He

was soon informed of every circumstance attending her situation. He was too much affected to proceed, or to upbraid her. His feelings wholly overcame him. The violence of his passion and his grief choked the passage of respiration. He dropt lifeless down, and waked no more.

His daughter, with that duty which she still felt, and that tenderness which was inherent in her nature, immediately alarmed the family. Her own sufferings were wholly absorbed in the situation of her sire, and for a while she forgot that she was wretched on her own account: but Ramoni was gone for ever; no arts could recal him, no stimulants bring back the suspended animation.

As soon as the mournful ceremony of interment was over—mournful to a daughter like Signora Sevini, even had it been occasioned by the gradual and irresistible decree of fate; but doubly mournful from the reflection that she had too probably a considerable share in it's acceleration—letters were dispatched by her to Sevini, informing him of the important revolution which had happened in their affairs; and urging him to return and take possession of the fortune which was now unalienably her own. The letters arrived in due course; but they served only to recal him to a love of life, which he had for some days resigned. An epidemick fever, which at that time raged in Rome, had confined him fourteen days: his disorder was arrived at a crisis; and the agitation of mind into which this intelligence threw him, only served to hasten his departure. He died, imploring every blessing from Heaven on her whom, last of all earthly things, he could bring himself to relinquish.

Too soon did the melancholy news reach the ears of the sole representative of the ancient family of Ramoni. Shall I attempt to describe her sensations? No! language may paint ordinary griefs; her's was beyond it's most impassioned powers to reach. She was instantly seized with the pains of parturition; the natural strength of her frame assisted her in bringing forth; a boy was announced to the world; and, for his sake, she began to cherish the hopes of life, which only the affection of a parent for her offspring could render supportable after the death of a husband.

Time, whose lenient balm soothes and reconciles

reconciles us to the most disastrous events, gradually brought Signora Sevini to herself. She suckled her little son; she already traced the similitude of his beloved father in his face; and she wearied Heaven with importuning it's gracious benediction on his life. Heaven, in it's divine decrees, thought fit to reject her petitions. Several slight shocks of an earthquake had been felt at Messina, and in it's vicinity. On the opposite coast of Calabria, they were more violent; and even those who were in some measure habituated to these dreadful visitations of Providence, began to be alarmed. Signora Sevini was at her native seat. She had just put her little boy to bed, and was breathing out a prayer for his preservation before she committed herself to sleep. A concussion of the earth interrupted her ejaculations; a more tremendous one succeeded; a third involved all in one scene of undistinguished ruin. The solid earth rocked like the brittle bark in a storm. Houses were lifted up from their foundations, and tossed in the air; or the yawning earth received them into it's bosom. The mansion of Signora Sevini was in an instant raised from it's site, and fell down at some distance, in one general mass of ruins. She lost the power of recollection; she lost the light of the day; the chasm which received her closed a-top, and horror of the most dreadful kind surrounded her. The earth shook again; the ruins opened where the wretched widow of Sevini was confined; and she was violently thrown out into the space which was once an area before the house. For some time

she lay without any signs of life: every person was too much interested in providing for his own safety to think of another; and she was at length awakened into the miseries of existence by the heaving of the earth under her head.

No sooner had she recovered a dawn of recollection, than she distractedly enquired for her infant. Alas! who was able to give her any information! Terror and death stared every one in the face; thousands had taken their leave of subinary fear, and it's consequent misery; and it was not till the awful shocks began to abate that she could prevail on some surviving labourers to dig into the ruins in search of her child.

She attended their progress with the most anxious perseverance. Every stroke of their pick-axes to remove the rubbish she watched with the eagerness of a person in search of an expected treasure, but her eagerness was of a more softened and humane species. Her features were marked with despair, but it was tinged with resignation; and she exhibited that sort of still grief, which is too deep and too sincere to be heightened by affectation or art.

At last some signs of a bed appeared; her eagerness and her distraction redoubled; and a few strokes more brought her lifeless babe to light. She reached forward to seize his remains; but the violence of her grief, which she had restrained till hope was entirely lost, now totally overcame her: she dropped listless down; and, without a groan, her spirit winged it's way to that Heaven, where virtue will find it's ultimate and eternal reward.

THE HISTORY OF ALIBEZ.

A PERSIAN TALE.

CHA-ABBAS, King of Persia, making a progress through his dominions, withdrew himself one day from his court, led by his curiosity to see the simple, natural life, of the peasants; taking with him only one of his courtiers. 'I have never yet had an opportunity,' says the king to him, 'to observe the manners of men in a true light; what I have hitherto seen, has been all dis-

guise; the simplicity of nature has been hidden from me; therefore I have resolved to look into the country, and to consider those people whom we despise, notwithstanding they are the foundation and support of society. I am weary of being perpetually surrounded by courtiers, who watch my looks and my words to ensnare me with flattery. Be not surprized, then, that I have de-

M 2 'terminated

• terminated to lay aside the king for a
• time, that I may converse, freely and
• unknown, with husbandmen and shep-
• herds.

He passed through several villages with his confident; and in every place, as he passed, he found the people dancing. His heart was ravished with delight upon discovering the cheap, innocent, peaceable pleasures, which are not to be found but at a distance from courts. He went into a hut to refresh himself; and as, through fasting and exercise, his appetite was keen, he made a delicious repast, and relished the coarse fare that was laid before him beyond the delicacies of his own table.

From the little green hut Cha-Abbas wandered on with his companion, till he came to a meadow richly embroidered with flowers, and shaded on every side with spreading trees. He had not entered far into this luxuriant scene, when he heard the murmur of a brook; and advancing forward, he perceived a young shepherd sitting on the bank of the stream under the cool shade of a beech-tree, and playing on his pipe, while his flock fed along the fresh margin. The king came up to him; and, attentively eyeing him, was surprized at the sweetness and ingenuity of his countenance, tempered with a graceful simplicity. The mean apparel of the youth did not abate his comeliness; and the king took him for some young nobleman in disguise: hereupon, the shepherd informed him, that his father and his mother lived in the next village, and that his name was Alibez.

The more Cha-Abbas discoursed with him, the more he admired the modesty and the justness of his answers. His eyes were lively, without the least fierceness; his voice was sweet and insinuating; and his features were neither harsh nor vulgar, nor yet soft or effeminate. The shepherd, who was not above sixteen years of age, was unconscious of his own advantageous form; and suspected not that his person, his speech, and his thoughts, were extraordinary, or peculiar more to him than to all the other swains of the village: but Nature had been liberal to him, and had implanted that force of reason in his mind which others acquire by education.

The king was charmed with conversing familiarly with him, and often smiled at the natural expressions of the youth, whose answers were unconstrained, his

lips speaking the language of his heart; a style of conversation which, till then, the king had never heard. Wherefore he made a sign to the courtier, his companion, not to discover him, fearing that Alibez would immediately lose all his frankness and his natural graces, if he knew before whom he spoke.

After a long conversation, 'I am at last convinced,' said the prince to his confident, 'that the perfections of nature are not confined to birth and grandeur; and, that the monarch is not always superior to the peasant. Never was the son of a king better born than this young shepherd. I should think myself happy in a son, whose beauty, whose sense, and whose virtues, were equal to the rare endowments I have observed in this youth. If I judge aright, he would excel in any condition of life; and if proper care be taken of his education, he will undoubtedly one day prove an extraordinary man: therefore I am determined to rescue him from obscurity, and to educate him in my court.'

Hereupon the king disclosed himself to Alibez, whose countenance was agreeably varied with confusion, with surprise, and with joy. His parents consenting, Cha-Abbas took the lovely youth into his care, and returned to his palace. Alibez was taught to read and to write, to dance and to sing, and had masters appointed to instruct him in all the arts and sciences which embellish and improve the understanding. He was at first dazzled with the splendor of the court, and the great change in his fortune made some small alteration in his mind. His youth and his beauty both conspired to incline his heart a little to vanity. The sheep-hook, the pipe, and the shepherd's garb, were laid aside; he was now clothed in a purple robe, and a turban sparkling with jewels; and his beauty was the admiration of the court. Nevertheless, he wanted not diligence and application to render himself capable of the most serious affairs. As he grew into years and experience, he merited the confidence of his master, who observing his genius admirably turned for the splendor and magnificence of a court, made him keeper of all his jewels and costly furniture, a post of great honour and trust in Persia.

While the great Cha-Abbas lived, Alibez grew daily in the favour of his master.

master. As his years increased, and his judgment ripened he often called to mind his former condition, with a sensible regret. 'O blessed days!' would he say to himself; 'days of innocence! days, in which I relished uninterrupted joys, not mixed with fears! O days, such as I have never since enjoyed! and am I never to see the like again? The monarch who has deprived me of my peaceable hours, by delivering me over to riches and honours, has robbed me of my whole store of happiness!' He grew impatient to revisit his native village; and his heart beat with emotions of tenderness as he viewed the places where, in his youth, he used to dance, to pipe, and to sing, with his companions. He was liberal in bounties to his parents, his relations, and all his acquaintance: but he earnestly entreated them, as they tendered their own felicity, never to quit the tranquillity of the country-life; nor ever once to think of experiencing the flattering miseries of a court.

These miseries did he feel in the utmost severity, after the death of his kind master Cha-Abbas, who was succeeded by his son Cha-Sephi. A cabal of courtiers, full of envy and artifice, concerted measures to prejudice the prince against Alibez. 'He has abused,' said they, 'the confidence of the late king: he has amassed immense treasures; and has converted to his own use the most valuable jewels of the crown, which were committed to his care.'

Cha-Sephi was young; and, at the same time, he was a monarch either of which circumstances was alone sufficient to render him credulous, inadvertent, and averse to business. He had the vanity to pride himself upon reforming all his father's regulations; and he called the old king's wisdom in question upon all occasions, to magnify his own. That he might have a pretext to remove Alibez from his high post, he ordered him, by the advice of his wicked counsellors, to produce immediately the great scymetar, studded with diamonds of an inestimable value, which the king, his grandfather, used in combats. Cha Abbas, it seems, had formerly taken all the valuable diamonds off from this scymetar; and Alibez proved, by unquestionable witnesses, that the stones had been disposed of by the late king, before he was appointed keeper of the jewels.

When the enemies of Alibez found

that they could not ruin him by this pretence, they advised Cha-Sephi to command him to make a particular inventory, within fifteen days, of all the jewels and valuable furniture entrusted to his care. The fifteen days expired, Cha-Sephi demanded he might view all the particulars specified in the inventory. Alibez set open all the doors, and shewed him every thing committed to his keeping: there was nothing wanting; every thing was ranged in exact order, and preserved with great care. The king was again disappointed, and greatly surprized, when he saw the regularity observed in the disposition of all his treasures: so that he began to entertain a favourable opinion of Alibez; when casting his eye through a long gallery, full of rich furniture, he discovered, at the end of it, an iron door, strongly barred with three great locks. Thereupon, the invidious courtiers, observing the curiosity of the king, whispered to him, 'It is there Alibez has treasured up all the riches of which he has defrauded you.'

Hereupon the king again grew jealous of Alibez, and with a loud voice cried out in a rage, 'I will instantly see what lies concealed within that strong place; take off the locks, and clear yourself from my suspicions without delay.' At these words, Alibez threw himself prostrate at the feet of his prince, conjuring him in the most solemn manner not to take from him the only valuable treasure he had upon earth. 'It is not equitable,' said he, 'that I should be at once deprived of my whole substance, my sole resource, on which alone I have depended, as my recompence for the services of many years under the king your father. Take every thing else, if you please, from me, but let me preserve what I have treasured here.' The king now made no doubt of the iniquity of his minister; and, raising his voice with greater vehemence, gave an absolute command to have the iron door set open. When Alibez saw it was not safe longer to resist the will of his prince, he produced the keys, and took off the locks himself from the door.

The king immediately entered the strong place; and all the wealth he found there, was a sheep-hook, a pipe, and a shepherd's habit which Alibez had worn; all which he often took a pleasure in visiting privately, to remind him of his former

former condition. 'Behold,' said he, 'great king, the precious remains of my former happiness! neither fortune, nor your power, have as yet been able to deprive me of them. Behold my treasure, the wealth I have hoarded against the day when it shall please you to make me poor again! Take from me every thing else, but let me enjoy these dear pledges of my first state of life. Behold my substantial riches, which will never fail! Look upon these simple, these innocent possessions; always sufficient for those who do not covet the superfluities of life. Freedom, ease, and security, are the blessings that flow from them: to me, their value is inestimable, as they never gave me a moment's anxiety. O endearing remembrances of true felicity! on you are my whole desires fixed; to you I dedicate the remainder of my days! Why was it my destiny, to be obliged to give up the quiet of my life in exchange for other riches? Those riches, great monarch, do I restore to you; the fatal tokens of your father's liberality. I carry nothing away, save what I possessed when the king your

father first made me wretched by his favours.'

The heart of the king was touched with the speech of Alibez, whose looks and words were free from confusion; and his integrity and innocence shone out in their full lustre. The king perceived, with indignation, the malice of the courtiers, who had studied the ruin of Alibez; and he banished them all from his presence. After this, he raised Alibez to be his prime vizier, and committed the whole affairs of the kingdom to his care. Nevertheless, Alibez continued still to visit his sheep-hook, his pipe, and his ancient garb; and he still kept them under the security of the iron door, with a resolution to retire to his pastoral life, when the inconstancy or the artifices of a court should deprive him of his master's favour. He lived to a good old age; and never attempted to inflict any punishment upon his enemies, nor to amass riches to himself: and, when he died, he left to his family no greater wealth than was sufficient to enable them to live at ease in the condition of shepherds; which, to the last, he esteemed the most desirable state of life.

CHAUBERT, THE MISANTHROPIST.

AMONGST the variety of human events which come under the observation of every man of common experience in life, many instances must occur to his memory of the false opinions he has formed of good and evil fortune. Things, which we lament as the most unhappy occurrences and the severest dispensations of Providence, frequently turn out to have been vouchsafements of a contrary sort; while our prosperity and success, which for a time delight and dazzle us with gleams of pleasure and visions of ambition, turn against us in the end of life, and sow the bed of death with thorns, that goad us in those awful moments when the vanities of this world lose their value, and the mind of man, being on its last departure, takes a melancholy review of time mispent and blessings misapplied.

Though it is part of every good man's religion to resign himself to God's will, yet a few reflections upon the worldly wisdom of that duty, will be of use to every one who falls under the immediate

pressure of what is termed misfortune in life. By calling to mind the false estimates we have frequently made of worldly good and evil, we shall get Hope on our side, which, though all friends else should fail us, will be a cheerful companion by the way. By a patient acquiescence under painful events for the present, we shall be sure to contract a tranquillity of temper, that will stand us in future stead; and, by keeping a fair face to the world, we shall, by degrees, make an easy heart, and find innumerable resources of consolation which a fretful spirit never can discover.

'I wonder why I was so uneasy under my late loss of fortune,' said a very worthy gentleman to me the other day, 'seeing it was not occasioned by my own misconduct; for the health and content I now enjoy, in the humble station I have retired to, are the greatest blessings of my life; and I am devoutly thankful for the event which I deplored.' How often do we hear young unmarried people exclaim—'What an escape

* escape have I had from such a man, or such a woman!' And yet, perhaps, they had not wisdom enough to suppose this might turn out to be the case at the time it happened; but complained, lamented, and reviled, as if they were suffering persecution from a cruel and tyrannick Being, who takes pleasure in tormenting his unoffending creatures.

An extraordinary example occurs to me of this criminal excess of sensibility, in the person of a Frenchman, named Chaubert, who happily lived long enough to repent of the extravagance of his misanthropy. Chaubert was born at Bourdeaux, and died there not many years ago, in the Franciscan convent. I was in that city soon after this event, and my curiosity led me to collect several particulars relative to this extraordinary humourist. He inherited a good fortune from his parents; and, in his youth, was of a benevolent disposition, subject, however, to sudden caprices and extremes of love and hatred. Various causes are assigned for his misanthropy; but the principal disgust, which turned him furious against mankind, seems to have arisen from the treachery of a friend, who ran away with his mistress, just when Chaubert was on the point of marrying her. The ingratitude of this man was certainly of a very black nature, and the provocation heinous; for Chaubert, whose passions were always in extremes, had given a thousand instances of romantick generosity to this unworthy friend, and reposed an entire confidence in him in the matter of his mistress: he had even saved him from drowning one day at the imminent risque of his life, by leaping out of his own boat into the Garonne, and swimming to the assistance of his, when it was sinking in the middle of the stream. His passion for his mistress was no less vehement; so that his disappointment had every aggravation possible; and, operating upon a nature more than commonly susceptible, reversed every principle of humanity in the heart of Chaubert, and made him, for the greatest part of his life, the declared enemy of human nature.

After many years passed in foreign parts, he was accidentally brought to his better senses, by discovering, that through these events, which he had so deeply resented, he had providentially escaped from miseries of the most fatal nature: thereupon he returned to his own country; and, entering into the order of Franciscans, employed the remainder of his life in

atoning for his past errors, after the most exemplary manner. On all occasions of distress, Father Chaubert's zeal presented itself to the relief and comfort of the unfortunate; and sometimes he would enforce his admonitions of resignation by the lively picture he would draw of his own extravagances. In extraordinary cases, he has been known to give his communicants a transcript or diary, in his own hand-writing, of certain passages of his life, in which he had minuted his thoughts at the time they occurred, and which he kept by him for such extraordinary purposes. This paper was put into my hands by a gentleman who had received much benefit from this good man's conversation and instruction: I had his leave for transcribing it, or publishing it, if I thought fit; this I shall now avail myself of, as I think it is a very curious journal.

CHAUBERT'S DIARY.

MY son, whoever thou art, profit by the words of experience; and let the example of Chaubert, who was a beast without reason, and is become a man by repentance, teach thee wisdom in adversity, and inspire thy heart with sentiments of resignation to the will of the Almighty!

When the treachery of the people, which I ought to have despised, had turned my heart to marble, and my blood to gall, I was determined upon leaving France, and seeking out for some of those countries from whose famished inhabitants nature witholds her bounty, and where men groan in slavery and sorrow. As I passed through the frontiers of Spain, and saw the peasants dancing in a ring to the pipe, or carousing at their vintages, indignation smote my heart, and I wished that Heaven would dash their cups with poison, or blast the sunshine of their joys with hail and tempest.

I traversed the delightful province of Biscay, without rest to the soles of my feet, or sleep to the temples of my head. Nature was before my eyes, dressed in her gayest attire. 'Thou mother of fools!' I exclaimed, 'why dost thou trick thyself out so daintily, for knaves and harlots to make a property of thee? The children of thy womb are vipers in thy bosom, and will sting thee mortally, when thou hast given them their fill at thy improvident breasts.' The birds chaunted in the groves, the fruit-trees glistered

glistered on the mountain sides, the water falls made musick for the echoes, and man went singing to his labour. 'Give me,' said I, 'the clank of fetters, and the yell of galee-slaves under the lashes of the whip!' and, in the bitterness of my heart, I cursed the earth, as I trod over it's prolifick surface.

I entered the ancient kingdom of Castile, and the prospect was a recreation to my sorrow-vexed soul. I saw the lands lie waste and fallow; the vines trailed on the ground, and buried their fruitage in the furrows; the hand of man was idle, and nature slept, as in the cradle of creation; the villages were thinly scattered, and ruin sat upon the unroofed sheds, where lazy pride lay stretched upon it's straw, in beggary and vermin. 'Ah! this is something,' I cried out; 'this scene is fit for man, and I'll enjoy it.' I saw a yellow, half-starved form, cloaked to the heels in rags, his broad-brimmed beaver on his head, through which his staring locks crept out in squalid shreds, that fell like snakes upon the shoulders of a fiend. 'Such ever be the fate of human nature! I'll aggravate his misery by the insult of charity. Hark'e, Castilian!' I exclaimed, 'take this pistette; it is coin, it is silver from the mint of Mexico; a Spaniard dug it from the mine, a Frenchman gives it you; put by your pride, and touch it!'—'Curst be your nation!' the Castilian replied; 'I'll starve before I'll take it from your hands.'—'Starve, then!' I answered, and passed on.

I climbed a barren mountain; the wolves howled in the desert, and vultures screamed in flocks, for prey. I looked, and beheld a gloomy mansion underneath my feet, vast as the pride of it's founder, gloomy and disconsolate as his soul: it was the Escorial. 'Here, then, the tyrant reigns,' said I; 'here let him reign; hard as these rocks his throne; waste as these deserts be his dominion!' A meagre creature passed me: famine stared in his eye; he cast a look about him, and sprung upon a kid that was browsing in the desert; he smote it dead with his staff, and hastily thrust it into his wallet. 'Ah, sacrilegious villain!' cried a brawny fellow; and, leaping on him from behind a rock, seized the hungry wretch in the act: he dropped upon his knees, and begged for mercy. 'Mercy!' cried he that seized him: 'do you purloin the property of the church, and

'ask for mercy? Take it.' So saying, he beat him to the earth with a blow, as he was kneeling at his feet, and then dragged him towards the Convent of St. Laurence. I could have hugged the miscreant for the deed.

I held my journey through the desert, and desolation followed me to the very streets of Madrid. The fathers of the Inquisition came forth from the cells of torture; the cross was elevated before them; and a trembling wretch, in a saffron-coloured vest painted with flames of fire, was dragged to execution in an open square: they kindled a fire about him, and sang praises to God while the flames deliberately consumed their human victim. He was a Jew who suffered, they were Christians who tormented. 'See what the religion of God is,' said I to myself, 'in the hands of man!'

From the gates of Madrid I bent my course towards the port of Lisbon. As I traversed the wilderness of Estremadura, a robber took his aim at me from behind a cork-tree, and the ball grazed my hat upon my head. 'You have missed your aim,' I cried, 'and have lost the merit of destroying a man.'—'Give me your purse,' said the robber. 'Take it,' I replied, 'and buy with it a friend; may it serve you as it has served me!'

I found the city of Lisbon in ruins; her foundations smoked upon the ground; the dying and the dead lay in heaps; terror sat in every visage; and mankind was visited with the plagues of the Almighty, famine, fire, and earthquake. 'Have they not the Inquisition in this country?' I asked. I was answered, they had. 'And do they make all this outcry about an earthquake?' said I, within myself. 'Let them give God thanks, and be quiet.'

Presently there came ships from England, loaded with all manner of goods for the relief of the inhabitants; the people took the bounty, were preserved, then turned and cursed their preservers for hereticks. 'This is as it should be,' said I: 'these men act up to their nature, and the English are a nation of fools; I will not go amongst them.' After a short time, behold a new city was rising on the ruins of the old one! The people took the builders tools, which the English had sent them, and made themselves houses. I overheard a fellow, at his work, say to his companion—'Before the earthquake,

'I made

‘I made my bed in the streets; now I shall have a house to live in.’—‘This is too much,’ said I; ‘their misfortunes make this people happy, and I will stay no longer in their country.’ I descended to the banks of the Tagus; there was a ship whose canvas was loosed for sailing. ‘She is an English ship,’ says a Galliego porter; ‘they are brave seamen, but damned tyrants on the quarter-deck.’—‘They pay well for what they have,’ says a boatman, ‘and I am going on board her with a cargo of lemons.’ I threw myself into the wherry, and entered the ship. The mariners were occupied with their work, and nobody questioned me why I was amongst them. The tide wafted us into the ocean, and the night became tempestuous, the vessel laboured in the sea, and the morning brought us no respite to our toil. ‘Whither are you bound?’ said I to the master. ‘To hell,’ said he, ‘for nothing but the devil ever drove at such a rate.’ The fellow’s voice was thunder; the sailors sung in the storm, and the master’s oaths were louder than the waves: the third day was a dead calm, and he swore louder than ever. ‘If the winds were of this man’s making,’ thought I, ‘he would not be content with them.’ A favourable breeze sprung up, as if it had come at his calling. ‘I thought it was coming,’ said he; ‘put her before the wind, it blows fair for our port.’—‘But where is your port?’ again I asked him. ‘Sir,’ says he, ‘I can now answer your question as I should do: with God’s leave, I am bound to Bourdeaux; every thing at sea goes as it pleases God.’ My heart sunk at the name of my native city. ‘I was freighted,’ added he, ‘from London with a cargo of goods of all sorts, for the poor sufferers by the earthquake; I shall load back with wine for my owners, and so help out a charitable voyage with some little profit, if it please God to bless our endeavours.’—‘Heydey!’ thought I, ‘how fair weather changes this fellow’s note!’—‘Lewis,’ said he to a handsome youth who stood at his elbow, ‘we will now seek out this Monsieur Chaubert, at Bourdeaux, and get payment of his bills on your account.’—‘Shew me your bills,’ said I, ‘for I am Chaubert.’ He produced them, and I saw my own name forged to bills in favour of the villain who had so treacherously dealt with me in the affair of the woman

who was to have been my wife. ‘Where is the wretch,’ said I, ‘who drew these forgeries?’ The youth burst into tears. ‘He is my father,’ he replied, and turned away. ‘Sir,’ says the master, ‘I am not surprized to find this fellow a villain, for I was once a trader in affluence, and have been ruined by his means, and reduced to what you see me: but I forgive what he has done to me; I can earn a maintenance, and am as happy in my present hard employ, nay happier, than when I was rich and idle; but to defraud his own son, proves him an unnatural rascal; and, if I had him here, I would hang him at the mizen-yard.’

When the English mariner said he forgave the villain who had ruined him, I despised him in my heart for his folly; but when he declared he was happier in his present condition than in his former prosperity, I began to stagger in my opinion, and thought within myself there was wisdom in what he said. I looked him steadily in the face, and saw content of mind impressed upon his features; I turned my eyes inward on my heart, and saw it rent with indignation, anguish, and revenge. ‘There is some profit in resignation,’ said I within myself; and looking at the youth, who had now again turned towards us, I recognized the features of her whom I had once so fondly idolized. ‘Tell me,’ said I, ‘if that youth be not the son of my once beloved Marianne?’ describing her name and person. I was right in my conjecture; my blood boiled with vengeance, and in the bitterness of my heart I exclaimed—‘Accursed villain as he was, who robbed me of life’s only blessing! for his sake I renounce and hate mankind. You may indeed forgive him, for he only defrauded you of your fortune; towards me his treachery is unpardonable, for he seduced the affections of the woman on whom my heart was fixed: but for that villain, I had been married to Marianne.’—‘Had you so?’ interposed the English mariner; then you have great reason to thank God for your escape; for a wretch more infamous than the mother of that unhappy youth, never wore a human shape; but let her sins die with her, she is gone to her account, and the happiest moment of your life was that in which he took her off your hands: if you will turn into my cabin, I will tell you her history.’ As he spoke these

words, conviction flashed in my face! I was ashamed to look up, for conscience had awakened within me, and repentance began to soften and subdue my heart. I followed him to his cabin; and, as he discoursed to me of my deliverance, the blood that had been frozen at my heart, began to melt and flow within my veins. I passed the night in prayer and intercession. 'I will return to my native country,' said I, 'and dedicate my future days to the service of God, and his creature, man. Shall this mariner, who, in the very jaws of death, blasphemes his Creator, and outswears the storm in which he is sinking, have the merit of forgiveness and resignation under real injuries, when I am murdering and reviling in the midst of blessings? Man walketh in a vain shadow; he discomforteth himself for nought; the ways of Providence are secret and unseen, and who can find them out?'

In the morning I called for the son of Marianne; and, discoursing with him apart, I found him modest, humble, and resigned. He had no friend on earth but the Englishman, and to him he owed the benefits of a liberal education: he had been trained in one of the public seminaries in England, where their youth get the rudiments of learning from their masters, and the principles of honour, courage, friendship, and magnanimity, from their playmates. I bade him be of good courage, for that I would be a father to him. He replied, that he had already found a father in the Englishman, and he did not doubt but he could earn a living in the occupation of his benefactor, whom he was determined never to desert, and for whom his heart must ever entertain the gratitude and duty of a son. 'Oh, Sir,' said he, 'that man must have an heroic soul; the injuries he has received from my parents can only be equalled by the bounties he has bestowed on me; and I trust you will not think the worse of me, if I determine to abide by his fortune, and to dedicate my life and services to that country where I have found so generous a protector.' The long-repressed emotions of humanity now burst so violently upon me, that they choked my speech; and I could only clasp the gallant boy in my arms, and shower my tears upon his neck.

The ship had now entered the mouth of the Garonne; and, after some time,

we found ourselves in the magnificent port of Bourdeaux. I landed with the master of the vessel, while young Lewis remained on board, in charge of his benefactor's papers and effects. The first object that met our view was a gibbet erected on the quay, before the door of a merchant's counting-house; and the executioners of justice were in the act of dismissing a wretched being from life, whose crimes had made him no longer worthy to remain in it: he had robbed the merchant before whose door he was about to suffer. 'My God!' exclaimed the Englishman, 'it is the father of young Lewis!' At that word we both sprung forward to the scaffold; and, as we advanced, the malefactor's eyes encountered ours. 'Oh, Chaubert! Chaubert!' he exclaimed; 'I pray you let me speak to you before I die.' My trembling limbs scarce served to mount the scaffold. 'Father,' says he to a Carmelite friar with whom he had been in prayer, 'I have yet one confession to make to you in the hearing of this injured friend: I have abused the confidence of the most generous of men; nay, more, I have attempted his life by poison; and the woman, whose affections I seduced, was my accomplice in the attempt. You may remember, Sir,' continued he, 'the very day before you discovered our criminal intercourse, as you was sitting at your meal, with Marianne and me, in the gaiety of your heart, that woman gave you a large glass of wine, to drink to your approaching nuptials; your favourite spaniel leaped upon your arm as you was lifting the cup to your lips, and dashed it on the floor. You may remember, Chaubert, that in a sudden rage of passion, which you was ever prone to, you violently struck the creature in a vital part, and laid it dead upon the spot: it was the saving moment of your life; the cup was poisoned; a slow, but painful death, had been your fate; and, in that animal, you smote your guardian angel. The next day we repeated the attempt, but you was a second time preserved by a timely discovery of our criminality. Be thankful to God's providence, subdue your passions, and practise resignation. I die repentant: if it be possible, forgive me, as you yourself have need to be forgiven!'

THE HERMITAGE.

BY MR. FISHER.

OF all the misfortunes incident to human nature, not one, perhaps, can be found so mysterious in its rise and progress, and so serious in its consequences, as that which is usually called being crossed in love. It not only attacks the heart in its most refined feelings, but extends its gloomy influence to the intellects, in so strong a degree as to occasion a temporary phrenzy, nearly bordering on insanity, and which, if not checked and soothed by the timely aid of reason, is too apt to end in that most deplorable of calamities. Those who never felt the strong, the impetuous, and I will call them the exquisite, anxieties which are inseparable from that tender passion, and constitute its very essence, will treat this sentiment as the mere chimaera of Fancy, and the airy child of Delusion; such persons will class the hero of the following tale with romantick madmen, nor will the writer of it be exempt from his share of the mistaken ridicule; but the gentle sympathy of candid minds will more than indemnify him for the imputation of folly, and vindicate those emotions which have been too forcibly realized in truly sentimental breasts.

Baron Hargrove was descended from an ancient family of that name and title in the county of Norfolk; and it was his fate to live in an age when ignorance, and, still more, superstition, left very little scope for the exertion of genius, or even for the free use of reason. He was, however, endowed with every accomplishment which nature could bestow; and these were improved by the early exertions of an aspiring mind and vigorous constitution. He excelled every rival in the manly feats of chivalry, was ever most distinguished in the labours of the chase, for so they might then well be called; and, though not yet in his nineteenth year, his youthful brow was adorned with martial laurels, which made him at once the envy and admiration of the most experienced captains and warriors. He was proceeding with eager strides in this arduous career of toils and perils, when Love, that lord of reason, and tyrant of the heart, gave a sudden turn to

his pursuits, and discovered an object still more attractive than that of fame, to be the very soul and centre of his ambition.

It was no small triumph for the fair daughter of Earl Charlemont to captivate a man who was sighed for in secret by almost every lady who had beheld him; and she was, perhaps, the only one of her capricious sex who would for a moment have proved insensible to his love. With all that timid respect and veneration which is the assured test of sincerity, he breathed out his tender regards to the dear object of his affection: the most costly presents were added to the gentle voice of persuasion; and nothing was neglected which could possibly tend to prove the ardour of his own passion, or awaken that genial spark which he fondly hoped might lie dormant in the bosom of his mistress.

Finding himself deceived in this pleasing expectation, and being one day dismissed with a reserve which disappointment misconstrued into disdain, he took a hasty resolution to hide those sorrows in a desert, which the malicious eye of insulting pity might only render more insupportable, should he continue to mix in the fashionable circles. Had he lived in our wise days of heroic refinement, he would doubtless have ended the tragedy with more eclat; that is, he would have died like a gentleman, either by the sword, or (since unfortunately pistols were not then invented) by the more inglorious aid of a cord; especially as the final date of his unsuccessful courtship happened to be in November: but his mind not being sufficiently enlightened by philosophy to know that suicide was not a crime, it pursued suggestions of a less violent tendency, and Solitude became the only witness of its pensive effusions. The place of his retreat, though not far removed from his paternal inheritance, was so judiciously chosen, and well calculated for the purposes of concealment; that had not mere accident driven him from it, he might have easily indulged the resolution he had formed of remaining there till death should release him from his solitary misery.

Affliction is said to be the parent of
N 2 Devotion;

Devotion; and it is well known to what fears of extravagance that may lead the most rational beings, when cherished to excess, and unrestrained by the power of reason. In less than a week after his retirement, the gay and amorous young baron had undergone the most effectual metamorphose in dress as well as disposition: his shoes were cut into the form of sandals, his hat was twisted into that of a cowl, bull-rushes plaited together formed a tolerable girdle, and a tough hazel twig effectually supplied the want of discipline. In a word, his food, his drink, and every thing about him, did not less agree with the life of a hermit, than the gloominess of his abode, which was situated at the foot of a rock; and he who a few days before was sighing out his soul at the feet of a mistress, and who considered her smiles or frowns as the criterions of his fate, was now employed in repeating vows of eternal and inviolable chastity.

Eleonora, who in reality was far from being, as he supposed, insensible to his love, and who had only practised the arts of her sex with the usual views of prolonging her triumph and enhancing the price of her charms, was now not less mortified than surprized at his sudden disappearance: though she had seemingly admitted a rival with marks of encouragement, Hargrove had in every respect the preference in her heart; and to him her hand would doubtless have been yielded, had he waited with patience for the happy moment of compliance. However, after a few weeks of suspense and regret, Eleonora, finding that he did not return, acted her part with much seeming indifference and resolution, and even went so far as to marry a person who she knew had very few pretensions to his merit and virtues.

It was a common practice with those who were unsuccessful in their sacrifices to Hymen, to apply to some holy *father*, by whose intercession they might obtain that blessing from Heaven which can alone render conjugal felicity complete. Eleonora was too impatient for maternal honours to suffer many unsuccessful months to escape, without having recourse to the usual mode of redress. With this view she set out, in company with her husband, on a pious visit to a reverend friar, who was celebrated for having relieved numbers on similar occasions. They had not proceeded many

miles on their journey, which lay through bye-ways, and almost impenetrable thickets, when the dogs, who made part of the convoy, stopped on a sudden before a wood, which rose in a gradual ascent from the foot of a steep mountain, and by their eager emotions convinced the travellers that some wild beast was concealed behind the bushes. They therefore approached the place with caution; and having discovered the supposed monster in his den, which was in reality no other than Hargrove in his cave, an arrow was directed to the spot where it lay concealed. The arrow had been so well shot, as to glance on the bridge of his nose, and the blood which flowed plentifully from the wound was no inconsiderable addition to the oddity and terror of his appearance. The pilgrims having with infinite difficulty made their way to his cell, were so far from recollecting the features of their old friend, in his present condition, that they could hardly be satisfied that he was a human being, and attributed his seeming anger to the pain occasioned by the wound he had received: they therefore began by apologizing for the involuntary injury, while he gazed on them alternately with looks of silent surprize and indignation. But when they proceeded to explain the nature and object of their journey, imagining they had by some means been informed of his abode, and doubting not that they meant only to sport with his griefs, and insult his misfortunes, he flew into the most violent paroxysm of rage, expressed in terms as well suited to the temper of his mind as inconsistent with the garb and character he had assumed. His gesture and actions, indeed, were such as threatened the most desperate consequences to the new-married couple, who made a precipitate retreat; unable otherwise to account for so rude a reception from the man of God, than by concluding him possessed by the spirit of the devil. Hargrove was obliged to quit his retirement in consequence of this unexpected visit, and went in quest of another retreat in a different part of the kingdom; being obliged by the vows he had made to lead the life of a hermit for the remainder of his days. His religious fervor was, however, considerably abated; and he resolved in his own mind to reserve a considerable portion of his property for his own private use; and not, like some of the brotherhood, to trust entirely

tirely to Providence for a precarious and miserable provision. Pursuing his way to the north, he at last took up his abode in the vicinity of Durham, in a place not less romantick, but infinitely more comfortable, than that which he had quitted. Instead of digging out a subterraneous dwelling in the damp cavity of a rock, he wisely purchased a snug cottage, which had no other claim to the title of an hermitage than what it derived from its situation, being built in the centre of a large wood, and remote from every other dwelling: and, as leading a good life, or, in other words, good living, ought to be a primary object with all votaries of religion, in his household assortment particular attention was paid to culinary utensils; inasmuch that his chapel might now be said to be furnished for ornament, and his kitchen for use. He had too frequently found the inconvenience of what the French call *les repas de St. Antoine*, to think of being confined to them in future; and, in order to facilitate preparations of a different sort, every article for cookery was most amply provided. He still preserved the outward garb of a hermit, as essential to the character, but he took care to have it lined with such a shirt as an archbishop might not disdain to wear; and though, according to rule, a spring of pure water ran through his garden, he seldom had recourse to it's streams, a large barrel of Osober rendering such visits perfectly unnecessary. Yet all these attentions to external ease and comfort failed to heal the distemper of his mind, or remove the fond cause of his care and solicitude. In commencing the life of a hermit, he ceased not to be a lover; and the idea of the insult he had received from a woman to whom he had sacrificed every affection of his soul, left him few moments for any species of enjoyment. At times, indeed, pride would so far get the better of his love, as to make him execrate her memory; but these intervals were of short duration, and they were usually succeeded by the most bitter moments of unavailing anguish and regret. 'Alas!' would he exclaim, as he wandered through the solitary environs of his mansion, 'she knew not the excess of my tenderness! She was wholly unacquainted with the dignity of my passion! Doubtless she supposed me to be one of those despicable beings who only flatter the ear of beauty, to insil into it with success the poison of seductory

delusion, or she could not have refused me at least that faint consolation which generous pity will always impart to an agonizing mind. Oh, Eleonora! he would add, 'deluded, cruel, yet too lovely fair-one! could I flatter myself that thy kind concern attended my cheerless pursuits, even this solitude would cease to be irksome, and these shades afford a charm to my disconsolate heart!'

To dissipate his griefs, he made occasional excursions among the neighbouring hamlets, where respect and veneration attended his steps, and Labour suspended his talk to fall on his knees, and humbly crave a benediction. But his principal source of consolation was in a convent of female votaries, who regaled him with excellent cordials, and were never more happy than when Father Nicodemus was announced.

In this manner had five years lingered away without his ever receiving the smallest intelligence respecting the fair-one whose caprice had driven him from society; when one day, as he was sitting pensive and alone, his eye bedewed with a tear which nothing but the recollection of her conduct could have drawn from it, his attention was roused by the appearance of a stranger, who in a feeble tone of supplication earnestly requested to be admitted under his lonely roof, and to be taught by his precepts and example the practice of those duties which constitute the sanctity of religious perfection. This proposal was far from disagreeable to a person who had long been weary of unsocial solitude; and the stranger was soon furnished with a suitable dress, and instructed in every point of duty, to which he attended with the utmost regularity and precision. He was distinguished by the appellation of Brother Timothy, and regularly attended his preceptor in all his excursions; but though his connection with Father Nicodemus every where ensured him the duties of politeness, he never was a particular favourite with the pious dames of, whom honourable mention has already been made.

Eleonora and her husband, who were surrounded with every pleasure which dissipation could point out, or an ample fortune procure, were still unhappy. Several unsuccessful applications had been made to religious men on the subject of pregnancy; but as the husband objected

to one essential point, that of leaving his wife entirely at their devotion, it is no wonder that their interference should fail to produce the usual effect. He now began to treat Eleonora with indifference, which was soon succeeded by disgust; and, after cohabiting with her for a few years, during which time her fortune was sacrificed to the basest purposes of his infidelity, he quitted her under a frivolous pretence, and left her to contempt and misery, in a world where, till now, she had been cherished by the smiles of fortune, and charmed by the voice of adulation. 'It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add, that from that moment she ceased to have a friend, though many were now witnesses to her distress who owed their own ease intirely to her former bounty.

In this situation, nothing ever gave her more heart-felt pain than the recollection of her conduct to Hargrove; whose good qualities now appeared the more amiable, as they were inevitably contrasted with the vices of her perfidious husband. Though every idea of being happy with him was now destroyed by her union with another, she would gladly have thrown herself at his feet, implored his forgiveness, and made every atonement to his insulted love which the most sincere repentance could suggest to a broken heart; but all her enquiries respecting this unfortunate gentleman ended in disappointment, nor could any person even inform her whether he were still living or numbered with the dead.

After experiencing a series of woes, the relation of which would seem to mock the ear of credulity, worn out with care and wretchedness, she resolved to seek an asylum in religious retirement, the last resource of disappointed ambition and love; and, being refused admittance among her own sex on account of her matrimonial tie, she found it necessary to try her fate in the habit of a monk, under which disguise she became the pious associate of her former lover.

The time which had elapsed since their former intimacy assisted to remove every trace of recollection; nor was the circumstance discovered by either till a very extraordinary event produced a mutual explanation. Nicodemus had, indeed, several times expressed his surprize at Brother Timothy's having so thin and weak a beard, which to him appeared perfectly unaccountable; but this was attributed to a natural weakness of constitution, and

every other enquiry was rendered ineffectual by the most circumspet evasions.

One morning, however, the pious brother happening to sleep rather longer than usual, Father Nicodemus ventured into his cell, to enquire after his health, and the reason of the delay. He was on this occasion surprized by a phenomenon which at first struck him with terror and amazement. Brother Timothy, in his sleep, had so far discomposed that part of his garb which ought to have concealed his bosom, as perfectly to account for his want of beard, and some other particulars which had excited the holy father's attention during the time of their late cohabitation. 'Jesu! Maria!' said he, crossing himself at least a dozen times without interruption as he repeated the words; 'what strange metamorphose has taken place in poor Brother Timothy!—' 'Brother Timothy!—' exclaimed he with peculiar emphasis—and his eyes, raised to Heaven, expressed what his tongue would have said, had it finished the sentence. At this instant Timothy awoke; and seeing the grave Nicodemus in his cell, with great composure requested his benediction. This was no sooner granted, than the pious father began to urge several questions of a peculiar nature to his associate, which the reader may easily suppose, when he was interrupted by a loud rap at the door of his cell. Astonished at so early an intrusion, the pious father hastily enquired the cause; and was answered by a villager, in a melancholy tone, that a stranger of genteel appearance had just been attacked by robbers, and was at the very point of death in consequence of the wounds which their barbarity had inflicted.

This intelligence put an end to all farther queries for the present. The countryman led the way; and Nicodemus and Timothy followed with the utmost expedition to the fatal spot: but what was their surprize, when they beheld, in the person of the stranger who had been just assassinated, an affecting instance of that vengeance which soon or late is ever observed to fall on the guilty head! In him Nicodemus beheld with astonishment his successful rival, and his fair companion discovered the husband by whom she had been treated with such unmerited indignity. Every idea of resentment was lost in compassion for his hapless fate; but all their attempts to afford him relief proved inefficacious, and his last sighs

were

were uttered in imploring forgiveness of Heaven for his ill-treatment of Eleonora.

After depositing the mangled corpse in the earth, the two hermits returned to their place of residence; and such were

the explanations and arrangements which took place between them, that a dispensation was obtained, the hermitage disposed of, and Eleonora, in the space of one short week, ceased to be a wife, a hermit, and a widow!

STORY OF FATHER NICHOLAS.

BY MR. MACKENZIE.

THE effects of moral instruction and precept on the mind have been rated very highly by some grave and worthy men; while by others the experience of their inefficacy, in regulating the conduct of the hearer or reader, has been cited as an indisputable proof of their unimportance. 'Among those,' say they, 'on whom Moral Eloquence has employed all her powers, who have been tutored by the wisest and most virtuous teachers, and have had the advice and direction of the ablest and most persuasive guides, how few are there whose future conduct has answered to the instruction they received, or the maxims which were so often repeated to them!' Natural disposition, or acquired habits, regulate the tenor of our lives; and neither the sermon that persuades, nor the relation that moves, has any permanent effect on the actions of him who listens or who weeps.

Yet, though examples of their efficacy are not very frequent, it does not altogether follow that the discourse or the story are useless and vain. Stronger motives will, no doubt, overpower weaker ones; and those which constantly assail will prevail over others which seldom occur. Passion, therefore, will sometimes be obeyed when reason is forgot, and corrupt society will at length overcome the best early impressions. But the effects of that reason, or of those impressions, we are not always in a condition to estimate fairly. The examples of their failure are easily known, and certain of being observed; the instances of such as have been preserved from surrounding contagion by their influence, are traced with difficulty, and strike us less when they are traced.

Formal precepts and hypothetical cautions are indeed frequently offered to youth and inexperience, in a manner so ungracious as neither to command their

attention nor conciliate their liking. He who, says, 'I am to instruct and to warn,' with a face of instruction or admonition, prepares his audience for hearing what the young and the lively always avoid as tiresome, or fear as unpleasant. A more willing and a deeper impression will be made when the observation arises, without being prompted, when the understanding is addressed through the feelings. It was this which struck me so forcibly in the story of Father Nicholas. I never felt so strongly the evils of dissipation, nor ever was so ashamed, of the shame of being virtuous.

It was at a small town in Brittany, in which there was a convent of Benedictines, where particular circumstances had induced me to take up my residence for a few weeks. They had some pictures, which strangers used to visit. I went with a party whose purpose was to look at them: mine, in such places, is rather to look at men. If in the world we behold the shifting scene which prompts observation, we see in such secluded societies a sort of still life, which nourishes thought, which gives subject for meditation. I confess, however, I have often been disappointed; I have seen a groupe of faces under their cowls, on which speculation could build nothing; mere common place countenances, which might have equally well belonged to a corporation of bakers or butchers. Most of those in the convent I now visited were of that kind: one, however, was of a very superior order; that of a monk, who knelt at a distance from the altar, near a Gothick window, through the painted panes of which a gleamy light touched his forehead, and threw a dark Rembrandt shade on the hollow of a large, black, melancholy eye. It was impossible not to take notice of him. He looked up, involuntarily, no doubt, to a picture of our Saviour bearing his cross; the

the similarity of the attitude, and the quiet resignation of the two countenances, formed a resemblance that could not but strike every one. 'It is Father Nicholas,' whispered our conductor, 'who is of all the brotherhood the most rigid to himself, and the kindest to other men. To the distressed, to the sick, to the dying, he is always ready to administer assistance and consolation. Nobody ever told him a misfortune in which he did not take an interest, or request good offices which he refused to grant: yet the austerity and mortifications of his own life are beyond the strictest rules of his order; and it is only from what he does for others that one supposes him to feel any touch of humanity.' The subject seemed to make our informer eloquent. I was young, curious, enthusiastic; it sunk into my heart, and I could not rest till I was made acquainted with Father Nicholas. Whether from the power of the introduction I procured, from his own benevolence, or from my deportment, the good man looked on me with the complacency of a parent. 'It is not usual,' said he, 'my son, for people at your age to solicit acquaintance like mine. To you the world is in it's prime; why should you anticipate it's decay? Gaiety and cheerfulness spring up around you; why should you seek out the abodes of melancholy and of woe? Yet, though dead to the pleasures, I am not insensible to the charities of life. I feel your kindness, and wish for an opportunity to requite it.' He perceived my turn for letters, and shewed me some curious manuscripts, and some scarce books, which belonged to their convent: these were not the communications I sought; accident gave me an opportunity of obtaining the knowledge I valued more, the knowledge of Father Nicholas, the story of his sorrows, the cause of his austerities.

One evening when I entered his cell, after knocking at the door without being heard, I perceived him kneeling before a crucifix, to which was affixed a small picture, which I took to be that of the Blessed Virgin. I stood behind him, uncertain whether I should wait the close of his devotional exercise, or retire unperceived as I came. His face was covered with his hand, and I heard his stifled groans. A mixture of compassion and of curiosity fixed me to my place.

He took his hands from his eyes with a quickened movement, as if a pang had forced them thence: he laid hold of the picture, which he kissed twice, pressed it to his bosom, and then gazing on it earnestly, burst into tears. After a few moments, he clasped his hands together, threw a look up to Heaven, and muttered some words which I could not hear; drew a deep sigh, which seemed to close the account of his sorrows for the time; and, rising from his knees, discovered me. I was ashamed of my situation, and stammered out some apology for my unintentional interruption of his devotions. 'Alas!' said he, 'be not deceived; these are not the tears of devotion; not the meltings of piety, but the wingings of remorse. Perhaps, young man, it may lead thee to be told the story of my sufferings and of my sins: ingenuous as thy nature seems, it may be exposed to temptations like mine; it may be the victim of laudable feelings perverted, of virtue betrayed, of false honour, and mistaken shame.

'My name is St. Hubert; my family ancient and respectable, though it's domains, from various untoward events, had been contracted much within their former extent. I lost my father before I knew the misfortune of losing him; and the indulgence of my mother, who continued a widow, made up, in the estimation of a young man, for any want of that protection or of that guidance which another parent might have afforded. After having passed with applause through the ordinary studies which the capital of our province allowed an opportunity of acquiring, my mother sent me to Paris, along with the son of a neighbouring family, who, though of less honourable descent, was much richer than ours. Young Delaferre, that was my companion's name, was intended for the army; me, from particular circumstances which promised success in that line, my mother and her friends had destined for the long robe, and had agreed for the purchase of a charge for me when I should be qualified for it. Delaferre had a sovereign contempt for any profession but that of arms, and took every opportunity of inspiring me with the same sentiments. In the capital I had this prejudice every day more and more confirmed. *The fierié* of

of every man who had served, the insolent superiority he claimed over his fellow-citizens, dazzled my ambition, and awed my bashfulness. From nature I had that extreme sensibility of shame, which could not stand against the ridicule even of much inferior men. Ignorance would often confound me in matters of which I was perfectly well informed, from his superior effrontery; and the best-established principles of my mind would sometimes yield to the impudence of assuming sophistry, or of unblushing vice. To the profession which my relations had marked out for me, attention, diligence, and sober manners, were naturally attached; having once set down that profession as humiliating, I concluded it's attendant qualities to be equally dishonourable. I was ashamed of virtues to which I was naturally inclined, a bully in vices which I hated and despised. Delaferre enjoyed my apostasy from innocence as a victory he had gained. At school he was much my inferior, and I attained every mark of distinction to which he had aspired in vain. In Paris he triumphed in his turn; his superior wealth enabled him to command the appearances of superior dignity and shew; the cockade in his hat inspired a confidence which my situation did not allow; and, bold as he was in dissipation and debauchery, he led me as an inferior whom he had taught the art of living, whom he had first trained to independence and to manhood. My mother's ill judged kindness supplied me with the means of those pleasures which my companions induced me to share; if pleasures they might be called, which I often partook with uneasiness, and reflected on with remorse. Sometimes, though but too seldom, I was as much a hypocrite on the other side; I was self denied, beneficent, and virtuous, by stealth; while the time and money which I had so employed, I boasted to my companions of having spent in debauchery, in riot, and in vice.

The habits of life, however, into which I had been led, began by degrees to blunt my natural feelings of rectitude, and to take from vice the restraints of conscience. But the dangerous connection I had formed was broken off by the accident of Delaferre's receiving

orders to join his regiment, then quartered at Dunkirk. At his desire, I gave him the convey as far as to a relation's house in Picardy, where he was to spend a day or two in his way. "I will introduce you," said he, in a tone of pleasantry, "because you will be a favourite; my cousin Santonges is as sober and precise as you were when I first found you." The good man whom he thus characterized possessed indeed all those virtues of which the ridicule of Delaferre had sometimes made me ashamed, but which it had never made me entirely cease to revere. In his family I regained the station which, in our dissipated society at Paris, I had lost. His example encouraged, and his precepts fortified, my natural disposition to goodness; but his daughter, Emilia de Santonges, was a more interesting assistant to it. After my experience of the few of her sex with whom we were acquainted in town, the native beauty, the unaffected manners, of Emilia, were infinitely attractive. Delaferre, however, found them insipid and tiresome. He left his kinsman's the third morning after his arrival, promising, as soon as his regiment should be reviewed, to meet me in Paris. "Except in Paris," said he, "we exist merely, but do not live." I found it very different. I lived but in the presence of Emilia de Santonges. But why should I recal those days of purest felicity, or think of what my Emilia was! for, not long after, she was mine. In the winter she came to Paris, with her father, on account of his health, which was then rapidly on the decline. I tended him with that assiduity which was due to his friendship, which the company of Emilia made more an indulgence than a duty. Our cares, and the skill of his physicians, were fruitless. He died, and left his daughter to my friendship. It was then that I first dared to hope for her love; that, over the grave of her father, I mingled my tears with Emilia's, and tremblingly ventured to ask, if she thought me worthy of comforting her sorrows? Emilia was too innocent for disguise, too honest for affectation: she gave her hand to my virtues—for I then was virtuous—to reward, at the same time, and to confirm them. We retired to Santonges, where we enjoyed as much felicity as

perhaps the lot of humanity will follow. My Emilia's merit was equal to her happiness; and I may say without vanity, since it is now my shame, that the since wretched St. Hubert was then thought to deserve the blessings he enjoyed.

In this state of peaceful felicity we had lived something more than a year, when my Emilia found herself with child. On that occasion my anxiety was such as a husband who doats on his wife may be supposed to feel. In consequence of that anxiety, I proposed our removing for some weeks to Paris, where she might have abler assistance than our province could afford in those moments of danger which she soon expected. To this she objected with earnestness, from a variety of motives: but most of my neighbours applauded my resolution; and one, who was the nephew of a farmer-general, and had purchased the estate on which his father had been a tenant, told me the danger from their country *accoucheurs* was such, that nobody who could afford to go to Paris would think of trusting them. I was a little tender on the reproach of poverty, and absolutely determined for the journey. To induce my wife's consent, I had another pretext, being left executor to a friend who died in Paris, and had effects remaining there. Emilia at last consented, and we removed to town accordingly.

For some time I scarce ever left our hotel: it was the same at which Emilia and her father had lodged, when he came to Paris to die, and leave her to my love. The recollection of those scenes, tender and interesting as they were, spread a sort of melancholy indulgence over our mutual society, by which the company of any third person could scarce be brooked. My wife had some of those sad prefaces which women of her sensibility often feel in the condition she was then in. All my attention and solicitude were excited to combat her fears. "I shall not live," she would say, "to revisit Santonges; but my Henry will think of me there: in those woods in which we have so often walked, by that brook to the fall of which we have listened together, and felt in silence what language, at least what mine, my love, could not speak."

The good father was overpowered by the tenderness of the images that rushed upon his mind; and tears for a moment choked his utterance. After a short space he began, with a voice faltering and weak—

Pardon the emotion that stopped my recital. You pity me; but it is not always that my tears are of so gentle a kind; the images her speech recalled softened my feelings into sorrow; but I am not worthy of them. Hear the confession of my remorse.

The anxiety of my Emilia was at last dissipated by her safe delivery of a boy; and on this object of a new kind of tenderness we gazed with inexpressible delight. Emilia tucked the infant herself, as well from the idea of duty and of pleasure in tending it, as from the difficulty of finding in Paris a nurse to be trusted. We proposed returning to the country as soon as the re-establishment of her strength would permit: mean time, during her hours of rest, I generally went out to finish the business which the trust of my deceased friend had devolved upon me.

In passing through the Thuilleries, in one of those walks, I met my old companion Delaferre. He embraced me with a degree of warmth which I scarce expected from my knowledge of his disposition, or the length of time for which our correspondence had been broke off. He had heard, he said, accidentally of my being in town, but had sought me for several days in vain. In truth, he was of all men one whom I was the most afraid of meeting. I had heard in the country of his unbounded dissipation and extravagance; and there were some stories to his prejudice, which were only not believed from an unwillingness to believe them in people whom the corruptions of the world had not familiarized to baseness; yet I found he still possessed a kind of superiority over my mind, which I was glad to excuse, by forcing myself to think him less unworthy than he was reported. After a variety of enquiries, and expressing his cordial satisfaction at the present happiness I enjoyed, he pressed me to spend that evening with him so earnestly, that though I had made it a sort of rule to be at home, I was ashamed to offer an apology, and agreed to meet him at the hour he appointed.

Our

“ Our company consisted only of Delasferre himself, and two other officers; one a good deal older than any of us, who had the cross of St. Louis, and the rank of colonel, whom I thought the most agreeable man I had ever met with. The unwillingness with which I had left home, and the expectation of a very different sort of party where I was going, made me feel the present one doubly pleasant. My spirits, which were rather low when I went in, from that constraint I was prepared for, rose in proportion to the pleasantries around me, and the perfect ease in which I found myself with this old officer, who had information, wit, sentiment, every thing I valued most, and every thing I least expected in a society selected by Delasferre. It was late before we parted; and at parting I received, not without pleasure, an invitation from the colonel to sup with him the evening after.

“ The company at his house I found enlivened by his sister, and a friend of hers, a widow; who, though not a perfect beauty, had a countenance that impressed one much more in her favour than mere beauty could. When silent, there was a certain softness in it infinitely bewitching; and when it was lightened up by the expression which her conversation gave, it was equally attractive. We happened to be placed next each other. Unused as I was to the little gallantries of fashionable life, I rather wished than hoped to make myself agreeable to her. She seemed, however, interested in my attentions and conversation, and in hers I found myself flattered at the same time and delighted. We played, against the inclination of this lady and me, and we won rather more than I wished. Had I been as rich as Delasferre, I should have objected to the deepness of the stakes: but we were the only persons of the company that seemed uneasy at our success, and we parted with the most cordial good humour. Madame de Trenville, that was the widow's name, smiling to the colonel, asked him to take his revenge at her house; and said, with an air of equal modesty and frankness, that as I had been the partner of her success, she hoped for the honour of my company, to take the chance of sharing a less favourable fortune.

“ At first my wife had expressed her satisfaction at my finding amusement in society to relieve the duty of attending her. But when my absence grew very frequent, as indeed I was almost every day at Madame de Trenville's, though her words continued the same, she could not help expressing by her countenance her dissatisfaction at my absence. I perceived this at first with tenderness only, and next evening excused myself from keeping my engagement. But I found my wife's company not what it used to be: thoughtful, but afraid to trust one another with our thoughts, Emilia shewed her uneasiness in her looks, and I covered mine but ill with an assumed gaiety of appearance.

“ The day following Delasferre called, and saw Emilia for the first time. He rallied me gently for breaking my last night's appointment, and told me of another which he had made for me, which my wife insisted on my keeping. Her cousin applauded her conduct, and joked on the good government of wives. Before I went out in the evening, I came to wish Emilia good night. I thought I perceived a tear on her cheek, and would have staid, but for the shame of not going. The company perceived my want of gaiety, and Delasferre was merry on the occasion. Even my friend the colonel threw in a little raillery on the subject of marriage. It was the first time I felt somewhat awkward at being the only married man of the party.

“ We played deeper and sat later than formerly; but I was to shew myself not afraid of my wife, and objected to neither. I lost considerably, and returned home mortified and chagrined. I saw Emilia next morning, whose spirits were not high. Methought her looks reproached my conduct, and I was enough in the wrong to be angry that they did so. Delasferre came to take me to his house to dinner. He observed as we went, that Emilia looked ill. “ Going to the country will re-establish her,” said I. “ Do you leave Paris?” said he. “ In a few days.” — “ Had I such motives for remaining in it as you have—” “ What motives?” — “ The attachment of such friends: but friendship is a cold word; the attachment of such a woman as De Trenville.” I know not how I look-

ed, but he pressed the subject no farther: perhaps I was less offended than I ought to have been.

'We went to that lady's house after dinner. She was dressed most elegantly, and looked more beautiful than ever I had seen her. The party was more numerous than usual, and there was more vivacity in it. The conversation turned upon my intention of leaving Paris; the ridicule of country manners, of country opinions, of the insipidity of country enjoyments, was kept up with infinite spirit by Delasferre, and most of the younger members of the company. Madame de Trenville did not join in their mirth, and sometimes looked at me as if the subject was too serious for her to be merry on. I was half ashamed and half sorry that I was going to the country; less uneasy than vain at the preference that was shewn me.

'I was a coward, however, in the wrong as well as in the right, and fell upon an expedient to screen myself from a discovery that might have saved me. I contrived to deceive my wife, and to conceal my visits to Madame de Trenville's, under the pretence of some perplexing incidents that had arisen in the management of those affairs with which I was intrusted. Her mind was too pure for suspicion or for jealousy. It was easy even for a novice in falsehood, like me, to deceive her. But I had an able assistant in Delasferre, who now resumed the ascendancy over me he had formerly possessed, but with an attraction more powerful, from the insatuated attachment which my vanity and weakness, as much as her art and beauty, had made me conceive for Madame de Trenville.

'It happened that, just at this time, a young man arrived from our province, and brought letters for Emilia from a female friend of hers in the neighbourhood of Santonges. He had been bred a miniature-painter, and came to town for improvement in his art. Emilia, who doated on her little boy, proposed to him to draw his picture in the innocent attitude of his sleep. The young painter was pleased with the idea, provided she would allow him to paint the child in her arms. This was to be concealed from me, for the sake of surprizing me with the picture when it should be finished. That

she might have a better opportunity of effecting this little concealment, Emilia would often hear, with a sort of satisfaction, my engagements abroad, and encourage me to keep them, that the picture might advance in my absence.

'She knew not what, during that absence, was my employment. The slave of vice and of profusion, I was violating my faith to her, in the arms of the most artful and worthless of women; and losing the fortune that should have supported my child and hers, to a set of cheats and villains. Such was the snare that Delasferre and his associates had drawn around me. It was covered with the appearance of love and generosity. De Trenville had art enough to make me believe, that she was every way the victim of her affection for me. My first great losses at play she pretended to reimburse from her own private fortune, and then threw herself upon my own honour for relief from those distresses into which I had brought her. After having exhausted all the money I possessed, and all my credit could command, I would have stopped short of ruin; but when I thought of returning in disgrace and poverty to the place I had left respected and happy, I had not resolution enough to retreat. I took refuge in desperation, mortgaged the remains of my estate, and staked the produce to recover what I had lost, or to lose myself. The event was such as might have been expected.

'After the dizzy horror of my situation had left me power to think, I hurried to Madame De Trenville's. She gave me such a reception as suited one who was no longer worth the deceiving. Conviction of her falsehood, and of that ruin to which she had been employed to lead me, flashed upon my mind. I left her with execrations, which she received with the coolness of hardened vice, of experienced seduction. I rushed from her house, I knew not whither. My steps involuntarily led me home. At my own door I stopped, as if it had been death to enter. When I had shrunk back some paces, I turned again; twice did I attempt to knock, and could not; my heart throbbed with unspeakable horror, and my knees smote each other. It was night, and the street was dark

'and

and silent around me. I threw myself down before the door, and wished some Russian's hand to ease me of life and thought together. At last, the recollection of Emilia, and of my infant boy, crossed my disordered mind, and a gush of tenderness burst from my eyes. I rose, and knocked at the door. When I was let in, I went up softly to my wife's chamber. She was asleep, with a night-lamp burning by her, her child sleeping on her bosom, and its little hand grasping her neck. Think what I felt as I looked! She smiled through her sleep, and seemed to dream of happiness. My brain began to madden again; and, as the misery to which she must wake crossed my imagination, the horrible idea rose within me—I shudder yet to tell it!—to murder them as they lay, and next myself! I stretched my hand towards my wife's throat! The infant unclasped its little fingers, and laid hold of one of mine. The gentle pressure wrung my heart: its softness returned; I burst into tears; but I could not stay to tell her of our ruin. I rushed out of the room; and, gaining an obscure hotel in a distant part of the town, wrote a few distracted lines, acquainting her of my folly, and of my crimes; that I meant immediately to leave France, and not return till my penitence should wipe out my offences, and my industry repair that ruin in which I had involved her. I recommended her and my child to my mother's care, and to the protection of that Heaven which she had never offended. Having sent this, I left Paris on the instant, and had walked several miles from town before it was light. At sun-rise a stage-coach overtook me. 'Twas going on the road to Brett. I entered it without arranging any future plan; and sat, in fullen and gloomy silence, in the corner of the carriage. That day and next night I went on mechanically, with several other passengers, regardless of food, and incapable of rest. But the second day I found my strength fail; and, when we stopped in the evening, I fell down in a faint in the passage of the inn. I was put to bed, it seems, and lay for more than a week in the stupefaction of a low fever.

“A charitable brother of that order to which I now belong, who happened

to be in the inn, attended me with the greatest care and humanity; and, when I began to recover, the good old man ministered to my soul, as he had done to my body, that assistance and consolation he easily discovered it to need. By his tender attentions I was now so far recruited as to be able to breathe the fresh air at the window of a little parlour. As I sat there one morning, the same stage-coach in which I had arrived stopped at the door of the inn, when I saw alight out of it the young painter who had been recommended to us at Paris. The sight overpowered my weakness, and I fell lifeless from my seat. The incident brought several people into the room; and, amongst others, the young man himself. When they had restored me to sense, I had recollection enough to desire him to remain with me alone. It was some time before he recognized me; when he did, with horror in his aspect, after much hesitation, and the most solemn intreaty from me, he told me the dreadful sequel of my misfortunes. My wife and child were no more! The shock which my letter gave, the state of weakness she was then in had not strength to support. The effects were a fever, delirium, and death. Her infant perished with her! In the interval of reason preceding her death, she called him to her bed-side, gave him the picture he had drawn, and with her last breath charged him, if ever he could find me out, to deliver that and her forgiveness to me. He put it into my hand. I know not how I survived. Perhaps it was owing to the outworn state in which my disease had left me. My heart was too weak to burst; and there was a sort of palsy on my mind that seemed insensible to its calamities. By that holy man who had once before saved me from death, I was placed here; where, except one melancholy journey to that spot where they had laid my Emilia and her boy, I have ever since remained. My story is unknown, and they wonder at the severity of that life by which I endeavour to atone for my offences. But it is not by suffering alone that Heaven is reconciled; I endeavour, by works of charity and beneficence, to make my being not hateful in its sight. Blessed be God, I have attained the consolation I wished.

‘Already,

'Already, on my wasting days a beam of mercy sheds its celestial light. The visions of this flinty couch are changed to mildness. 'Twas but last night my Emilia beckoned me in smiles; this little cherub was with her!'

His voice ceased; he looked on the picture, then towards Heaven; and a faint glow crossed the paleness of his cheek. I stood awe-struck at the sight. The bell

for vespers tolled; he took my hand, I kissed his, and my tears began to drop on it.

'My son,' said he, 'to feelings like yours it may not be unpleasing to recal my story: if the world allure thee, if vice ensnare with its pleasures or abash with its ridicule, think of Father Nicholas; be virtuous, and be happy!'

THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

BY R. JOHNSON, ESQ.

AS Togrul, the valiant general of the Emperor Temugin, pursued his march in the cool of the evening, at the head of his army, through the country of Faristan, his attention was one day struck by a pile of ruins, the magnificence of which tempted him to take a nearer view of them, while his troops halted for refreshment.

The reflections naturally suggested by such scenes were interrupted by the sight of an aged man, sitting in a melancholy posture, with his eyes intently fixed upon some fragments which lay in an heap before him, while a flood of tears rolled in silence down his furrowed cheeks.

Such a sight was equally affecting to curiosity and compassion. Advancing, therefore, towards him, 'Pardon,' said Togrul, 'O venerable father! the intrusion of a stranger, who wishes to know the cause of your distress, in hope it may be in his power to offer you relief.'

The mourner raised his eyes, and looking eagerly around—'Is the voice of benevolence heard again in this place?' he exclaimed. 'Sweet is the sound, though its purpose is impossible.'

Then fixing his eyes most attentively upon Togrul for some moments—'Your words, O illustrious young man!' he continued, 'speak a feeling heart; and I see that you have already tasted of adversity. I will, therefore, satisfy your enquiry, though hopeless of its motive; for, alas! my woes admit not of relief.'

Having said this, he turned his face to the east, and prostrated himself before

the heap of fragments. 'O life of the universe!' said he, 'thou glorious Sun! protect these sacred relics from pollution; nor give the ashes of Zelis to the winds, before mine shall be mingled with them.'

When he had offered up this prayer, he arose; and, turning to Togrul—'I have promised to unfold to you the cause of my unhappiness,' he continued; 'but this place is improper. The voice of prayer and adoration only should be heard here. We will withdraw into the shade of yonder arch, and there I will relate the melancholy tale.'

A soon as Togrul and he were seated, 'These ruins,' said the mourner, with a sigh which seemed to burst his heart, 'are all which remain of the sacred Temple of the Sun; and in that spot, now covered with those fragments, once stood the altar, on which my ancestors, for ages without number, fed the ever-living fire, the hallowed emblem of his purity and power; till the Divine wrath, kindled against the sins of mankind, gave up the world to the ravages of the Arabians, who, not content with temporal dominion, dared to attack the sovereignty of Heaven.'

'They polluted our temples; they overturned our altars; and impiously attempted to extinguish the sacred fire, emblem of him whose light had illuminated the world from its first creation: an impiety never presumed before by any who had obtained dominion over us.'

'But Heaven had not so far abandoned the human race. Forewarned in a dream, one of our lineage had built an altar

altar in the mountains of Irac Agem; and secretly removed thither a spark of the true fire, before the sacrilegious ravagers reached this temple.

The horrors of that day are not to be described. In vain did the priests hold up their hands, never defiled with blood, never profaned with any instrument of destruction, to avert the rage of war from these holy walls. The tears of the mother, and the cries of her infants, pleaded in vain. The barbarians were equally deaf to innocence and virtue.

Then did the piety of our race shine forth in all its glory. They gathered themselves around the altar; and, covering it with their bodies, saved the sacred fire from profanation, by extinguishing it with their blood, which was shed without respect to age or sex, and the temple reduced to this heap of ruins.

It is impossible to express the consternation of the people at this fatal outrage. Thinking the sacred fire utterly extinguished, they abandoned themselves to despair, and every where courted the swords of their destroyers.

At length, the spark which had been preserved in Irac Agem being discovered, the poor remains of the true Persees repaired to it; and, preferring those inhospitable mountains to the fertile plains of Paristan without this object of their worship, built themselves a little city, where their posterity hath lived in peace to this very day.

Of all our lineage, there had escaped the general massacre only the one who attended the altar he had built in Irac Agem; and an infant daughter, born to him at the loss of her mother's life, soon after her arrival there.

The danger of losing a race so long endeared to their love, so necessary to their religion, filled the Persees with the strongest fear; but Heaven heard their prayers, and from these two sprung a progeny which hath subsisted ever since.

Though driven thus by irresistible necessity from our native land, once in our lives we never fail to visit these revered ruins, to implore from the Sun a restoration of their glory; and sprinkle upon the remains of his altar the ashes of our deceased kindred, which we religiously preserve for that purpose: and

this was the melancholy cause of my coming hither at this time.

A flood of tears here choked his utterance. He hung down his head, and sobbed aloud for some moments, while Togrul humanely wept in silence with him.

As soon as he had recovered the power of speech—'Were I not convinced of the benevolence of your heart,' he resumed, 'O virtuous youth! I should make an excuse for paying a tribute to nature, which affected heroism has dishonoured with the name of weakness; but I see you are superior to such false refinement.'

This melancholy duty having fallen upon me this year, I yielded, in an unhappy hour, to the solicitations of my wife, to let her accompany me hither.

On the third day of our journey, we were met by a troop of Tartars, who had separated from the armies of Temugin, and ranged the country in search of plunder.

The innocence of our lives, and our known poverty in those things which are called the riches of the world, had ever preserved us in peace with all the nations round. I advanced, therefore, without fear, to the leader of the troop; and, informing him who we were, expected to have been permitted to pursue our journey without interruption.

But, alas! I flattered myself with vain expectation. He had looked at the beauty of my wife with eyes of desire, and resolved to tear her from my bosom.

Unwilling, however, to have recourse to open violence, for fear of opposition from his followers, who, he knew, held our people in the highest reverence, he pressed us to take shelter in his tent from the heat of noon; a courtely feigned, that he might have time to form some scheme for accomplishing his base design.

There are some offers which, however unacceptable, cannot be refused.

The Persees have ever been famed for hospitality above all the nations upon earth. We could not refuse entering his tent without an appearance of unsocial ingratitude, though our laws would not permit us to taste a drop of water with him.

We had not been long there, when he withdrew, under a pretence of giving

ing some orders to his men; nor returned till it was too late for us to reach the caravanera in which we had proposed to rest that night: for it would have been reckoned an infringement upon the laws of hospitality in us to have departed without waiting for him.

Our uneasiness, in such a situation, may be well conceived; but he gave reasons of such plausibility for his absence, and offered so courteously to remain where he was for that night, for our convenience, that we could not avoid complying to stay with him.

His joy at seeing us run so readily, as he thought, into his snares, put him off his guard.

I caught a glance of his eye, as he gazed at my wife, in which I read the nefarious purpose of his heart. I arose, therefore, instantly; and, claiming the sacred privilege of hospitality, proceeded that moment on my journey, along with my wife.

The shades of night falling upon us as we travelled by the side of a wood, my wife was so terrified by the roaring of the wild beasts, issuing from their dens in quest of prey, that I was obliged to give way to her fears, and assist her to climb a lofty tree, where I placed her in safety among the boughs, seating myself beside her.

The fears of my wife seemed to have been impressed by Heaven, to save us from dangers still more terrible than those she was afraid of.

We were scarcely settled in the tree, when we heard the tread of horses; and, in a little time, could distinguish the voice of the Tartar, exultingly anticipating to his followers the pleasure he promised himself in the possession of my wife, as he passed by our place of refuge.

The appearance of the morning at length giving us hope that our danger was over, we descended from the tree; and, having offered up our adorations to the rising Sun, were preparing to proceed in our journey, when we perceived our enemy approaching towards us on his return.

It is impossible to express the horrors with which this sight struck us. My wife, in the vain impulse of despair, ran towards the wood, whither the Tartar pursued her, while his companions seized me.

Her flight was soon stopped. The ravager overtook her; and, mad with desire, attempted to gratify his brutal appetite upon the spot. What were the sensations of my soul in that dreadful moment! But Heaven saw my distress, and heard the cries of her innocence.

Just as he had overpowered her resistance, a lion, roused by her shrieks, issued from a brake, near to which Heaven had directed her flight; and, rushing upon the ruffian, tore him piecemeal in an instant.

Soon as my wife found herself freed from his violence, she started from the ground, and ran with outstretched arms towards me for protection, incapable of considering my inability to afford it, nor even sensible of the means of her deliverance.

But the Power which had so signally saved her continued his care of us both. The Tartars, who had seized me, struck with so evident an interposition of Heaven, no sooner saw their leader slain, than, fearing a like fate for themselves, as accomplices in his guilt, they loosed their hold, and, springing upon their horses, fled out of sight in a moment.

These events had succeeded each other so rapidly, that reason was unable to keep pace with them. I stood stupified with astonishment, nor had power to advance to meet my wife, till she fell motionless at my feet.

This sight restored me to myself. I raised her head; and, laying it in my bosom, attempted to soothe her distress with words of comfort, which I wanted little less myself.

The generous lion, in the mean time, stood over the victim of his justice, growling with savage delight, and lashing his sides with his tail, without advancing a single step towards us, though so near him; till, satisfied with his triumph, he returned slowly back to his den.

It was a considerable time before I could bring my wife to her senses. The conflict had been too violent for her tender frame. Her spirits and strength equally sunk under it; sunk; alas! never to recover. Several times she opened her eyes, and fixed them wildly on me; then, starting in the impression of her fright, gave a feeble shriek, and swooned away again.

' At length, she became more composed; but still she was unable to walk; and every moment we delayed increased my fears of the return of the Tartars, to revenge their leader's death.

' In this distress, I happened to cast my eye upon the horse of the ravisher, which his followers had, in their affright, left behind them, tied to a tree; and, placing her with difficulty upon him, walked by her side, to encourage and support her, till we arrived at the caravansera.

' This was the last effort of her strength. The delicacy of her soul was wounded by the base attempt of violation, and the affright had overshadowed her reason.

' For three days she pined in my bosom; then drooping her head, like a lily torn from the root, expired without a struggle.

' My situation can be conceived only by a feeling heart. O my Zelis! thou wert the delight of my eyes, the hope and comfort of my life!

' I would gladly have accompanied her to the mansions of the blessed; but piety, and my very love for her, equally restrained me.

' Reason had had time to resume her rule during the approaches of her death. The laws of our religion forbid us to shed human blood, even in self-defence. How then could I dare to stain my hands with my own? Besides, who should perform the last rites to her dear remains, and sprinkle her ashes on this altar? Who would perform the same pious office for me, that I may be reunited to her, and to the rest of our holy race?

' I was convinced of my duty, and prepared to fulfil it. I washed her pure body with my tears; I wrapped it in precious spices, which I received, in exchange for the horse of the Tartar, from certain merchants in the caravansera; and, building a lofty pile of aromatick woods, reduced it to ashes, which I have this day spread upon yonder sacred ruins of our altar.

' This, O courteous stranger! is the sermon of my woes, which, you see, will admit of no relief. I now turn my face to our place of refuge in the mountains, there to devote the residue of my unhappy days to the contemplation of that Being, by whose power,

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and in whose presence only, I can be restored to happiness.'

Though the heart of Togrul sympathized with the unhappy sufferer, there were some circumstances in this story which affected him in a very different manner.

As his reason was convinced of the incomprehensible essence of the Deity, he considered every allimilation of him to objects of sense as the most impious absurdity; and the very thought of paying to his creatures the adoration due only to himself, struck him with sacred horror.

As soon, therefore, as the Persee had ended his melancholy narrative—' I condole with you for your loss,' said he, ' O man of affliction! but I dare not offer consolation before you have reconciled yourself to Heaven by a renunciation of those errors which have drawn it's wrath upon your head.'

' You blindly mistake the creature for the Creator, and rob him of that worship which is his sole and incommunicable right.'

Heavy as this charge was, the Persee was not abashed. Fixing his eyes upon Togrul, with a modest firmness—' Most unworthy of consolation should I certainly be,' he replied, ' O severe judge! if I were guilty of the crime which you impute to me. But I exult in the assurance that, on a moment's reflection, you will yourself acquit me.'

' Groundless is the accusation of our worshipping any other object than the Deity himself, the Author and Life of the universe, and all it contains.

' We worship not his creatures; we worship him in them. We worship him in the Sun, as the most glorious of his works, the fountain of that heat by which he animates all nature! We worship him in fire, as the substitute of the Sun, the vehicle in which heat is intrusted to our own management for the uses of life; and we keep that fire always alive, in testimony of our gratitude for his supporting our lives by it, and as a memorial to him to continue that support.

' Never has man fallen into so gross error, as to direct his worship ultimately to the works of his own hands, though the presumption of ignorance hath often accused him of it.

' Adieu, O young man! Learn to judge less precipitately; and may the Deity,

‘Deity, whom all the world unites in adoring, though under different symbols, guide your steps in safety!’

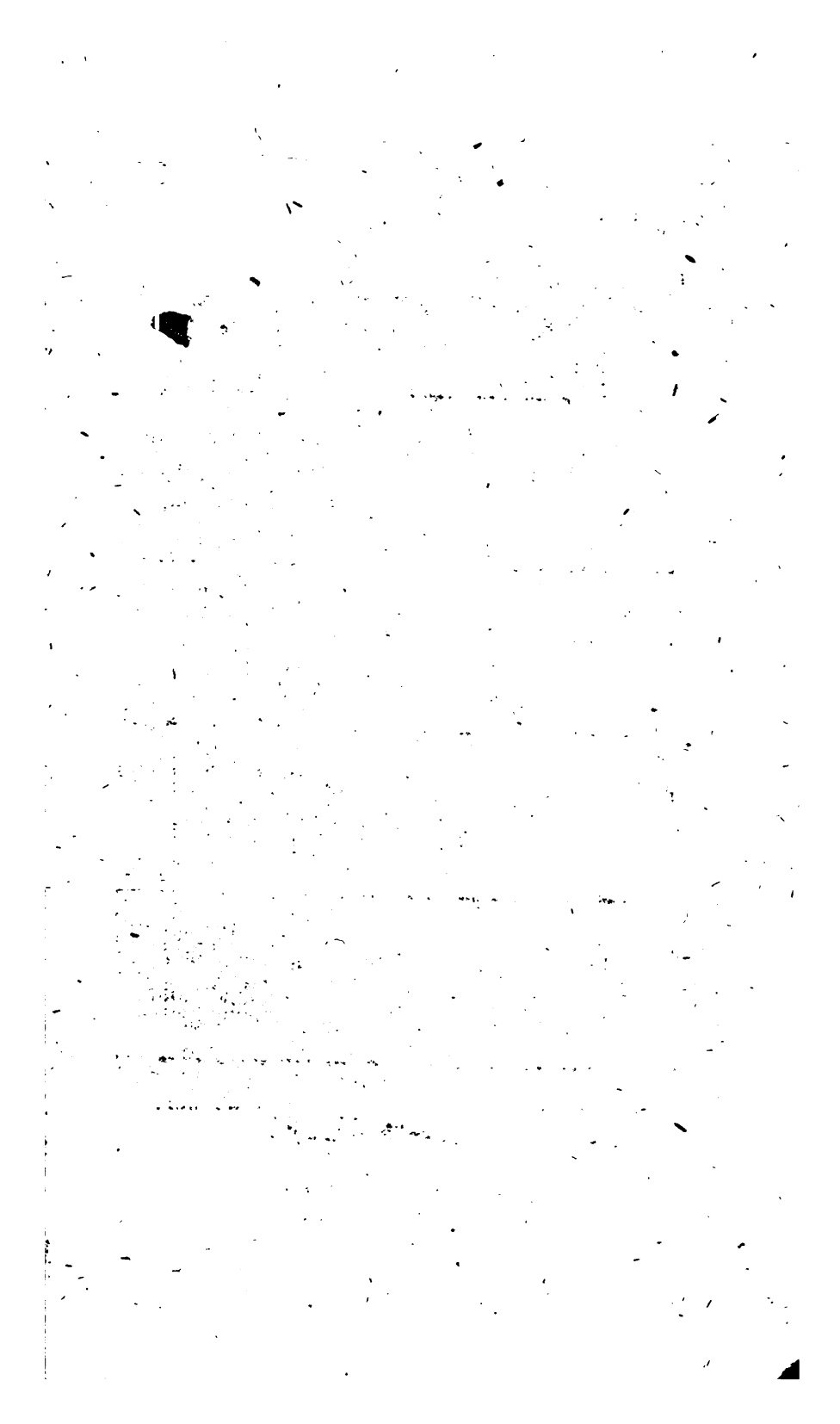
It was some time before Togrul recovered from the surprize with which this defence of the Perfec struck him. He

examined it with candid attention; and, though he was far from thinking it satisfactory, it determined him never more to condemn any man for offering his opinion with him.

INKLE AND YARICO.

MR. Thomas Inkle, of London, aged twenty years, embarked in the Downs on the good ship called the Achilles, bound for the West Indies, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandize. Our adventurer was the third son of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to instil into his mind an early love of gain, by making him a perfect master of numbers, and consequently giving him a quick view of loss and advantage, and preventing the natural impulses of his passions by prepossession towards his interests. With a mind thus turned, young Inkle had a person every way agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, strength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair loosely flowing on his shoulders. It happened, in the course of the voyage, that the Achilles, in some distress, put into a creek on the main of America, in search of provisions. The youth who is the hero of my story, among others, went ashore on this occasion. From their first landing they were observed by a party of Indians, who hid themselves in the woods for that purpose. The English unadvisedly marched a great distance from the shore into the country, and were intercepted by the natives, who slew the greatest number of them. Our adventurer escaped, among others, by flying into a forest. Upon his coming into a remote and pathless part of the wood, he threw himself, tired, and breathless, on a little hillock, when an Indian maid rushed from a thicket behind him. After the first surprize, they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the European was highly charmed with the limbs, features, and wild graces, of the naked American; the American was no less taken with the dress, complexion, and shape, of an European covered from head to foot. The Indian grew immediately enamoured of him, and consequently solicitous for his preservation: she therefore conveyed him

to a cave, where she gave him a delicious repast of fruits, and led him to a stream, to slake his thirst. In the midst of these good offices, she would sometimes play with his hair, and delight in the opposition of it's colour to that of her fingers; then open his bosom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it seems, a person of distinction, for she every day came to him in a different dress, of the most beautiful shells, bugles, and breches. She likewise brought him a great many spoils, which her other lovers had presented to her; so that his cave was richly adorned with all the spotted skins of beasts, and most party-coloured feathers of fowls, which that world afforded. To make his confinement more tolerable, she would carry him in the dusk of the evening, or by the favour of the moon-light, to unfrequented groves and solitudes, and shew him where to lie down in safety, and sleep amidst the falls of waters and melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him awake in her arms, for fear of her countrymen; and awake him on occasions, to consult his safety. In this manner did the lovers pass away their time, till they had learned a language of their own, in which the voyager communicated to his mistress, how happy he should be to have her in his own country, where she should be clothed in such silks as his waistcoat was made of, and be carried in houses drawn by horses, without being exposed to wind and weather. All this he promised her the enjoyment of, without such fears and alarms as they were tormented with. In this tender correspondence these lovers lived for several months, when Yarico, instructed by her lover, discovered a vessel on the coast, to which she made signals; and in the night, with the utmost joy and satisfaction, accompanied him to a ship's crew of his countrymen, bound for Barbadoes. When a vessel from the main arrives in that island, it seems the planters come down



6. Deeds which all the world would be examined with candid attention; and,



INKLE and YARICO.

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. Sep^r. 1. 1787.

down to the shore, where there is an immediate market of the Indians and other slaves, as with us of horses and oxen.

To be short; Mr. Thomas Inkle, now coming into English territories, began seriously to reflect upon his loss of time, and to weigh with himself how many days interest of his money he had lost during his stay with Yarico. This thought made the young man very pen-

sive, and careful what account he should be able to give his friends of his voyage. Upon which consideration, the prudent and frugal young man sold Yarico to a Barbadian merchant; notwithstanding the poor girl, to commiserate her condition, told him that she was with child by him: but he only made use of that information to rise in his demands upon the purchaser.

ANGELICA;

OR, THE

MUNIFICENT HEIRESS.

BY MR. HAYLEY.

ANGELICA was the only child of a worthy gentleman, who, having lost his wife, and dying himself during the infancy of his daughter, left her, with an estate of about a thousand a year, to the care of his most intimate friend, a man of great integrity and benevolence, with a moderate fortune and a numerous family. Angelica grew up in the most affectionate intimacy with all the children of her excellent guardian; but her favourite friend was his eldest daughter, whom we will call Faustina. She was born in the same year with Angelica, and possessed the same intelligent sweetness of temper, with the additional advantages of a beautiful countenance and a majestic person. Angelica had never any claim to either of these perfections: her stature was rather below the common size; and her features, though softened by modesty, and animated by a lively understanding, were neither regular nor handsome; but, from the tenor of her life, it may be questioned, if any female ever possessed a more beautiful soul. At the age of twenty-three she continued to reside in the house of her guardian, when a young man of pleasing person and most engaging manners, to whom we will give the name of Eumenes, became a very assiduous visiter at that house. He was a man of the fairest character, but of a narrow fortune; and many good people, who supposed him enamoured of Angelica's estate, began to censure the guardian of that lady for encouraging the preliminary steps to so unequal a match: they even foretold, as Eumenes was particularly attentive to Angelica, and often

alone with her, that the young gentleman would soon settle himself in life, by eloping with the heiress. Her guardian, who governed all his household by gentleness and affection, had too much confidence in his ward to apprehend such an event: but he began to think, that a serious and mutual passion was taking root in the bosom of each party; an opinion in which he was confirmed, by observing, that while his daughter was engaged in a distant visit of some weeks, Eumenes continued to frequent the house with his usual assiduity, and seemed to court the society of Angelica. The old gentleman was, however, mistaken in one part of his conjecture; for Eumenes only sought the company of Angelica as the sensible and pleasing friend of his absent favourite: but, as he had not yet confessed his love, the gentle Angelica, like her guardian, misinterpreted his assiduity, and conceived for him the tenderest affection; which, with her usual frankness, she determined to impart to her dear Faustina, as soon as she returned. From this resolution she was accidentally diverted by a joyous confusion, which discovered itself both in the features and behaviour of Faustina; who, on the very day of her return, eagerly put a letter into the hand of Angelica, and requested her to read it in her chamber, while she flew to converse in private with her father on its important contents. The letter was from Eumenes. It contained a passionate declaration of his attachment to Faustina, and a very romantic plan to facilitate their speedy marriage. What the feelings of Angelica must have been

in the perusal of this letter, I shall leave the lively female imagination to suppose; and only say that, having subdued all traces of her own painful emotion before Faustina had finished her conference with her father, she entered their apartment. She found her friend in tears, and the benevolent old gentleman endeavouring to make his agitated daughter smile again, by treating the proposal as a jest, and declaring that he would consent to the union of two tender romantick lovers as soon as they could marry without a prospect of starving; which, he said, from the expectations of Eumenes, they might possibly accomplish in the course of twenty years! The generous Angelica instantly became the patroness of Eumenes and Faustina: she interceded for their being immediately allowed to form the happiness of each other; and, to obviate every parental objection to the match, she insisted on settling half her fortune upon them, with a proposal of becoming a part of their family.

The guardian of Angelica treated her romantick idea with a mixture of admiration and ridicule. Eumenes and Faustina regarded it with the most serious gratitude; but, at the same time, rejected the too generous offer with a resolution so noble and sincere, that it increased the ardent desire which Angelica felt to make her own easy fortune the sole instrument of their general happiness: but all her liberal efforts for this purpose were as liberally opposed; and all she could obtain was, a promise from her guardian to allow the lovers to cherish their affection for each other, and to marry as soon as Eumenes, who had just taken orders, should obtain preferment sufficient to support a wife. This, however, was an event which the worthy father of Faustina had not the happiness of seeing: he died in the following year; and Angelica, who had no longer any controul to apprehend in the management of her fortune, renewed her former generous proposal to her friends. They persevered in their magnanimous refusal of her bounty, though some family circumstances made them peculiarly anxious to settle together as soon as possible on any slender provision. An event, however, soon happened, which enabled them to marry without any trespass on the rules of economical discretion. Eumenes was unexpectedly preferred to one of the most valuable livings in the kingdom, by a no-

bleman, who professed to give it him in consequence of a juvenile and almost forgotten friendship with his deceased father. This surprising stroke of good fortune made the lovers and their sympathetic friend completely happy. The wedding was soon adjusted. Angelica settled herself in a pleasant villa within a few miles of the wealthy rector, who was surrounded in a few years with a very promising family: she shared, and contributed not a little to the happiness of her friends, being frequently at their house; and, when she returned to her own, being constantly accompanied by one or two of the little ones. She had a peculiar delight, and was singularly skilful, in the cultivation of young minds. She rejected several offers of marriage; and her general answer was, that she would never change her state, because she already enjoyed the highest pleasure that human life can bestow, in the share which her friends allowed her to take in the education of their lovely children. Eumenes and Faustina vied with each other in doing justice to the virtues and talents of this admirable woman; and, through many years of the most familiar and friendly intercourse with her, they continued to regard her with increasing esteem: yet she had some secret merits, to which they were utter strangers till death had robbed them for ever of her engaging society.

About four years ago, the excellent Angelica contracted an epidemical fever, and departed to a better world, at the age of forty-seven. She left the bulk of her fortune to be divided equally among the children of Faustina; and there was found, in a little cabinet which contained her will, the following extraordinary letter to that lady.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND!

HAVING enjoyed your entire confidence from our infancy, I think myself bound to apologize to you for having returned it, during several years, with disguise and delusion. Be not startled at this surprising intelligence—But why do I say startled? The moments for such terror will be past, and you will be able to feel only a melancholy tenderness towards your beloved Angelica, when you read this paper, as it is not to reach you till she is no more: perhaps it may never reach you; yet I hope it will. I pray to Heaven that you may survive me,

me, and in that comfortable expectation I shall here pour forth to you my whole heart.

You may remember that, when we were first enlivened by the acquaintance of Eumenes, I was frequently rallied on his attention to me: as that attention was sufficient to mislead the vanity of any girl, I need not blush in confessing to you it's effect upon me—I forgot, in your absence, the superiority of your attractions; and, credulously supposing that the affection of Eumenes was settled on myself, I hastily gave him my heart. As I never designed, however, that this foolish heart should hide any of it's foibles from my Faustina, I was preparing to tell you the true state of it, when you imparted to me the surprising, important letter, which declared the wiser choice of Eumenes. Yes, my dear, I say sincerely, the wiser choice, and shall prove it so. Remember that I am now speaking as from the grave, and you will not suspect me of flattery.—But, to return to that heart-searching letter: I will confess to you, that I wept bitterly for some minutes, as soon as I had first perused it. I felt as foolish as a child who, having built for the first time a castle of cards, sees it suddenly overthrown. But my heart soon corrected the errors of my vain imagination: I began to commune with my own soul; I said to myself—'Why am I thus mortified? What is my wish? Is it not to see and make Eumenes happy? And is not this still in my power? Not, indeed, as a wife, since he has judiciously chosen a lovely girl, much more likely to succeed in that character; but still as the friend of two excellent creatures, formed for each other, and equally dear to me.' It was thus I reasoned with myself. My benevolence and my pride were highly flattered in this self-debate; and it gave me spirit to act towards you both in the manner you well remember. It hurt me much to find that my darling proposal for your speedy union was thwarted so long; shall I say, by your nobleness of nature, or by your false delicacy? I believe I called it at the time by the latter name, being thoroughly persuaded that, in your condition, I would have accepted from you the offer which I made. At length, however, the time arrived, in which I was enabled to accomplish, in a manner unknown to you, the darling object of my ambition.

Allow me, my dearest friends, to

boast in this paper, that I have been the invisible architect of the happiness which we have now enjoyed together for many years. It was the unseen hand of your Angelica that made you the happy wife of Eumenes, by placing him in that preferment to which his virtues have given him so just a title. Now I was fortunately enabled to make, and to conceal so desirable a purchase, you will perfectly comprehend from the collection of papers which I shall leave in the cabinet with my will and this letter. As long as the discovery could wound your honest pride, by a load of imaginary obligations, I determined never to make it; but, so strange is human pride! we are never hurt by the idea of obligation to the dead; and remember, as I said once before, that I am now speaking from the grave. By this conduct I am humouring, at one and the same time, both your pride and my own; for I will here avow, that I am very ambitious of increasing, after my death, that pure and perfect regard which ye have both shewn, through the course of many social years, to your living Angelica. But, while I am thus soliciting an increase of your affection, let me guard that very affection from one painful excess. I know you both so well, that I am almost sure you will exclaim together, on first reading these papers—'Good God! what a generous creature, to make such a sacrifice of herself for our sakes!' But, affectionate as these expressions may be, they will be far from just. Be assured, my dear friends—and I now speak the language of sober reason—I have made no sacrifice; so far from it, I am convinced, from a long and serious survey of human life, that the most selfish and worldly being could not have pursued any system more conducive to their own private interest and advantage than mine has been. You will agree with me in this truth, when I impart to you some of my own philosophical remarks. I will begin with one of the most important, and it will surprise you: it is this. I am thoroughly convinced, that I should not have been happy, had I been what I once ardently hoped to be, the wife of Eumenes. Hear my reason, and subscribe to it's truth. Amiable as he is, he is a little hasty in his temper; and this circumstance would have been sufficient to make us unhappy: for, even supposing I had been able to treat it with the indulgent good sense of his gentle Faustina,

Faufina, yet all the good-humour that I could have put, on such occasions, into my homely visage, would have had but a slow effect in suppressing those frequent sparks of irritation, which are extinguished in a moment by one of her lovely smiles. Take it, my dear, as one of my maxims, that every man of hasty spirit ought to have a very handsome wife: for, though sense and good temper in the lady may be the essential remedies for this masculine foible; yet, believe me, their operation is quickened tenfold by the heart-piercing light of a beautiful countenance. I was led to this remark by a very painful scene which once passed between Eumenes and me: he was angry with me for taking the part of his son Charles, in a little dispute between them; and, though I argued the point with him very calmly, he said sharply, after the boy had quitted the room, that I shewed, indeed, much fondness to the child, but no true friendship to the father. The expression stung me so deeply, that I no longer retained a perfect command over my own temper; and, to convince him of the truth and the extent of that friendship which he arraigned so unjustly, I should certainly have betrayed the darling secret of my life, which I had resolved to keep inviolate to the end of my days, had not the sudden appearance of my dear Faufina suggested to me all the affectionate reasons for my secrecy, and thus restored me to myself. Her smiles now shewed their very great superiority over my arguments; for, almost without the aid of words, but with a sweetness of manner peculiar to herself, she reconciled, in a few minutes, the too hasty father, not only to poor Charles, but to the more childish Angelica. This, I believe, was the only time that I was in danger of betraying a secret which I had, I think, judiciously imposed upon myself; for my disguise on this point, as it equally consulted our mutual pride and delicacy—whether true or false delicacy, no matter—has, I conceive, been very favourable to our general happiness: to my own, I am sure it has. In all those moments of spleen or depression, to which, I believe, every mortal is in some degree subject, nothing has relieved me so much as the animating recollection, that I have been the unknown architect of my friends' felicity. There is something angelick in the idea, supremely flattering to the

honest pride of a feeling heart. Yet, pleased as I have ever been with the review of my own conduct, which the world might deride as romantick, I would by no means recommend it to another female in my situation; not from an idea that she might not be as disinterested as myself, but lest in her friend she should not find a Faufina; for it has not been my own virtue, but the virtues of my lovely, inimitable friend, which have given the full success to my project. Had my Faufina and Eumenes lived, like many other married folks, in scenes of frequent bickering or debate, I should, I doubt not, like many other good spinners, who are witnesses of such conjugal altercation, have entertained the vain idea that I could have managed the temper of the lordly creature much better; and, of course, should have been very restless that I was not his wife: but, to do full justice to the uncommon merits of my incomparable Faufina, I here most solemnly declare to her, I never, since her marriage, beheld or thought of her and Eumenes without a full persuasion that Heaven had made them for each other.—But it is high time to finish this singular confession, in which, perhaps, I have indulged myself too long. I will only add my prayers, that Heaven may continue health and human happiness to my two friends, beyond the period assigned to my mortal existence; and that, whenever I may cease to enjoy their friendship on earth, they will tenderly forget all the foibles, and mutually cherish the memory, of their affectionate

ANGELICA.

This generous old maid displayed also in her will, which she composed herself, many touching marks of her affectionate spirit. The house in which she resided, she left as a little legacy to Faufina; and requested her friends to remove into it upon her decease, that Faufina might not be exposed to a more painful removal, if she should happen to survive her husband. As she knew that a compliance with this request would lead her friends into some depressive sensations, she contrived to furnish them with an engaging, though melancholy occupation, by requesting them to build a kind of monument to herself, under the form of a little temple to friendship, on a favourite spot in the garden.

Nothing, perhaps, can equal the un-
common

common generosity of Angelica, but the tender and unaffected sorrow with which her loss has been lamented. The most trivial of her requests has been religiously observed; and the whole family of Es-

menes seem to think no pleasure equal to that of doing justice to her merit, and proclaiming their unexampled obligations to their departed friend.

JESSIMA.

BY THE REV. MR. MOIR.

EVERY good and amiable quality was united in this charming creature: the exquisite beauty of her person was an emblem of the purity and innocence of her mind; and, notwithstanding the possession of a splendid fortune, with its correspondent advantages, her heart was tremblingly alive to every vibration of sympathy and pity.

Jessima was born in the country, of reputable parents, who both died while she was in a state of infancy. Her aunt, an old lady, who lived on a decent competence in the neighbourhood, pleased with the attractive elegance of her fair niece, took her home, for the purpose of having her educated in every laudable and polite accomplishment under her own immediate direction.

It was in this retired and happy situation that she matured those virtues and graces, those artless and engaging manners, those softnesses and delicacies of nature and deportment, which captivated every one who knew her, and inspired all her acquaintance with the warmest interest in her fortunes.

Her aunt, to whose attentions she was so much indebted, regarded the rising excellencies of the beautiful Jessima with delight. The contemplation of her virtues filled the placid evening of the good old lady's days with serenity and pleasure. In their rural walks, she entertained her tender charge with a recital of whatever her experience afforded, in lessons of the most easy and pleasing instruction; and in this manner moulded her young heart to early and unaffected virtue.

She had but just entered her teens when her only uncle returned from India, and brought with him an immense fortune. He was charmed to find Jessima so exact an image of her mother, of whom the old gentleman had been always passionately fond. He instantly purchased a beautiful villa, where he carried his

sister and his niece; and, observing the liberality of Jessima's disposition, put it in her power to indulge it without restriction.

This sudden change of fortune produced no alteration in her manners, which became, if possible, more condescending than before. Her inquiries concerning the miserable were only more constant, and her beneficence more extensive.

Her aunt died while Jessima was in her fifteenth year; and the day of the poor old lady's death, in the revolution of the subsequent years, was to Jessima a day of abstinence and salutary meditation.

She had scarcely discontinued her mourning for the demise of so valuable a relation, when her uncle addressed her one morning, as they sat by themselves at breakfast, in the following manner—

'You are now, my dear Jessima, the sole heiress of my fortune. All the property of our family will eventually centre in you. My growing infirmities afford me an hourly warning that I must soon *be gathered to my fathers*. This makes me extremely anxious to see you settled in life. Your accomplishments, as well as your fortune, will entitle you to a match among families of the first rank in the kingdom; and young Lord Townly has for some time professed the most violent attachment to your person, though my respect for the memory of your worthy and amiable aunt would not permit me to disclose the circumstance before.'

Jessima was so much astonished at this unexpected discovery, that she remained for some moments silent, and at length dropped insensible from her chair. Her uncle, equally grieved and alarmed by the apparent anguish into which his proposal had thrown the lovely girl, watched the restoration of her senses with eagerness.

ness and solicitude. He had soon the happiness of seeing her revive, and instantly embraced her with tears of joy.

She then unhesitated herself to her uncle without reserve. She did not think it consistent with her duty to harbour even a thought with which he was unacquainted. The gentleman who farmed her aunt's estate had an only son, who, long before her uncle's arrival in England, had frequently enjoyed the pleasure of her society. The great qualities and engaging disposition of this young man made an indelible impression on her heart at a time when his fortune was likely to be much superior to her own. In an early stage of this fond intercourse they had exchanged the most solemn promises of eternal fidelity to each other, with the consent of her aunt, but greatly against the severe will of the young man's father.

When Jessima's uncle was made acquainted with the real state of her mind, the good old gentleman desisted from any farther importunity on the subject—'God forbid,' said he, 'that my fortune, which I hope will prove a blessing to your youth, should be the bane of your felicity!'

In consequence of this declaration, they set out next morning on a visit to farmer Wills, whose house was situated about thirty miles distant. They met the old man before they arrived at his house; but he was not acquainted with the persons of either Jessima or her uncle.

'We are come, Mr. Wills,' said the nabob, 'to make you happy.'

'Friend,' replied the other, without moving his hat, for he was one of the people called Quakers, 'I know not who thou art; I thank thee for thy good

intention, but happiness belongs not to such a wretch as I am.'

Jessima remained silent; but her uncle entreated Mr. Wills to make him acquainted with the history of his sorrows.

'My son, Sir,' rejoined the Quaker, 'who never disobeyed the wishes of his parents, and who was the comfort of our declining age, had formed an attachment with a young woman, from the time of his being a boy at school; but she is become of late so rich, by the arrival of a wealthy uncle from India, that we have not been able, for above a twelvemonth, to hear any tidings of her situation. My poor boy has been all that time in a state of distraction. He wandered from home about two days since, and we know not whither he is gone, or what may have befallen him: we have sent every where in search of him; but, alas! it was without success.'

The extreme affliction of Jessima, at this affecting narrative, soon discovered who the strangers were. She was immediately conveyed to the house, without any evident signs of life. By the greatest assiduity and tenderness, the fond maid began to revive; and was in the act of explaining the true reasons for her discontinuing the correspondence with young Wills for so long a period, when the fatal news was brought that his body had been found lifeless in a river at some distance.

An account of the horrid catastrophe had scarcely assailed her ear, when poor Jessima gave a loud shriek, and expired. They were both buried in one grave; and the tale of their unfortunate loves will never be forgotten on the banks of the Medway.

PRINCE VIOULIS.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF N. DE BONNEVILLE.

BY FRANCIS ASHMORE, ESQ.

HAZEM was king of Samarcande, and he governed his dominions in peace. He had made himself respected by his neighbours; but the idea of enlarging the boundaries of his own possessions, by encroachments on theirs, had

never once entered his mind. He was feared, and he was loved, by his enemies; and his subjects, sensible of the many blessings which they derived from his reign, had named him Hazem the Good. In short, he enjoyed that extreme of human

man's felicity, which is so seldom the lot of kings.

Masem had an only son; and, consequently, nothing was neglected in his education. Vioulis was not committed to the care of a dervise; and, though a prince, was an amiable young man.

The only passion of the royal youth was that of glory; and his chief delight was in the recitals of the bloody battles, and innumerable conquests, of the great King Mahpoul-har, the great King Tra-ra-Long, and the great King Hiolam. We Europeans, it is true, hardly know the names of these immortal potentates; but the annals of Samarcande, now unfortunately lost, were filled with their famous exploits.

The too highly extolled actions of these mighty heroes lighted up an ardent flame in the bosom of the young prince; and rendered the inactivity to which his father's pacifick sentiments confined him, extremely irksome.

One fine evening, in the spring, as Vioulis sat alone on the declivity of a little hill near Samarcande, leaning on a roll of the Samarcandian annals, and grievously reflecting on the obscurity of his youth, a venerable old man suddenly appeared before him.

The sage wore a long flowing robe of celestial blue; his features were resplendent with light; and his silver beard descended in ringlets to his waist, which was encircled with diamonds.

'Who are you, my friend?' said the old man; 'you appear to me in great affliction.'

'I know not who you are, good and venerable sage?'

'The sage is him who is not known; who is little desirous to be so; and who, to be happy, needs not the favour of kings. I pity the wretched, and sometimes give them advice; not for my own honour, but for their advantage. Tell me, then, the cause of your sadness?'

'I want employment.'

'Of what kind?'

'Such as may announce to the astonished world, that there exists a Prince Vioulis!'

'But how far are you desirous that the knowledge of your name should extend?'

'The farther the better.'

'You wish, then, that all the people in the universe should know and speak of you?'

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'Yes, all; if it be possible.'

'And what would you do for the attainment of your wish?'

'I would perform exploits which should astonish the most valiant.'

'In battle, no doubt! Conquests; which should dethrone kings, and bind whole nations in chains?'

'Is it possible that you can read hearts? Give me, venerable sage, your advice; for a secret flame consumes me.'

'Rise, then!' said the old man; and, in pensive silence, he walked with him for some time on the hill.

Night now advanced, and Vioulis was unable to penetrate the mystery of this unaccountable reserve: yet his heart was already full of confidence in the stranger's counsel; for which he impatiently waited; and he felt a profound respect, which he had never before entertained for any person whatever.

'I am going to instruct thee, Vioulis,' said the sage; 'listen, therefore, with attention. Let us sit down on this little hill.'

The modest Vioulis seated himself by the side of his venerable companion.

'Look at that majestic moon! How tranquil she is! And see, all around her, the stars, and the beautiful sky! The star which you perceive below, apparently within half an inch of Sirius, is in reality so far distant from Sirius, that the rays which this day left that star, though they dart in one minute more than three hundred Samarcandian leagues, could not arrive as far as Sirius in less than eight million revolving years, as well by your computation as ours. Should that star, therefore, become one day extinct, its rays must doubtless continue to enlighten Sirius eight thousand years, after the star itself was no more.'

Vioulis sighs with astonishment.

'That star, which is called Haro,' continued the sage, 'is a sun, round which fifty-one planets revolve. Among these planets, or worlds, there is one called the Imbecile, and which has eight moons. The Imbecile planet is rather more than ten million times the size of this globe, and contains many self-deemed rational beings. The Imbecilians, however, are only sixty yards high, have but sixteen senses, and do not live longer than three ages; while the inhabitants of the other fifty planets

'nets are for the most part two hundred
'ells in height, and live from twenty to
'thirty thousand centuries. Notwith-
'standing this inferiority, the poor Im-
'becilians imagine the whole universe is
'created for them alone: and they are
'weak enough to think, that Haro, and
'the eighteen moons; and the fifty pla-
'nets; and the millions of stars which
'their little telescopes, not above a quar-
'ter of a league in length, enable them
'to discover; and, in short, all the stars
'seen both by day and by night, are plac-
'ed in the firmament for no other pur-
'pose than to give them light.'

Vioulis, who had already crept close
to the venerable sage, hardly dared to
breathe.

'There are,' proceeded the sage, 'in
'the Imbecile planet, several millions of
'nations; all different, and all barbar-
'ous. Some, however, are called ci-
'vilized; and these civilized nations,
'who believe themselves to be the best
'people in the world, the most astonish-
'ing works of the creation, are in reality
'a very strange species of animals.
'Every year, for example, on a certain
'day, to demonstrate their joy, they
'bruise their noses with little stones; a
'practice which has no other merit, than
'that of taking away the very small de-
'gree of understanding they originally
'possessed. Certain secret springs in this
'Imbecile planet, suddenly elevate the
'first comer so high, that he has no more
'use of his sight, than if he were quite
'blind: these happy men are deno-
'minated the privileged tribunes with
'sixteen senses; and yet, very often, all
'these tribunes together do not possess
'common sense.

'Their dervises, for they also have
'their dervises, are divided between IDA
'and ODA. These two words have no
'meaning in their language; but, not-
'withstanding that, material circum-
'stance, the Imbecilians, merely for the
'difference between them, have massa-
'cred, poisoned, and heartily cursed,
'each other, for thirty thousand ages.

'They have laws; but it requires ten
'ages to read them, twenty ages to com-
'prehend them, and a thousand ages to
'apply them with justice.

'Yet, all the while, my dear Vioulis,
'they speak with the utmost disdain
'of the other barbarous nations, and
'modestly call themselves the most per-
'fect works of the creation.

'Anciently,' continued the sage, 'they
'were, in the Imbecile planet, certain
'self-deemed human beings, desirous to
'acquire what they called glory; who
'marched forth, with many millions of
'armed men, to subdue all the nations
'of their planet. In the short space of
'their reign of two thousand years, these
'conquerors could only discover about
'a thousandth part of the Imbecilians;
'and, in this pursuit, they carried fire
'and sword, and all the horrors and
'desolations of war, into millions of
'flourishing cities, the inhabitants of
'which had no other earthly fault, than
'that of wanting strength or artifice, to
'gibbet before their walls the scoun-
'drels who destroyed them.'

Vioulis, full of astonishment, ventured
to raise his eyes towards the sage; and
hardly could they sustain the radiance of
his august features.

'A good king, satisfied with the li-
'mits of his own empire, and despising
'these pretended heroick actions, is sel-
'dom seen in the Imbecile planet: as if
'the miseries of mankind constituted the
'glory of great kings!'

Vioulis looked up, and his respectful
eye surveyed the thousands of stars.

'The Imbecile planet is named the
'Madhouse of the Creation. What do
'you call your little planet? and have
'you any conquerors?—But you shall
'be a good king, Vioulis; you shall be
'just and amiable; a lover of the arts,
'worthy to protect them; and men shall
'call you, Vioulis the Beneficent!'

In pronouncing these words, the ve-
nerable sage, changed to a beautiful
youth, embraced the prince, and instan-
taneously disappeared.

Vioulis, humbly prostrating himself,
in adoration of the Creator of the sun
and of the planets, returned to Samar-
cande.

Rendered still more tender by his ami-
able consort, Vioulis was now so far from
being ambitious of conquests, that he ab-
solutely became the pacificator of more
than half the globe, such was the uni-
versal confidence in his justice; and the
prudence of other sovereigns; in submit-
ting to his moderation, enabled him to
save daily the lives and property of many
thousand men.

His subjects sometimes erred; but he
failed not to convince them of their er-
rors: yet these were the people who dres-
sed for him their altars; the people who
seemed

seemed no longer to fear the frosts of winter, nor the frowning sky; and who erected a noble statue of the young Vioulis, on the summit of one of their

most distant mountains, with an elegant inscription, expressive of his worth, and their gratitude.

THE NATURAL DAUGHTER.

A TALE FROM MODERN LIFE.

GOVERNOR Plympton is one of the many husbands who does not love his wife. Thus much can be said in his vindication, that his lady is far from being feminine or amiable: on the contrary, she prides herself on having acquired a smattering of the dead languages; and speaks French, German, and Italian, admirably well, to those who are no judges. She is likewise a great critic in poetry, painting, and music. With these accomplishments Mrs. Plympton can think none of her sex worthy of her society, and domestic affairs are held in detestation: in a word, this lady, upon every occasion, assumes the pedagogue, and avoids the fine feelings of a woman. The consequence of this absurd conduct is, that the Governor was forced to find, in another place, his pleasures and his amusements.

The first object of an illicit amour was Miss Hortensia Raymond, the daughter of a goldsmith; who by his extravagance became a bankrupt. The Governor destroyed the expences of her education, and placed her in one of the first shops in Tavistock Street, in order to learn every branch of millinery. This attachment was not the effect of love, but that of a caprice which seldom lasts but for a few months. Hortensia, in this situation, became acquainted with a young musician, who undertook to teach her to sing. The Governor, looking upon this master in the light of a lover, gave Hortensia to understand, that he should desist from his visits, if she ever received any more lessons from that young man. Hortensia promised to comply with his injunction.

She kept her resolution for six months, but a favourite song got the better of her prudence. She sent for the musician; and, unfortunately, the Governor entered her apartment as she was going out:

this produced a rupture, and the Governor bade her an eternal adieu.

These particulars have their importance in this little history of modern manners. Hortensia, about six months after, was brought to bed of a girl, whom we shall call Lavinia. Her mother adopted every possible mode to inform the Governor of this circumstance, in order to procure a sufficiency for her maintenance; but he burnt her letters unopened, and refused seeing any one in her behalf. Hortensia, worn out with reiterated disappointments, gave up all hope of finding succours from that quarter; and began seriously to bring up her infant in the best manner she was able; not doubting but chance or accident might effect what she was not able to obtain by her fruitless importunities. 'A weakness to one man is,' said Hortensia, 'undoubtedly a fault; but to repeat it with a second, is infamous.' With this sentiment, she, for the space of fourteen years, fulfilled the duties of a mother, and a virtuous woman. Time, however, had not made her lose sight of her favourite plan of contriving some means by which Lavinia should become known to her father, and to clear up every doubt respecting her character prior to the rupture. She was at that period ignorant of the fate of her letters, concluding that they had been read by the Governor; and therefore she was encouraged to hope, that the personal and acquired accomplishments of Lavinia would one day inspire the father with the affections of a parent. The mother, considering Lavinia arrived at the most interesting epoch of her life; and concluding that the ravages of time had rendered her unknown to the Governor, began her enquiries accordingly. She learnt that the Governor continued in the same habits of life, and that he was

still without children. Having enquired minutely concerning his walks and hours of amusement, she contrived that Lavinia should attract his attention. As soon as she discovered him at a great distance, she informed Lavinia, that the gentleman she saw coming that way was her father. She observed, that her mother had been despised, and she neglected; nevertheless, she was inclined to expect that the steps she had taken would lead to some kind of eclaireissement, and of course terminate in her favour. This information caused the most lively emotion in the breast of Lavinia, and she beheld her father's eyes fastened upon her with a degree of curiosity and attention. Hortensia, wearing a calèche, observed the conduct of the Governor, who was carefully watching the movements of Lavinia. At last they left the gardens, at the gate of the palace; and not finding there a coach, expressed their concern so loud, as to be overheard by the Governor, who politely offered them his carriage, to set them down wherever they thought proper. Hortensia, in the midst of her confusion and solicitude, thanked him for his attentions; and, after some pressing compliments, she and Lavinia stepped into the Governor's equipage. They were scarce seated, when the Governor recollected the features of the mother; and he immediately exclaimed—'If I am not greatly deceived, you are Hortensia.'

'You are right, Sir, in your conjectures,' answered the lady.

'You have here, Madam, a lovely little creature.'

'She is my niece, Sir.'

This supposed information gave the Governor a secret pleasure; and he pressed Hortensia, that she would permit him to be better acquainted with the young lady; and, as he spoke these words, he darted upon her looks of great tenderness and animation. Hortensia, knowing the character of the Governor, feared to come to a proper explanation at once. She continued to treat Lavinia, in his presence, as her niece; but observing the real views that induced the Governor to be so assiduous in his visits, she thought it highly necessary to put a stop to them, by avowing the relation in which Lavinia really stood. 'This letter, Sir,' said Hortensia, 'will explain myself in a few words; you will find by the date that

'you returned it unopened fourteen years ago: it is within but a few hours I obtained this information from Mrs. B. who had always assured me she had delivered it into your hands, from a motive of tenderness to my then sufferings.' The Governor broke the seal, and read—

she,

AN unfortunate creature, whom you have abandoned, after having been brought to bed of a daughter, has recourse to you, Sir; not in behalf of herself, but for the helpless innocent who has claims on your humanity and tenderness.

'Where is she?' exclaimed Mr. Plympton.

'Here, Sir, before you, is my adored child.'

'Come, my daughter; come, and embrace thy astonished father!'

These words were scarcely articulated, when Lavinia, with a cry of joy, flew to the arms of the Governor. This mute scene being passed in tears of exultation, it was some time ere Mr. Plympton recovered the faculty of speech. Having contemplated his daughter's features with a studied attention—'I have,' said he, 'for some time, endeavoured to trace the features of this lovely creature; and I now recal those of a sister that I tenderly loved, and who is now no more. Yes, she has her eyes, her mouth, and her enchanting smile.—Hortensia, what obligations am I under for this long forbearance! and what injury has my ignorance occasioned! Can you pardon me for a conduct so highly reprehensible?'

Hortensia, overwhelmed with the consequences of this eclaireissement, answered him with tears, that announced her present happiness, and a perfect oblivion of what had past. The Governor, reading this language in every lineament of Hortensia's countenance, turned about to his daughter; and observed, that she was arrived at an age that required his immediate attention towards a proper connection, and settling her in the best manner he was able. 'I have a wife,' said he; 'but if ever your conduct should resemble hers, I should cease to love you. I have an object in view; he is, in fact, another self; he is my nephew; and

and his youth, amiable manners, and address, cannot fail of inspiring my child with sentiments of tenderness. I am not less certain that you will be the object of his choice: who indeed can see thee, Lavinia, and not adore thee? My sister, whom you resemble so very much, was universally adored. I love my nephew as my son, and I have a long time considered him as the heir to all my property. It may be, however, prudent, for the present, to conceal the circumstance of your birth, even to my nephew; and it must be left to my prudence, if I should some time hence think proper to make the discovery myself. As for you, Hortensia, to whom I am indebted for this invaluable treasure, judge how dear you are to me! Then embracing his daughter, he added—'You are henceforth to consider me as the father that adores his child: nevertheless, you will be announced to the world as my niece. When I have effected your union, I shall be less solicitous of the sentiments that contracted minds might adopt in our disfavour.'

Hortensia and Lavinia, left to felicitate each other, enjoyed that tumultuous pleasure that banished sleep from their eyes. Early in the morning the Governor was announced. He informed Hortensia, that he had taken proper lodgings for them in Harley Street; and that he would not permit his nephew to see his daughter till he could see her in the externals of opulence and gentility: 'And, therefore, I request you will be both ready to enter them by to-morrow evening.'

'I am the happiest of daughters,' said Lavinia, kissing his hands, which she held while Mr. Plympton was talking. 'And I am the happiest of fathers,' said the Governor. 'Your merit and virtues are equal to your personal attractions. Adieu, my little enchantress! I leave you; but it is only to contribute to the ease and comfort of you and your mother.'

As soon as every necessary preparation was made, the Governor conducted them both to their new apartments. Lavinia assumed the name of Miss Plympton, who was recently come to town from her mother's mansion in Derbyshire. The Governor maturely reflected on the mode he was to adopt in

bringing about an acquaintance between Lavinia and his nephew. He determined to take him in his carriage, and to drive occasionally down Harley Street. The uncle stopped at Lavinia's door, apologizing to his nephew, that he would not detain him three minutes. As he returned to his seat, Lavinia saluted him at the window, which was soon observed by the nephew, and caught his whole attention. 'Who is that handsome young lady?' said the nephew. 'One of my relations,' replied the uncle. 'She is extremely beautiful,' said the other. 'Well, my nephew, if you think her so, and desire to be introduced to her acquaintance, I think I can venture to present you without incurring any censure from her mother.'

The next evening the nephew was introduced, for the first time, to Lavinia's mother; who, as the reader naturally conjectures, received him in the most gracious and flattering manner. The young man, delighted with the conversation of Lavinia, became deeply enamoured of her charms, and was extremely pressing with his uncle to speak to her mother in his favour.

But it is now high time to introduce the learned lady, Mrs. Plympton. She had secretly found out the intrigues of her husband, but the thought it beneath her way of thinking to display the least jealousy on that account. On the contrary, having one day, by mistake, opened one of the letters of the unhappy Hortensia, she was let into all her secrets. It is necessary to remark here, that if this lady were a very indifferent wife, she possessed, in an eminent degree, the virtues of humanity, and a generous disposition. She had, from that moment, contributed to the wants of the mother and child, by furnishing the former with frequent commissions in the millinery business, for which she was always paid double the worth, under the pretence that she was superior to others in point of elegance and fashion. This secret connection with Hortensia soon gave Mrs. Plympton an opportunity of knowing that her husband had renewed his former acquaintance; and she found, upon nearer investigation, that he had acknowledged Lavinia as his daughter. She esteemed him the more for this generous and manly procedure; she was highly pleased that he had the satisfaction of being

being a father, without subjecting herself to the pains of child-birth, and a thousand other distressing circumstances, too humiliating for a woman who prided herself in every qualification that was energetic and masculine: and, by a singularity the more extraordinary, since they never agreed in any one point, Mrs. Plympton had projected to establish Lavinia in a manner suitable to her condition. As she was likewise very fond of her nephew, who had assiduously cultivated her good graces, she had him in view for a husband; and, full of this idea, she proposed to introduce him to an elegant, lovely woman, whom she had long since adopted to succeed to her personal estates, independent of her marriage with Mr. Plympton.

At the same time she intimated, that as his uncle had made him his heir, she thought it an object of some moment, if he could unite their respective fortunes, by marrying the young lady.

'I am, Madam, penetrated with a sense of the favours you have always conferred upon me; but as my fate is placed in the hands of my uncle, I hope you will permit me to consult with him upon that subject.'

'Your dutiful conduct towards your uncle is very grateful to me; and as I could wish to oblige him in a matter of such moment, I wish to know that, if he gives into it, it would meet your inclination?'

'With transport, dear Madam, I should embrace your kind offers.'

This conversation being ended, the nephew did not fail of communicating to his uncle the result, who was greatly alarmed at this piece of intelligence. Mr. Plympton lost no time in giving Lavinia previous notice of the extraordinary visit she was soon to receive; and, that he might become master of her motives, he posted himself in an adjoining apartment for that purpose.

Mrs. Plympton and her nephew were announced; and being conducted into the drawing-room, Lavinia rose to receive her, with every possible mark of respect and consideration. After the first ceremonious compliments were reciprocally passed, she communicated, in the most delicate terms possible, her long friendship, although unknown; and of her wishes that she would receive the addresses of her nephew. She observed,

that she was anxiously desirous to surprise the Governor, as she was certain such a measure would cause the most lively pleasure; but to procure his consent in the first instance, would deprive her of an advantage that she highly prized.

The nephew, delighted with the proposition, desired his aunt would permit him to pay his addresses to Lavinia alone; and Mrs. Plympton prevailed on Lavinia to receive him the next day.

As soon as he was withdrawn, Mrs. Plympton confessed that she had taken pains to procure proper intelligence; that she was greatly pleased with the conduct of her mother; and charmed with the noble procedure of her husband, who, she found, had adopted her as his daughter.

This information gave new spirits to Hortensia and her daughter; who threw themselves at her feet, and implored her to indulge in their favour such honourable sentiments.

The Governor did not quit his retreat till Mrs. Plympton had left the drawing-room, in order that she might receive no obstacle in pursuing her object. He also cautioned the nephew to keep the secret, in order that Mrs. Plympton might always consider the happiness of Lavinia as the fruits of her own plan.

Mrs. Plympton gave her husband to understand, that she would leave her nephew her heir likewise, provided he would let her have the sole direction in marrying him, according to her desires and wishes; and that he would not meddle in the affair. This singular proposition met with many apparent difficulties; but as Mr. Plympton knew the drift of her intention, he acquiesced in what he dignified with the title of an extraordinary whim.

As soon as matters had been duly arranged, and the day fixed for signing the marriage-articles was arrived, Mrs. Plympton presented Lavinia as his intended niece.

'I receive her, Madam,' said the Governor, 'to give her to my nephew as a tender, dutiful, and affectionate daughter.'

'I am delighted with this honest avowal,' replied Mrs. Plympton.

'And I am still more,' said the husband, 'in finding that my daughter is indebted for her happiness to you alone.'

'This

' This proof of your friendship for me
' will never be effaced from my memory,
' or from my heart: and I, from this
' day, shall look upon you as my best
' friend.'

' Now, Sir,' replied Mrs. Plympton,
' I have heard the expression that I have
' desired for these last fifteen years. Rest

' assured, that I shall never forget; while
' I have life, that I owe this to your
' Natural Daughter.' Then turning
towards Lavinia, she said—' And you
' are also my daughter as well as the
' Governor's, and I love you with the
' same cordiality.'

THE HISTORY OF EGENUS.

BY THE REVEREND MR. MAYOR.

IT is too generally found, that weak minds, on original meanness, engraft only pride; and that unexpected success is often more detrimental to such characters than the heaviest pressure of calamity.

Egenus was born of parents who had struggled hard with adversity, and who had felt the pinching hand of poverty through every stage of their existence: but whose honesty remained without the imputation of blame; and, like the sun bursting through involving clouds, appeared brighter from the contrast of the surrounding gloom. They both paid the great debt of nature before their only son had reached his tenth year, leaving him no other inheritance than their benediction. The integrity of his deceased parents, however, recommended him to the attention of their neighbours; who raised a liberal fund for the purpose of putting the orphan to school, and supplying other necessary expences, till he should arrive at an age capable of providing for himself.

Being of an active disposition, and deprived of those imprudent indulgences which children of more opulent parents often experience to their loss, he soon made a considerable progress in learning; and, at the age of fourteen, was esteemed fully qualified to be placed as an apprentice in some genteel employment. His patrons finding him to be a spirited, enterprising lad, of good address, recommended him to a merchant in town; very properly judging, that, in a merchant's counting-house, diligence and probity may in general meet with adequate encouragement. During the four first years, Egenus behaved with so much dutiful submission and attention, as to conciliate

the regard of his master, and the good-will of all with whom he was connected. As he advanced towards a state of manhood, he began to relax in diligence and integrity; but made up for it, in the eyes of the world at least, by redoubled officiousness, and the most specious appearances.

Those who have themselves uniformly pursued the paths of rectitude, are the least capable of detecting artifice and insincerity. Egenus found means to wind himself more closely round his master's heart, by a shew of regard, the more he wanted the reality; and, at the expiration of his term, was admitted into a share of the business, as a reward for his apparent integrity, assiduity, and ability.

On this unexpected elevation, Egenus felt all those concomitant passions which agitate a little mind where vanity is predominant; but as a man never wholly throws off shame, nor becomes callous to the stings of conscience, till a long intercourse with vice has rendered him thoroughly abandoned, he still adhered to his original dissimulation in publick, and never gave full scope to his natural foibles, unless when thrown off his guard by mingling with the votaries of unrestrained mirth, or when wine, in which he seldom indulged to an excess, had heated his imagination, and induced an oblivion of his origin. His expences, however, from the gratification of various passions, considerably exceeded his income, though he appeared a pattern of economy to all his connections; and, in a short time, his real character must have become apparent, had not another turn of undeserved fortune raised him still higher in the scale of worldly estimation.

His

His partner being a plodding man, who had acquired his whole fortune by honest industry and unimpeached integrity, had never entered into the matrimonial state; nor, indeed, had he ever kept up any affectionate intercourse or correspondence with his relations: but, having several nieces in the country, who might reasonably expect to become sharers of his acquisitions when death should deprive him of the power of enjoying the wealth he had accumulated, he had determined to give one of them an invitation to town, purposely that it might produce an attachment between her and his favourite Egenus; and, should this design be fairly accomplished, to leave them in the entire possession of his business, and retire himself into his native country, with such pecuniary acquisitions as might well be spared without prejudice to the credit and advantage of the trade; there to enjoy that relaxation from business, and content of mind, which a life of probity had well qualified and entitled him to experience.

The old gentleman's niece soon arrived, happy to obey a summons from which she hoped to derive both pleasure and advantage; nor was it long before Egenus, who easily ingratiated himself with the fair niece, obtained her hand, with the entire approbation of the uncle, and accompanied by a formal surrender of the whole business.

Elevated to a pitch of affluence and credit beyond what his most sanguine wishes had taught him to expect, and free from the controul of a partner, Egenus no longer thought himself obliged to conceal his real propensities; and, immediately assuming a consequence which is unjustifiable in any one, but intolerable in an upstart, he gave full licence to the dictates of a weak head and a depraved heart; fell into every fashionable excess; dissolved the ties of honour; violated the sincerity of friendship; and, by appearing to the world in a new character, soon forfeited that esteem which his plausibility had formerly procured him.

As extravagance must always find means for its support, to finish his character for dissipation, he became a game-

ster, and a dabbler in the funds; and, as he had neither practice to secure him from deception at the gaming-table, nor information to direct him in the alley, one loss and disgrace followed another in quick succession; till, in three years after he had possessed the sole direction of affairs, his creditors became importunate; his finances were exhausted; and a commission of bankruptcy being taken out, the neat dividend of his effects amounted to no more than six shillings in the pound.

Awakened now to a real sense of his condition, and stung with remorse, shame, and vexation, Egenus determined to support appearances by any possible means; and having in vain attempted to raise money, he ventured to commit a capital forgery, which being soon detected, he was taken into custody before he could secure his intended retreat to America. In this melancholy situation, when reflection came too late, and when even repentance could not save, he was visited by his wife, whom he had in many instances treated with unmanly severity, as well as by his injured and worthy patron; and, if any thing could have added to the distraction of his mind, the sight of those two persons, whom he had so essentially wronged, must certainly have augmented his wretchedness. In them, pity overcame every spark of resentment, and all their interest was exerted to save him from an ignominious death. Their exertions, however, were in vain; he was convicted on the clearest evidence, and soon after suffered that punishment which the violators of public faith, and the destroyers of private security, ought always to experience.

Such was the end of Egenus! May his example deter others from pursuing similar steps; and teach the humble to reflect, that those are not always the happiest who have been raised from original obscurity to the possession of riches and honour; but that he who, content with his condition, confines his expences within his income, enjoys more felicity and permanent satisfaction than can ever fall to the lot of the upstart in power or the beggar in affluence.

HERMAN RIEDESEL.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

THERE is a commanding dignity in noble actions far superior to the most absolute empire. With such irresistible sway do they govern the sentiments and resolutions of all mankind, that we may justly regard them as the emanations of celestial power, giving to man, as it were, another nature, another soul; transforming him, in some measure, into a new individual. Virtue, therefore, which is the principle of these splendid actions, should ever be implicitly obeyed. Her sovereignty is immutable: her authority, perhaps, that alone, which is at once majestic and awful, attractive and endearing.

Herman Riedesel, of Brakenbourg, was one of the small number of those famous Bannerets, who were the glory of chivalry. He resided, towards the fifteenth century, at the court of Lewis, Landgrave of Hesse. The nobility regarded him as their model; and all the ladies were ambitious to call him their chevalier. All admired his deportment, which was at once majestic and engaging; his singular accomplishments in whatever could distinguish the fine gentleman; and his bravery and heroism, which were displayed on the most common occasions. In the same court, all were lavish in the praises of a paragon of beauty, the daughter and sole heiress of Roehrig, hereditary Marshal of Hesse. Margaret, who had now entered into those years when nature begins to be susceptible of love, might have aspired to a splendid alliance with sovereigns. The Landgrave treated her with parental tenderness; and, what is her noblest eulogy, even the women confessed her superiority.

Margaret had not been able to behold the young Banneret with an air of indifference; nor was he insensible of the most violent passion for this miracle of perfection. Where the affections of virtuous bosoms are reciprocal, the declaration on one side, and confession on the other, are seldom long delayed. Margaret, however, bound her lover by a vow of secrecy, which perhaps she did not intend to be of long duration. Riedesel, according to the gallantry of

his age, wore the colours of his beautiful mistress. He even composed the following verses in her praise.

RONDEAU.

I love a most enchanting fair,
With whom no mortal may compare.
My eyes, my heart, this truth attest,
'How blest'd were he, with her who's blest!'
Of all the beauteous flowers of spring,
The first, the fairest far, I sing;
Her lips ambrosial sweets diffuse,
More rich than spicy India's dew.

I love a most enchanting fair,
With whom no mortal may compare!

In her, the charming god, her fire,
His own bright model may admire;
While in her radiant eyes divine
All Love's celestial ardours shine.
The native beauties of her face
Beam modesty's attractive grace;
And where the roses red delight,
The lilies blend their matchless white.

I love a most enchanting fair,
With whom no mortal may compare!

Ne'er must my voice presume to name
The peerless, all-attracting dame:
The slave of Honour's cruel sway,
My heart no secret can betray.
Ah, me! in vain I fondly call
Th' Aurora of my bliss, my all!
When shall thy vot'ry, Cupid, claim
To speak his charming conqueror's name?

I love a most enchanting fair,
With whom no mortal may compare!

These verses are in the genuine language of those gallant Palladins, who were attached to their dames with the most inviolable loyalty and devotion. Riedesel, however, though one of the most illustrious professors of chivalry, had not been able to forbear from indirectly infringing his vow, by a kind of subterfuge. He wore, constantly appended to his bosom, a pearl of the finest water; and every one knows that *Margarita*, Margaret, is also the Latin word for a Pearl.

The two lovers had no doubt that a speedy marriage would crown a passion, which in each was so ardent and so pure. It was the universal wish, at court, to see them united. The Landgrave him-

R self

self was anxious for their happiness; and every circumstance conspired to cherish the seductive appearances of hope.

The Marshal finds the Banneret at court. He desires him to disengage himself a while from the courtiers, and to accompany him to the Park. In a shady walk, he suddenly stops, and thus addresses Riedesel—'Chevalier, I understand your partiality for my daughter. Your pretensions are not unknown to me; I do not accuse them of presumption. I know your ancestry, and that your rank entitles you to aspire to the hand of Margaret; but, Riedesel, I am her father. My consent is indispensable, and I have but one declaration to make—you shall never obtain that consent. You will excuse me from giving you the reasons of this refusal. It is sufficient to declare, that the husband of Margaret shall be the husband of my choice; and, I am sorry to repeat it, I am unalterably determined my choice shall never fall upon you.'

The Banneret is thunderstruck. He would expostulate, but the Marshal thus interrupts him—'I have not yet done. I speak to a chevalier; from your loyalty, as such, I exact a still greater sacrifice. It is to subdue a passion which I cannot countenance; to reveal this conversation to no one, not even to Margaret; and to fly her presence.'—'Ah! my lord, is this possible?'—'To a brave chevalier nothing is impossible. Yes, you must avoid even my daughter's looks, and in no respect whatever appeal to the authority of the Prince.'

The Marshal instantly leaves the Banneret a prey to the most tormenting emotions. Must he endeavour to subdue a passion so imperious, which time and obstacles, instead of weakening, could only augment? Must he conceal it for ever in his bosom? Must he mention it no more to it's adorable author? Must he now deny himself the wonted ecstasy of seeing her; and for ever give up the hope to call that heavenly maid his own? He sheds a torrent of tears—he abandons himself to his cruel situation—he faints—he sinks senseless on the ground. He recovers—'Did I understand him rightly! Am I not the sport of some terrific dream! Margaret, the adorable Margaret, will the never, then, be mine? Cruel, inhuman father!

'what a sacrifice hast thou required! Ah, is it possible! can honour, rigid honour, enjoin me to sacrifice my love? And, when I am dying for Margaret, I shall not even have the only reward, the sole consolation in death! She will not know the hand that strikes me; that it is the hand of her father!'

Riedesel tears himself from this tumult of overwhelming reflections. Slowly and pensive he moves towards his house. He would write to the Marshal's daughter; the pen drops from his hand. 'No!' he exclaims; 'no, I shall die for my beloved Margaret. I can—I will keep the fatal secret. Rigid father, thou art not mistaken. I will yet prove, to the last moment of my life, a faithful chevalier. Alas! my adorable mistress, what canst thou think of thy lover? Perhaps thou doubtst the very tenderness that destroys me. Distracting thought! And Margaret knows not—I dare not reveal to her the obstacle that prevents me. Alas! that a love like mine should be exposed to suspicions!'

Margaret, however, doubted not the constancy of her lover; but, unable to account for his absence, she wept in the bosom of Juliet. The sympathizing governess endeavoured to soothe her mistress; who, to all her consolatory suggestions, only replied—'Alas! for three days, for three whole days, I have not beheld him. Ah! Juliet, the hours, the minutes, the moments, thou countest not like me! He is not heard of at court; and—it is possible that Riedesel may have ceased to love! He is dear, thou knowest he is dear to me! Then, reclining on the bosom of her governess, she bedewed it plentifully with tears.

The Landgrave himself, surprized at the absence of the Banneret, sent to seek for him. He came with a pale, dejected countenance. 'What ails you, my dear Riedesel?'—'My lord, I have not long to live. Permit me, throwing myself at the Landgrave's feet, permit me to entreat one favour. I presume to hope, from your wonted goodness, that you will not refuse it. Let me conceal from you the woe that must soon destroy me. Do not oblige me to break a silence—Oh, heavens!' interrupted the Landgrave, 'when I was just going to engage the Marshal to give you his daughter—Ah, my cruel fate! Oh, my prince, my maker, you have overwhelmed me with

* with your goodness. Never will a
 * subject be more devoted to you. I
 * would fain—I can speak no more—
 * I am permitted only to exhale the few
 * remaining moments of a too odious
 * life.'

In vain did the Prince renew his efforts to learn the secret cause of his favourite's affliction. The heroick Riedesel was inflexible. 'Best of masters,' said he, as he was retiring from the presence of his sympathising prince, 'best of masters, I shall end my days far, far from thee!'

The Landgrave, in the midst of his court, addressed himself to the Marshal, in presence of his daughter—'I cannot imagine what affliction preys upon Riedesel; but I think he has not long to live.' The beauteous Margaret could not conceal her emotions. Her grief was even audible, and attracted the attention of the whole court. Her father, enraged, overwhelmed her with reproaches. 'Alas!' cried the unfortunate beauty, 'it is useless to conceal the agonies of my soul. Oh! Riedesel, my Riedesel, I shall not survive thee!'

The report was soon spread, that the young Banneret had quitted the court, and even the principality of Hesse. He had been seen to go through one of the gates of the city mounted on his courser, and accompanied only by his esquire. In a word, he had disappeared, and no one knew the way he had taken. This was a new attack on the sensibility of a mistress, who could not even conjecture the cause of this sudden departure. 'Ah! Juliet,' would the incessantly repeat to the faithful companion of her sorrows, 'I lose myself in the depth of this abyss! He flies me! He is dying! I cannot believe him to be faithless. Riedesel is ever the same. What, then, can he have to impute to me? An unjust jealousy! Ah! Juliet, what have I done, but love him too well!'

In vain the Landgrave repeated his enquiries of all who approached him. No one could give him the least information concerning the unfortunate Chevalier. The Prince knew not how to support his loss. 'What!' said he to the Marshal, 'can no one instruct me in the fate of Riedesel? Cannot you explain this inconceivable event? In my court! Under my own eyes! This unfortunate young man was so attached to

me! He early began such a noble career! I intended to engage you to give your daughter—You seem afflicted, Marshal.'—'Ah! my lord, I feel this misfortune, perhaps, more severely than your highness! It is equally a misfortune to the state, to my sovereign, and to me.' The Marshal could not proceed. His sufferings, indeed, must have been extreme. He saw his daughter, his only daughter, declining fast. Confirmed by the deepest affliction, he could not conceal from himself, that he, he alone, had been thus precipitating his daughter to the grave.

Ineffectual were all the researches that were made to recover the unfortunate Riedesel. But all Germany resounded with the exploits of an unknown chevalier in black armour; his plume of feathers, his scarf, his whole appearance, in the same hue of mourning. His shield presented this singular device—'A little Genius, with a finger to his mouth, weeping over a tomb.' The motto was—

'Nor shall even my death disclose it.'

In a variety of combats this strange knight had been victorious.

The father of the unfortunate Margaret one day attended the Landgrave on a hunting party. He constantly sought for solitude, where the father could abandon himself to the full indulgence of his grief. He therefore wandered from the crowd of courtiers, who to him were become hateful. Indeed, is it in such society that the heart can be permitted to expand, or that Nature can find expression? The Marshal hastened to plunge far into the thickest of the forest. He gave way to the free effusion of his tears. He deplored the sad destiny of his daughter, whom death was about to tear for ever from his arms. On a sudden he is surrounded by robbers: they attempt to force from him every thing they can, and even the portrait of Margaret. 'Ah! barbarians, leave me at least this only valuable that I am anxious to preserve. Leave an unfortunate father.' They hear him not: they strive for the portrait, which he still endeavours to grasp. 'You shall sooner rob me of my life.' They draw their daggers. Apprehensive of being discovered, they determined to assassinate the Marshal. Still grasping the portrait,

he struggles, he calls aloud for assistance. They have nearly obtained their prize, and death is upon his heart. A knight, with his vizor shut, rushes upon the robbers, sword in hand, disperses them, and stretches two upon the ground. The remainder, terrified, instantly fly. The Marshal is saved. In a transport of gratitude, he runs to throw himself on the neck of his deliverer—'Oh, my guardian angel, you preserve the days of an unfortunate old man, who yet lives but for his unhappy daughter! Here, here is her portrait! They would have torn it from me; I would sooner have parted with my life.' The knight, fixing his eyes upon it with a transport which strikes the Marshal—'She lives! Yes, Heaven still leaves her to me. But how can I reward you for this seasonable deliverance? Whoever you are, demand whatever recompence you desire. It shall be granted. Whatever is in my power shall be yours. You have saved the life of a father, who wishes only to preserve it for his daughter.' The knight, seizing one of the Marshal's hands, and bedewing it with his tears—'Since you are desirous to repay a service which humanity and honour were obliged to render you, I would demand, what I allow is infinitely above my deserts, the hand of Margaret.'—'My daughter's hand! alas! there is but one chevalier.'—'And do you doubt that I am that chevalier?' The stranger then taking off his helmet, 'Do you recollect me?'—'Riedesel!'—'Riedesel himself, who for three years past has been dying with hopeless love; who has obeyed you; who has been content to deplore his unhappy passion in secret; who returned to enjoy at least the consolation of expiring in the scenes where Margaret dwells. I heard your cries. I saw the man who is dearest to me, the father of all I love; on the point of losing his life. I would have sacrificed

my own to you a hundred times. Your daughter—' 'Is yours,' exclaimed the Marshal, shedding tears of grateful extasy; 'I embrace my defender, my son-in-law. Come, let me lead you to Margaret. Oh! I cannot be too soon your father.'

Imagine the astonishment of the whole court, when they saw the Marshal return, accompanied by Riedesel. The former had the magnanimity to acknowledge, amidst a profusion of tears, the inhumanity of his behaviour to the young Banneret, which had been dictated only by motives of interest. He related the generosity of Riedesel, and that greatness of mind with which he had observed a kind of religious silence, till the happy moment when he had thus so seasonably delivered him by his heroic courage. The Landgrave embraced his lost favourite, who is conducted by the Marshal to his daughter. Every circumstance is disclosed to her. She finds that she has never ceased to be the object of his adoration, and that she is now soon to be united to the dear lord of her heart.

The author of the old chronicle whence we have taken this history, ingenuously confesses, that he wants expressions to describe the affecting situations that followed. Let it suffice, that the nuptials of Riedesel and Margaret were celebrated with all the magnificence of the age; and these two faithful lovers long enjoyed the highest felicity of the marriage state. The Landgrave, in order to consecrate, in some measure, an union which he himself had so ardently desired, invested the young Banneret with the hereditary office of Marshal of Hesse. From this marriage, formed as it were by love and gratitude, descends the house of Riedesel, whose castle was formerly situated in the district of Schederberg, between Goettingen and Minden; and which still flourishes with splendour in that country.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN.

BY MISS PEACOCK.

IN one of the most fruitful provinces of America, resided Panama and Cascarilla, two young Indians of uncommon

beauty. Cascarilla was tall, and exactly shaped: her complexion was of an ardent brown; and her eyes were mild and radiant

diant as the lunar beam. Though a stranger to the refinements of art, love had cultivated and improved her manners. For Panama she braided her tresses, dark and glossy as the raven's jetty plumage; and attired herself in all the simple pride of her native soil. When health and exercise summoned Panama to the chase, or when he threw the net to ensnare the finny tribe, it was Cascarilla's delight to await his return, beneath the ample shade of a verdant palm, where she provided the most grateful fruits for his refreshment; the purple grape, wood-strawberry, blushing grandilla, and delicious cocoa, the hardy covering of which served as a goblet to contain the cooling fluid of the neighbouring spring, overspread the mossy carpet. Panama returned her affection with equal ardour. 'The joys of the chase, my Cascarilla,' he would frequently say, 'inspire our Indian youth with courage and activity. To rouse the fierce tiger, to combat with the bear, and to pursue the fleet danta as he paces the lowly vale and towering mountain, convey health to the body, and pleasure to the soul. Yet these delight not like Cascarilla, more beauteous than the tulip-bearing laurel, more fragrant than the wild cinnamon!' Thus did the impassioned youth breathe the raptures of his soul—

- 'While Cascarilla's grateful thanks repay,
- 'That gracious Power who, through the
'doubtful day,
- 'Sav'd her Panama from a fearful doom,
- 'And guards securely to his peaceful home.'

Thus calmly glided the hours, till the youth was summoned to the hostile field. He must no longer loiter beneath the smiles of his Cascarilla; no longer celebrate, in the inglorious shades of ease, her artless charms: immeasurable desarts, burning sands, mountains of snow, must now sever them; and the soft notes of love be changed for the noisy din of war. Cascarilla, with tears, beheld her lover equipped for the field; on his brazen breast-plate was painted the terrifick maca*; a plume of scarlet feathers waved

on his head; and at his side hung the deadly bow and arrow.

'Adieu, my Cascarilla!' he said. 'Though war calls me to the field, thy image shall be present with me: love shall give vigour to my arm, and shield my bosom from the envenomed dart of the enemy. Weep not, my fair; with triumph crowned Panama shall return, and lay the spoils of conquest at thy feet: the fairest slaves shall bend beneath thy sway, fraught with the treasures of their native land; armlets of pearl, rich gems, and amber pendants, with strings of blushing coral, to adorn thy hair!'

Having said thus, he embraced her tenderly, and departed. Cascarilla pursued him with her eyes, even till the war-song died upon her ear: she then returned disconsolate to her cottage. Her joys were now fled; and days and nights revolved only to augment her sorrows. Her tresses were no more interwoven with the varied plumes of the airy inhabitants; she joined no more in the sprightly dance, nor delighted in the society of the Indian nymphs. To wander forlorn among the mountains, or to ascend a dreary rock, and extend her eye toward those plains which retarded her dear Panama, was her only solace. 'When,' she cried, 'shall the cheerless hours of absence fly? When shall the clangour of war cease, and Panama return to his Cascarilla?—O glorious fun!' she said, 'parent of light and life, whom we adore, guard thou my love; protect him from the cruel tomahawk, and defend him from the hostile dart! Suffer not the spirits of darkness to molest him†; but let their thunderbolts and dire whirlwinds scatter his enemies.'

As Cascarilla uttered these words, she heard a violent explosion in the air, accompanied by confused sounds of voices. She immediately descended from the rock; and was proceeding to her habitation, when she was alarmed at the sight of a number of armed men. They were French soldiers, who had landed at a neighbouring province; and, having subdued it, had marched thither with the same hostile intention. The Indians

* A hideous snake, the figure of which the Indians paint on their targets, to express their intrepidity. The bite of it is incurable; and, wherever it has once seized, it never relinquishes it's hold.

† Many of the Indians believe that an evil spirit reigns throughout the universe, which sends thunder-storms, and all kind of mischief, to mankind.

at first made a stout resistance: but the noise of the fire-arms struck them with such consternation, that they fled precipitately to the mountains. Cascarilla endeavoured likewise to make her escape; but, being observed by the commanding officer, was instantly surrounded by the soldiers, and made captive. When she found that flight was rendered impossible, she threw herself at their feet, and strove by tears to move their compassion: but the commander was too much captivated by her charms to relinquish them. She was therefore conveyed to his tent, which was pitched in a wood at a short distance from thence. The Indian maid, pierced by the most poignant grief, was no sooner alone, than she threw herself on the ground in all the agonies of despair. 'Wretched Cascarilla!' said she, 'to whom canst thou now sue for protection? Who will have pity on thy youth? Who will stretch forth their arm in thy defence?—Oh, Panama, Panama! why hast thou deserted me? Behold, whilst thou seek'st glory in the field, thy country and thy love are despoiled at home!'

She was thus bewailing her unhappy fate, when the officer entered the tent. Davenant was a young soldier, not less elegant in his person than valiant in the field of battle. He was generous and noble in his disposition, though too frequently led away by the violence of his passions; among which, an inordinate love of womankind was predominant. From the first moment Cascarilla caught his eye, he became fired by her charms; nor did he expect the least opposition to his desires from an unenlightened Indian: he was therefore both surprized and disappointed to find that, notwithstanding his efforts to dissipate her sadness, and win her to compliance, tears, sighs, and the most unconquerable disdain, were the only returns to his love.

He grew, however, more enamoured with his fair captive, though he scorned to violate the laws of humanity, by exerting that power which the chance of war had given him over her: on the contrary, he had recourse to the gentlest means to soften her heart; he daily devised some new pleasure to render her captivity less irksome; and, that she might not pine for that society to which she had been accustomed, he selected a number of sprightly Indian girls to amuse and to enliven her. Among these was

one named Chili, who had formerly been Cascarilla's inseparable companion. This girl Davenant singled out to plead his passion, and to soften the obduracy of his mistress; for, being totally unacquainted with her language, he had hitherto urged his love by sighs and looks only.

'How can you,' said Chili one day to her weeping friend, 'how can you, dearest Cascarilla, thus perversely turn from that happiness which awaits you? Are you not happier here, where every wish is gratified, and where pleasure courts you in a thousand forms, than roving through the woods unnoticed and unknown? How can you resist the charming youth who lives but in your smiles? Can our Indians boast so fair an hue? Eyes like the starry heaven, and blushes like the rosy dawn of day! Panama will never return; he has perhaps fallen in battle: or, should he yet live, Fate has severed him for ever from you.'—'Cease, Chili, cease!' replied Cascarilla; 'my blood runs cold with horror at the thought. Unthinking girl! can these vain scenes of pleasure thus intoxicate thy senses? Turn, oh! turn your eyes to our unpeopled plains; view our poor countrymen driven with their helpless families to seek that shelter among dreary mountains, which they were wont to find in their peaceful habitations! Oh, Chili! reflect on these calamities; and then look with horror on the authors of them. Were I capable of renouncing my beloved Panama, I would suffer death rather than unite with these destroyers of our land!'

Cascarilla had spent some months in captivity, when Davenant received orders to march with his regiment; in order to join other troops in the more northern parts of America. He could not endure the thought of forsaking his beloved mistress, whom he resolved, therefore, to make the companion of his expedition.

This was a new source of grief to the fair Indian: she had not hitherto been without hopes, faint as they were, of seeing Panama, should he return; but now that soothing dream vanished, and in idea she already beheld herself in a distant land, surrounded by obstacles which must for ever baffle the efforts of Panama to discover her: but lamentations were fruitless, for in a few days they

they entered upon their journey; and Cascarilla, with weeping eyes, cast a last sad glance on her deserted plains.

'Adieu; my native plains!' she cried, which were wont to smile with peace and liberty: no more shall Cascarilla range your towering hills and sunny vales; no more shall Echo repeat her songs, or lengthen the plaintive tale of Panama: yet may the kind responsive maid bear to the youth his Cascarilla's woes; tell him, with weeping eyes, she leaves your shades, and in her last adieu sighed Panama!

They travelled some weeks, during which time Davenant continued to urge his passion with unabated ardour; till finding, at length, that promises and entreaties were equally unavailing, he resolved by threats to terrify the obdurate maid into compliance. These, however, answered no other purpose than to inspire her with the resolution of making her escape.

This she was determined to do, though totally unacquainted with the part in which they were travelling: but she was resolved to cope with every danger, rather than break her faith to Panama. Accordingly, she waited an opportunity favourable to her design, and escaped by night from the regiment, disguised in the habit of a French soldier.

Having travelled till break of day, she perceived a number of Indian women assembled at the entrance of a wood. Cascarilla, overjoyed to behold some of her own sex, was making what speed her wearied feet would permit her towards them; when the women, alarmed at her hostile appearance, put themselves in a posture of defence, directing their bows towards her. Cascarilla instantly threw herself at their feet; and, declaring that she was an unfortunate female Indian, lately escaped from captivity, implored their protection in the most pathetic manner. This explanation entirely disarmed the Indians, and converted their hostilities into kindness: they set before her the flesh of some wild fowl and fruits; and invited her, at the same time, to reside among them. Cascarilla joyfully accepted the offer; and,

having refreshed herself, was conducted to the habitation of Potowac, an Indian woman, who had warmly entreated her to make one in her family.

Potowac was the mother of two children, Michi and Huoki. Huoki, her son, was now among those Indians who were annually sent by this nation* to make war upon the Cherokees; but Michi remained at home with her mother. This young Indian and Cascarilla were almost of the same age, and possessed an astonishing similarity of disposition; so that friendship mutually took root in their bosoms. They were inseparable companions; and the society of the gentle Michi soothed, in some degree, that grief which invaded the soul of Cascarilla; for, since her residence among these Indians, she had heard that Panama had fallen in battle. At the return of evening, when the employments of the day were over, she would frequently recline beneath an embowering cocoa, and thus warble her melancholy tale—

- 'The fairest cedar of the grove
- 'Arose less beauteous than my love;
- 'The pride of all our Indian youth,
- 'For valour, constancy, and truth.
- 'His eyes were bright as morning dew,
- 'His lips, the nopal's † crimson hue;
- 'His teeth, the silvery plume so white,
- 'That wings the spotted bird ‡ of night.
- 'For me th' unerring lance he threw,
- 'For me the steadfast bow he drew;
- 'Chac'd the fleet roe thro' mead and wood,
- 'Or lur'd the tenants of the flood.
- 'Mine was the spoil—the trophies mine,
- 'The choicest skins my cot to line;
- 'While for the youth a wreath I wove,
- 'With flowers new gathered from the grove.
- 'But, ah! those happy hours are fled;
- 'I weep my dear Panama dead!
- 'The clang of war his bosom fir'd;
- 'He fought, was conquer'd, and expir'd!
- 'Untomb'd, unshelter'd, lo! he lies;
- 'No maid to close his faded eyes,
- 'With flowers to deck his mournful bier,
- 'Or greet his ashes with a tear!

Thus sung Cascarilla; while the sympha-

* The Mohawks, one of the five nations, which dwell on the south side of the river St. Lawrence.

† The plant on which the cochineal is nourished: it's blossoms are of a beautiful red.

‡ The American owl, of so shining and delicate a white as scarcely to be distinguished from snow.

thing Michi, with tears, blended in her song of sorrow.

Some months having passed, the Indians, with anxious bosoms, began to expect the return of their warlike youths; and the love-sick nymphs cast many a longing glance toward the surrounding plains, impatient for the youth they loved. At length the joyful heralds drew nigh to announce victory, and the army's approach to the skirts of the village; it being uncouth for the victorious Indians to enter it till the day following that of their arrival: they then make a triumphant entry with the captives they have taken in battle. Potowac and Michi, however, who could not bear suspense another tedious night, set out, with affectionate solicitude, for the army, to meet their beloved Huoki; but, alas! in vain: the valiant youth had fallen a victim to the rage of war, and was left a mangled corpse upon the hostile plain. Potowac filled the air with her complaints. 'O Huoki! Huoki!' said she, 'art thou slain, indeed! Wilt thou return no more to thy distressed mother? Thy form was like the mountain pine; strength nerved thy arm; and on thy tongue dwelt truth and wisdom. In the race thou wast like the flying deer; in battle dauntless and intrepid. Yet the darts of thine enemy have prevailed against thee; the cruel tomahawk has levelled thee with the dust. All my nights shall bespent in mourning; and the sun arise only to renew my tears!' Michi was likewise agonized with grief for the untimely fate of her brother. But her sorrow was quickly diverted by the presence of a young Indian who graced the triumph of the conquerors. His air was dignified and intrepid, as the martial god; health gave lustre to his eyes, and beauty to his countenance: he seemed to bear his fetters with unconcern; and heard without emotion that, on the morrow, perhaps, the most excruciating death awaited him.

It has, I believe, been observed, that violent passions frequently take the most precipitant turn. Thus it proved with Michi; for she no sooner beheld the charming captive, than the grief which her brother's death had occasioned instantly gave place to love: the safety of the beloved youth became now her only care. She was sensible that the laws of her country allowed to those who had

lost in battle a husband, a son, or a brother, the power of demanding a prisoner, whom they usually adopted in room of the deceased. Of this privilege Michi resolved next morning, when the chiefs were assembled, to avail herself. With this resolution she accompanied Potowac to their cottage; where, embracing Cascarilla, she disclosed to her the fond wishes of her heart. 'Ah! my friend,' said she, 'I shall no longer enjoy that serenity which has hitherto marked my hours; nor shall my repose be longer undisturbed by care; since I have admitted that fatal passion into my breast which has poisoned the peace of my Cascarilla!'—'My beloved Michi,' replied her fair companion, 'indulge not a thought so melancholy. Love, my friend, is the gentlest passion; it smoothes the thorny paths of life; it exalts, it refines the soul. What though it has taught my tears to flow, and rent my heart with the sigh of sorrow, shall Michi's joys be thus overcast? No, my friend; undisturbed by the tumult of war, some gentle youth shall possess thy charms; love shall crown thy peaceful mansion, and health and virtue secure thy repose.'

After this, Michi entered into a minute detail of the circumstances which gave birth to her passion; and communicated her intention of demanding the captive youth.

The two friends then retired to rest: but sleep sealed not the eyes of Michi; her soul hung on the lovely Indian, whose image was still present to her imagination. She reflected on those graces which nature had bestowed upon his person; and chid the lingering hours till light returned, when she might again behold him.

Morn had no sooner unveiled her beauties, than the triumphant Indians entered their village. The dire tomahawk was borne before them, adorned with variegated plumes, in token of victory; and their prisoners, decorated with beads and other ornaments, graced the conquest.

Michi repaired with eagerness to behold again the godlike youth; while Cascarilla remained at home to comfort Potowac, who still mourned for the loss of her son. She did not, however, long indulge herself in the pleasing contemplation of him, but hastened to the sachems and chief warriors, who preside

over the military affairs of the Indians, and demanded the captive stranger as a recompence for the loss of her brother Huoki. This request was immediately complied with; and the youth, being unbound, was conducted to the habitation of Potowac. Cascarilla, at their entrance, was making fishing-rods; and, being intent on her employment, did not at first perceive the stranger. But with what various emotions was her soul agitated, when she discovered him to be her lost and lamented Panama! They beheld each other for some moments with silent astonishment, scarcely believing the evidence of their senses. But soon finding the extatick dream to be real, they flew into each other's arms in all those raptures which they only can feel who have experienced the pangs of desponding absence.

"O my Cascarilla!" said Panama, "let me clasp thee, close as the fond bejuocos* clasps the sheltering bark. How hast thou survived the dreadful slaughter which has overspread our wretched country? But it is enough! I hear the music of thy voice, sweeter than the rock-bird's song: I gaze enraptured on thy beauties; and, trembling, press them to my beating bosom."

Cascarilla returned the caresses of her lover with equal ardour, till a tear on the cheek of Michi gave a different turn to her thoughts. Disengaging herself, therefore, from Panama's embraces, she made signs for him to follow her into a solitary grove of cocoa, where she spoke to him in the following manner. "Many have been my sorrows since those happy hours we spent beneath our native shades. Our plains, my Panama, are no longer crowaed with peace; our countrymen no more look gay with health and ease, but bend beneath the weight of tyranny and oppression. I was made captive: the haughty victor strove to buy my love with costly gifts, and to allure me with intoxicating pleasures; but I found means to rid myself of his hateful importunity by taking shelter among these friendly people. Oh, Panama! in Potowac I have found a mother; in the gentle Michi a tender friend and sister: but, above all, to their kindness do I owe

the life of my Panama. How can we recompense such goodness, such unbounded goodness? Michi, my Panama, loves you with the tenderest affection; without you she will droop and wither like the violet before the sun. Shall we then plant thorns in those lenient bosoms which have succoured and protected us? No, my Panama, let us not return their kindness by ingratitude; give to Michi that love which was once your Cascarilla's due. Heaven knows with what reluctance I resign you! The sable delights not so much in the mountain, nor the beaver in the lake, as Cascarilla in her Panama: yet will she not wound the peace of Michi!" These words struck cold horror through the soul of the intrepid Indian. "O my Cascarilla!" he said, "how hast thou unmanned me! Do we meet to part thus? Can I leave thee? No, my fair, let us die together; let us die, rather than bear, worse than death, separation!"—"How!" said Cascarilla, "can this be the valiant Panama? Are not the pleasures of a virtuous self-denial preferable to those of love, embittered by ingratitude?"—"Noble and generous Cascarilla!" replied the youth, "how hast thou roused my sleeping virtue! I blush to think that I have been thus surpassed in that fortitude which should mark the Indian warrior. But, alas! it is more difficult to subdue our affections, than with a single arm to combat millions. I submit, my Cascarilla; your superior virtue has conquered. Lead on, my fair; lead to your friend; that, by sacrificing love to honour, I may render myself worthy of enjoying you beyond those happy mountains, where

"No fiends torment, no Christians thirst
"for gold."

This affecting scene was concluded with a last tender embrace!

—"Some natural tears they dropt,
"But wip'd them soon."

Cascarilla now conducted her lover back to Michi; and, embracing her, she said—Behold, my friend, the happy youth whomouffles thy affection! Pa

* A kind of woody cardage, which grows in some parts of America, and clings to the bark of trees.

'nama, my Michi, will return thy love with that ardour it so justly merits: he will devote to you that life which you have given; protect you by his valour; soothe you by his tenderness; and be to Michi what once he was to Cascarilla.' She then took their hands; and, uniting them, lifted up her eyes to heaven, and implored that the spirits of darkness might not be permitted to sow discord betwixt them; but that uninterrupted peace and happiness might attend them through life.

'Is it possible,' said the astonished Michi, 'that my friend can thus calmly relinquish her Panama? or can she imagine that Michi would prefer her own happiness to that of her Cascarilla? No; were I thus to violate our friendship, thy injured spirit would be ever present to my imagination, and pursue me even to those plains where we expect eternal rest.'—'Dearest Michi,' returned the generous maid, 'is not friendship the purest of all passions? Do not our Indian youth ce-

lebrate it in their songs, and hold it as the most sacred of human engagements? Do they not cement it by bonds, which even death itself cannot dissolve? And shall not Cascarilla make this sacrifice to her beloved Michi?'—'No,' replied Michi; 'that sacrifice be mine; my love was a sudden gust of passion only, which will vanish at the powerful touch of friendship.'

This tender contest lasted some time, each eager to sacrifice her own passion to that of her friend; till Michi at length concluded with the following words—'Cease, Cascarilla,' said she, 'cease to urge me farther; since I swear by the sacred Calumet, an oath which we all tremble to violate, that Michi will never become the wife of Panama.' Michi having thus prevailed, nothing now impeded the union of the faithful pair. Their marriage was celebrated with great festivity: and the friendship of Michi and Cascarilla is recorded in the Indian songs even to the present day.

TSOUY.

A CHINESE TALE.

A Strange idea for a prince one day entered the head of Tsching-Ouang, emperor of China, of glorious memory. He would absolutely know what was meant by the word Philosopher. One would imagine this monarch had very little to do; although, most certainly, this amusement was far better than that of killing flies, which was the very serious occupation of one of the ancient tyrants and scourges of this unfortunate globe.

The slightest intimation of a sovereign is a command. A proclamation was instantly published, that whoever laid claim to the title of philosopher, should repair to court, and prostrate himself before the imperial throne. Tcheou-Kong, who was the excellent minister of this prince, took particular care to second the proclamation, by causing the most diligent searches to be made for a philosopher.

The celebrated Cham-Sou had too much vanity to suppose, that any other than himself could aspire to the honours of the sage. Proud of having compos-

ed near a hundred volumes on Confucius, he appeared before his sovereign with the fullest confidence of success. He boasted of his talents, his numberless productions, and particularly of his humanity, disinterestedness, and exemplary piety. But the emperor, upon enquiry, found that he was unfeeling and vindictive; ambitious of being talked of, by whatever means; and wanting, moreover, in politeness. 'This, certainly, is not the man I want,' said Tsching-Ouang: 'send him away.' Cham-Sou left the palace, and vented his resentment in a satire against the prince, who only pitied this unfortunate man of letters, and laughed at his defamatory libel.

Tsé-é next appeared in the lists. He wrote with enthusiasm. He was fond to accumulate the clouds that obscured the truth, instead of 'endeavouring to disperse them.' He had published a variety of books, all very philosophical, and very useless to mankind. A disgusting pride was apparent in his most trifling actions. Singularity, in particular,

tictular, distinguished him from all other writers; and indeed, he knew the weak side of men, and the means to make them stare: for this same singularity had given wings to a reputation, which must otherwise have crept to the ground, and then sunk into oblivion. He would not for the world dress himself like any of his fellow-citizens. He eat his meat hot—because the Chinese eat theirs cold. They drank their liquor hot—and that was a sufficient motive to drink his cold. In all companies he would declare how much he detested mankind; yet his first wish, it was evident, was to gain their good opinion. When he was not the subject of their conversation he was wretched; and to such a degree was he infected by this distemper of the soul, that he envied a malefactor who was about to undergo a capital punishment, because that day his crime and merited fate had engaged the whole attention of the city. Besides, his writings neither enlarged the circle of our pleasures, nor of reason; there was in them not the least appearance of plan, method, or connection. He was read by all, and understood by none; a circumstance which, more than any thing else, perhaps, had contributed to make him popular. ‘A philosopher!’ said Tsching-Ouang: ‘he is, indeed, a very diverting animal. But take him away, take him away.’

Kiong, the most humble of Bonzes, was of opinion that, notwithstanding his absolute renunciation of all terrestrial things, the honour and interest of religion required him to appear at court on this occasion. In the number of his eminent virtues he descanted on his filthy appearance; his solemn phiz, made yellow by fasting and mortification; his profound ignorance; his absolute uselessness to the world; his grimaces; his continual contortions; and, above all, the nails with which his rump was most zealously and most abundantly larded. This sanctified idiot had not the least doubt that his imperial majesty would admire in him the archetype of true philosophy. Exact, to the most minute point, in the observation of an infinity of superstitious rites, he did not fail to exalt his seat upon the ruins of every other. He took particular care, moreover, to abuse mankind in general; concluding all his investives by an indirect

encomium on his very insignificant person; his excellent qualities; and his actions, worthy to be recorded in the national archives. Nor did he hesitate to declare himself superior to his brethren, the other Bonzes. It is true, that this great man had distinguished himself by the uncommon and inimitable perseverance, to remain twenty years nailed in a niche, his arms raised to heaven, and his head reclining on his left shoulder. The emperor had the patience to hear him, and to count his nails one after another. He had next the goodness to order that his physician should take charge of this religious mountebank, and endeavour to restore him to his senses; for from true virtue and wisdom he was indeed too remote.

‘What!’ exclaimed Tsching-Ouang, ‘is there not in all my extensive dominions such a character as I have imagined a sage to be?’—‘Behold him,’ said a mandarin, who at that instant arrived out of breath. His triple chin bespoke the ease of health, and the happiness of unconcern. ‘Sublime son of Heaven!’ he continued, ‘behold the model of philosophy! I am occupied only by the care of living: I devote myself to no other study. I make every thing tend to my own self, as to the centre of the universe. All around me was created for me alone. I have acquired the most important of all knowledge, the art of being insensible to whatever may disagreeably affect me. I have endeavoured to study pleasure as a science. Ease, and tranquillity, in particular, appear to me the supreme good. I delight in a kind of non-existence. By these means I manage the springs of life; being sensible that they will be worn out and decay, if our exertions are carried ever so little beyond ourselves. In fine, I live to myself alone.’ The emperor commanded, that they should instantly banish this ridiculous and disgusting egotist from his presence.

In a word, in a capital that contained forty thousand men of letters; in Peking, where the art of reasoning was found out; there was not a single man to be found, that deserved the name of Philosopher.

The emperor, however, was not discouraged. He left the helm of the

state to his brother, and departed with his dear Tcheou-Kong, and two other favourites; disguising the splendour of his rank, and actuated by an invincible inclination to pursue the object of his search.

Behold him, then, traversing China with his three courtiers. They were near that stupendous wall, at the sight of which every traveller is in an ecstasy of admiration. At a distance they perceived a small hut, on the summit of a mountain, which in other respects appeared to be uninhabited. They were told in the plain, that this was the abode of a Philosopher. Tching-Ouang instantly rejoicing at having thus gained the period of his journey, neglected not to return thanks to Tien for this happy discovery. He is determined to climb this mountain: his companions are eager to follow him. A kind of savage rushes from his retreat, and runs to meet them, exclaiming—'Men, approach not, approach not. What business have you here? Will you yet dispute me this asylum, which the ferocious beasts do not invade?' The monarch's curiosity is now augmented. He explains the object of his journey to this stranger: he tells him, in short, that he is searching every where for a philosopher. 'If that name,' resumed the solitary, 'belong to a being that holds the whole human race in abhorrence, you need not go farther; you have found what you want in me. No one can more detest mankind. Oh! that they had but one neck, but one head; what a satisfaction should I enjoy in striking it off! For twenty years I have inhabited this desert; and I continually complain to Tien, that he has not selected me among the ministers of his avenging justice, to punish, and to annihilate, if possible, the whole human race. Be gone instantly, or I will transfix your heart with this arrow, with which I kill the animals that serve for my wretched subsistence.'

The good monarch took compassion on this man. In imitation of the virtuous emperor, Yu, he dropped some tears. 'He must certainly,' said he to his courtiers, 'have experienced some great calamity. Alas! ought there to be one unfortunate man in my empire? Surely I do not take sufficient care to discharge the duties of my rank. This miserable creature

'is to be pitied, to be respected! He is an afflicted, an exasperated misanthrope! But, ah! how different from a philosopher! Where can this prodigy of human wisdom exist?'

They arrive at one of the most renowned cities of China. They found no other subject of conversation there, than concerning a great author, the chief object of whose studies was morality. He had published a complete treatise on the five duties. Tching-Ouang gained admission to Ouei-Fong, which was the name of this great man. He found him in reality to be a person of consummate learning. His sentiments were dictated by Truth herself. His writings breathed throughout the beauty and excellence of virtue, the love of harmony and order, and the veneration and obedience that were due to the laws. 'Let Tien be praised!' thought the monarch; 'I have now found my philosopher.' But prudence bade him suspend his judgment. He receives farther information. He learns that Ouei-Fong, the noblest of the ethic writers, did not practise his own admirable precepts; and that, although he was in the most opulent circumstances, he did good to no one. 'I am deceived, then,' said the emperor, uttering a deep sigh; 'I am deceived! This man certainly can be no philosopher!'

New researches are made; and each is more ineffectual than the former. Tching-Ouang, not a little chagrined, resumes the road to his capital. His favourites would fain console him under this disappointment. 'August Sir,' said they, 'you must now be convinced, that this phenomenon of human nature can have no existence. If there were a philosopher, a single philosopher, on the globe, we should certainly have found him. This object of your sublime researches must be a mere chimera.'

It is decided, then, that a philosopher is an imaginary being; and that the 'Sublime Son of Heaven' must absolutely leave this illusion to the sons of earth.

During this conversation, in which Tcheou-Kong alone ventured to be of a different opinion, (or, in other words, to disclaim the language of flattery) they approach a kind of hamlet, the situation of which is charming beyond description. At a small distance, in the bosom of

of a valley, they perceive a house, the agreeable plainness and simplicity of which attract their notice. The angust traveller meets a peasant: 'To whom,' said he, 'does this rural edifice belong?' — 'To an odd fellow, I think. Nobody can ever put him out of temper. We may play him a hundred mischievous tricks; but do you know how he avenges himself? By doing us all the good in his power. Indeed we cannot help loving him. But I know very little of him. I have not lived long in this place.'

The emperor is very desirous to see a man of such a very singular character, that even ill offices could not irritate him; and who seemed, moreover, to be actuated by no ordinary benevolence.

They direct their steps towards this rustick retreat, whose sweet environs displayed the unobtrusive charms of modesty and artless nature; while all around seemed to evince, in some degree, that active goodness, which is the character of Heaven. Flocks of sheep were feeding near the house; some great trees were disposed in arbours; that passengers might recline under their refreshing shade; nor were basins of transparent water wanting, to allay the weary traveller's thirst.

When the emperor arrived at this delightful abode, he found at the door a multitude of paupers, who were receiving a charitable allowance of rice. He enters. A venerable man, on the verge of fourscore, is upon his knees. He perceives not Tching-Ouang. Tsouy (for that was the name of the good old man) addresses to Tien this prayer: 'O God of gods! what thanks have I to render thee! Thou hast deprived me of opulence and grandeur; but thou hast left me a morsel of bread, which I divide with my brethren. Continue to shed thy bounties upon this empire. Watch over the happiness of our august sovereign; and may my children be worthy to serve him, to serve their country, to serve humanity, and to address their homage to thee! Grant, O supreme Tien! that I may die in the bosom of my dear family, remembered by them, but forgotten by the world.'

The emperor lost not one of these affecting words. But Tsouy having just perceived him and his attendants, instantly cries: 'What motive, my wor-

'thy travellers, can bring you hither so far out of your way?' — 'A desire,' answered the emperor, 'to find out the residence of wisdom and virtue.' — 'It is not here,' resumed the modest old man, 'that you will find these two uncommon treasures. You will here behold only the picture of that happy mediocrity, which is the true situation of man. But in what can I be useful to you? Speak; we will endeavour to supply your wants, as far as Heaven has permitted us to enjoy a pleasure so sweet, so exquisitely pure!'

Tsouy presents to Tching-Ouang his four sons, who all gloried in the profession of husbandry; and who were eminent, in particular, for zealously discharging all the obligations of filial piety. They retired a moment, in order to fetch fruits and flowers, which they presented to the emperor, although unknown to them. But titles are not necessary to engage the Chinese to fulfil the duties of hospitality. It has been already observed, that they esteem politeness to be one of the first social virtues, which they are bound to practise to all, without respect of persons.

After a short prayer to Tien, they were seated at table. The emperor could not sufficiently admire the benignity, the affability, of this venerable man, a kind of divine serenity which beamed in his whole countenance. 'How long, my father, have you inhabited this place?' — 'Near forty years. I live here unknown. I do as much good as possible; and it is the little I am able to do, that excites the recollection of my misfortunes. Alas! why am I not permitted to extend the proofs of sensibility to all the objects I would relieve?' — 'What, have you been unfortunate?' — 'I may at least appear so in the eyes of men; but I have unnumbered obligations to Adversity. I am indebted to it for compassion, sensibility, and all the pleasures of the soul. It is a counsellor, that feelingly persuades me what I am; that tells me I am a man. Had I not known disgrace, I had never known my heart; I had never enjoyed the ineffable satisfaction of pitying, and sometimes mitigating, the woes of others.' — 'What is it you mean by disgrace?' — 'I was one of the ministers of the deceased emperor. — Yu! — I sedulously endeavoured

‘voured to deserve his confidence. But Envy could not endure my prosperity; I was the victim of Calumny; my enemies gained a superior ascendancy over my sovereign. It is so difficult for monarchs to learn the truth. All my employments, and almost all my fortune, were taken from me.’—‘Did the virtuous Ou-Ouang commit this injustice? Alas! how much, then, are sovereigns to be pitied!’—‘Certainly; and this is an example of it: for never before did emperor exhibit a more perfect image of Tien; and yet this master that was so dear to me—’ You weep, my good, venerable sire!’—‘I repeat it, I am far from blaming him; it is the common misfortune of kings; for so I may call that insurmountable difficulty, which excludes truth from all the avenues to the throne. I was then disgraced. With the wreck of my fortune I purchased the small field you see; I cultivate it with the assistance of my sons; and I have built a house large enough to exercise hospitality to strangers.’—‘What! is the emperor dead, without having repaid—’ ‘Once more, the emperor was a man: he was deceived; he owed me nothing. I shall never cease the less to revere his memory; and I fervently pray that Tien may shower down his choicest blessings on his son.’

Tching-Ouang endeavoured to check his tears. ‘His son, my good father, his son must one day love you.’—‘Oh, no, I can never more think of returning to court. I shall die here; and I exhort my family never to quit this retreat. May their eyes and hearts be ever fixed upon my grave, and may their ashes be mingled with mine! May they be content, while they enjoy an innocent life, to gather the produce of this field; and may they be able to increase their bounties, like the dew of heaven, that enriches the earth!’—‘But whence is it that you do not enjoy an extensive reputation?’—‘This is also one of the favours of Heaven, for which I daily return thanks. How much is obscurity preferable to rank, to the most splendid name! Wisdom and humanity should be dear to us for their own sakes. Virtue ever receives her own reward in the little good she has the happiness to perform. The inhabitants of the next village sometimes divert themselves by damaging

‘my meadows, and breaking my fruit-trees.’—‘And what punishment do you demand for such ungrateful people?’—‘I take care of their sick; I relieve their poor; I comfort them in affliction. It is not through malignity but wantonness that they act thus; for in human nature, I am convinced, there is more of weakness than wickedness.’—‘O admirable mortal!’ exclaimed the emperor; ‘and here,’ internally thought he, ‘is at last the philosopher I have so long searched for! Admirable!’—‘I only discharge my duty. It is my business to forget the faults of others, and amend my own. And besides, which is the happiest man; he who injures, or he who is injured? The latter has only to forgive, and he is certain of a pleasure which the other can never taste.’

Tching-Ouang could no longer refrain from tears. ‘Too susceptible stranger,’ said Tsouy, ‘how much does this proof of sensibility affect me!’—‘Embrace me, most excellent of men!’—‘Yes, I have at last found the long sought-for object of our journey. Adieu, venerable Tsouy; you may one day know me.’

The emperor was profuse in his expressions of joy: ‘I am at length recompensed,’ said he, ‘for all my fatigues. I have discovered this present from Heaven, this wonder of human nature. You did right, sage Tcheou-Kong; not to question his existence.’

At last they return to the capital; and the emperor having resumed the administration of affairs, commands that Tsouy and his four sons be brought before him.

The venerable man receives the emperor’s command with becoming deference: but his sons give way to inquietude and grief. ‘Doubtless,’ they said, ‘our father’s enemies are plotting new machinations against him.’—‘Oh my friends,’ says the good Tsouy, ‘what have you to fear? You have hitherto lived virtuously; and it will not be easy for you to die: I will set you the example. Come; appear at court with your instruments of agriculture. These are the ensigns of dignity, which you must oppose to those of your persecutors.’

Tsouy and his family, conducted to the imperial city, appear before their sovereign, each with a pack-sack on his back. They

They prostrate themselves, and are ordered to rise. 'My father,' said the emperor, 'do you not recollect me?' Tsouy, lifting up his eyes, is struck with astonishment. He would again prostrate himself before the throne. The emperor descends from it; embraces him with the warmest effusion of soul; and, turning to a crowd of courtiers and learned men, whom curiosity had drawn to the palace—'Behold,' said he, 'the mortal, the celestial man, for whom I have so long sought in vain! Behold the philosopher! Henceforth Tsouy shall be called by no other name.' Tsouy exclaims—'Forgive me, august Sire, if I presume to interrupt you. Where are my writings, that can entitle me to this splendid distinction?'—'Your virtuous actions, my venerable father, your beneficent deeds, are the best of books. If Confucius had been content only to write on Wisdom, and had never practised her precepts, do you think he would have merited the name of Supreme Legislator? You and your family shall be honoured with every mark of my esteem. I will endeavour to repair the errors of my father; and his son will glory in being your protector and your friend. Share with Tcheou-Kong the painful cares of government. Assist me both with

your enlightened wisdom and support; and, above all, never fear to present constantly before me the mirror of truth.'

Tsouy would have declined this exalted honour. 'I command you,' said the emperor, 'in the name of my people, not to deceive my hopes. Imitate, each of you, that excellent minister, Tcheou-Kong, and you will be, like him, the benefactors of the empire.'

Tsouy could only answer by those delicious tears, the expression of unspeakable gratitude. He, and all his family, enjoyed permanent favour; and he had, moreover, the satisfaction of pardoning his enemies, whose destiny had been committed to his pleasure. He had even the divine felicity of returning good for evil, and of supporting them by his credit with the generous Tching-Ouang.

The Chinese, after their deaths, erected two statues to their memory. That of the emperor had no other inscription than these affecting words—

THE BENEFACITOR.

And on the pedestal of the statue of Tsouy, was inscribed that name, which has transmitted his eulogy to posterity—

THE PHILOSOPHER.

CHARIESSA;

OR,

A PATTERN FOR HER SEX.

BY MR. HAYLEY.

CHARIESSA was the youngest child of a worthy and active gentleman, who, though his name had a place in the will of a very opulent father, suffered many hardships, in the early part of his life, from the scantiness of his patrimony. His father was infected with that ridiculous, or rather detestable, family pride, by which many persons are tempted to leave their younger children in absolute indigence, from the vain and absurd prospect of aggrandizing an eldest son; a project which was suggested to the old gentleman we are speaking of, by his discovery of a genealogical table, which unluckily enabled him

to trace his progenitors to the reign of Edward the Fourth, when it appeared that one of his ancestors was high-sheriff for the county in which he resided.

As the father of Charieffa had felt all the evils arising from an unjust distribution of property, he determined to leave whatever fortune he might himself acquire, in equal proportions among his children. From a very fortunate marriage, and much unexpected success in life, he was enabled, at his decease, to leave to his son, and to each of his two daughters, a portion equivalent to sixteen thousand pounds.

The son had been educated in one of the

the first mercantile houses of London; and, at the time of his father's death, was just returned from a tour to the continent, where he had been engaged in fixing his future correspondences, before he settled as a merchant.

He had passed some few years in trade, when his uncle, the eldest brother of his father, died without issue, and left him the family estate, on the condition of his quitting commerce entirely, and residing at the ancient seat of the Trackums. He obeyed the injunction of the will, and retired into the country with his wife, who, though a celebrated beauty, was a lady of infinite discretion, and distinguished through life by the most prudent attention to a numerous family.

Squire Trackum, as we shall now call him, changed his manners with his place of abode; and quitted the grave address of the important merchant, to assume the boisterous jocularities of the esquires that surrounded him. In a short time he was so completely metamorphosed, that, in his first visit to town, he greatly astonished and entertained his old acquaintance of the city; but his real character remained the same. He now concealed, under the mask of rustic joviality, that uncommon share of worldly wisdom, which he formerly hid under the mantle of serious and solemn frankness; he even carried into the field of rural sport that incessant attention to interest which he used to exert upon Change; and, in the very moment when he was galloping after a hare, would calculate the chances of settling a daughter in marriage, or letting a farm to advantage. In one unguarded moment of real frankness, when he was warmed by the bottle, he boasted, to an intimate friend, that he never passed ten minutes in the company of any man, without considering how he might derive some degree of pecuniary or interested advantage from his acquaintance.

Before the squire assumed his rural character, Erinnis, the eldest of his two sisters, had married a gentleman of a distant county, who was respected as the descendant of an ancient family, and the possessor of a large estate.

The unmarried Chariessa, whose temper, suitable to her pleasing, elegant person, was sprightly, generous, and unsuspecting, conceived a most lively attachment to the wife and children of her brother; whom she always regarded with such affectionate confidence, that she suf-

fered herself to be guided, in all important points, by his judgment and advice.

The provident squire, considering that a rich maiden aunt is an admirable prop to the younger branches of a very fruitful house, had very early determined within himself, that his sister, Chariessa, should pass her life in single blessedness; and he doubted not but he had sufficient address to confirm her an old maid, by the artful device of perpetually expressing the most friendly solicitude for her marrying to advantage. He had persuaded her, on his leaving London, to choose for her residence a provincial town, in the neighbourhood of Trackum Hall; and by thus securing her within the reach of his constant observation, and studying to increase the influence which he had already acquired over her frank and affectionate spirit, he took the most effectual precautions for accomplishing his wishes. As Chariessa was in that rank of life, in which matrimonial approaches are made rather in a slow and ceremonious, than a rapid and ardent manner, the watchful squire had sufficient time and opportunity to counteract the attempt of every man whom he found guilty, or whom he suspected, of a design on the heart and hand of this devoted vestal. By inducing his innocent sister to believe, that he most heartily wished to see her well married; and by persuading her, at the same time, to think highly of his penetration into the real characters of men—a penetration which it is difficult for single ladies to acquire—he brought the good and credulous Chariessa to see all her lovers exactly in that unfavourable point of view, in which his own interest and artifice contrived to shew them. In consequence of her affectionate reliance on his assiduous counsel, she absolutely rejected the overtures of three gentlemen, who were generally esteemed unexceptionable; but the friendly zeal of the vigilant squire had discovered, that they were all utterly unworthy of so excellent a creature as Chariessa.

The mean designs of self-interest are frequently punished with the heavy tax of solicitude, concerning the many dangers to which they are commonly exposed. It happened thus with our prudent and successful squire. He triumphed, indeed, by putting every suitor to flight, while Chariessa resided within the reach of his indefatigable attention; but there were

were periods, in which he was tormented by the restless apprehension of losing all the fruits of his ungenerous labour.

Attached as she was to the person and family of her brother, Charieffa did not cease to love or to visit her sister Erinnis; and she resolved to pass the summer of every third year at the house of that lady, who was settled in a very distant part of the kingdom. Erinnis was one of those extraordinary women, whom Nature, in a fit of perversity, now and then produces, apparently for no purpose but that of proving a burden to themselves, and a torment to all around them. Erinnis had possessed, like her sister, youth and beauty, opulence and understanding; but she possessed them only to shew that, valuable as these endowments are, they are utterly insufficient to secure happiness or esteem, without the nobler blessings of a benevolent heart and a regulated mind. She was early married to Sir Gregory Gourd, a placid and honest baronet, who, in rather an advanced season of life, had united himself to this young lady, by the advice of his relations, for the two following purposes: first, to pay off an incumbrance on his ancient estate with a part of her ample dowry; and, secondly, to provide a male heir to that honourable house, whose antiquity he contemplated with a complacent and inoffensive pride. The luckless knight was doubly disappointed in these his two favourite projects. As to the first, indeed, he paid off a mortgage; but soon found himself involved, by the profusion of his wife, in much heavier debts. As to his second hope, whether he had entered too far into the vale of years to be gratified in such an expectation; or whether Nature, who had certainly given no maternal tenderness to the temper of Erinnis, had therefore wisely determined that she should never be a mother, I will not pretend to decide; but certain it is, that, vehemently as she panted for this event, Erinnis had never any near prospect of producing a child. This disappointment, from what cause soever it might proceed, had such an incessant tendency to inflame the natural contemptuous malignity of her spirit, that she insulted the poor submissive old knight with every humiliating outrage which an imperious wife can inflict on a terrified and unresisting husband.

The extreme envy with which the fine and flourishing groupe of her brother's

children inspired her, tempted the desperate Erinnis to try the delusive and dangerous assistance of quacks; who, lured by the prodigality with which she was willing to pay for what could not be purchased, fed her, for a long time, with fresh hopes of producing, by their various nostrums, what Nature was resolutely determined to withhold.

These villainous drugs had not only all the mischievous effect of drams, both on her countenance and temper, but led her into the habit of applying for present relief, in all her uneasy sensations of mind and body, to those flattering and false friends of the perturbed spirit.

Her passions, naturally vehement and acrimonious, were thus inflamed into fits of frenzy; but, in the moments of her most intemperate absurdity and extravagance, she constantly retained a considerable portion of hypocritical cunning; and, however insolent and injurious in her treatment of all her other relations, she for ever expressed, though in a disgusting manner, the fondest affection for her sister Charieffa. This affection was partly real, and partly pretended. There was, indeed, so engaging, so pure, so sublime a spirit of indulgent benevolence, in the character of Charieffa, that it could not fail to inspire even malignity and madness with some portion either of love or respect. But this passionate attachment of Erinnis to her sister arose chiefly from a mercenary motive. Though Charieffa was, in general, blessed with good health and good spirits, she was frequently subject to certain feverish attacks, in which her life was supposed to be in danger; and Erinnis, who had squandered enormous sums in the public display of much awkward magnificence, and in many private articles of expence, was grown so needy and rapacious, that she looked forward, with all the eagerness of avarice, to the several thousand pounds which she was sure of gaining if the good angel Charieffa took her flight to Heaven. In her most stupifying fits of intoxication, and in her most furious sallies of ill-humour, she never lost sight of this expected legacy. Charieffa, whose pure and generous mind could hardly have been induced to believe that such an idea ever entered into any human breast, not only never suspected the profuse professions of this pretended love, but gave a very singular and touching proof of the genuine sister-

ly affection and confidence with which her own heart was inspired. It happened that she was attacked by a very dangerous fever, at the house of Erinnis. After many days confinement to her bed, being alone with her physician, she said to him, in a very calm and unembarrassed manner—'Pray, Sir, tell me very frankly, do you think I shall die?' As her distemper had just taken a favourable turn, the doctor very cheerfully replied—'No, indeed, my good Madam.' Upon which she exclaimed, in a very affectionate tone—'I am glad of it, for the sake of my dear sister!' Nor was this the exclamation of a feeble mind, afraid of death, and disguising that fear under the mask of affection. Chariessa was a genuine Christian, who, having weighed both this world and the next in the balance of reason and of faith, was at all times perfectly prepared for her natural dissolution. Her exclamation was the dictate of the most generous and disinterested tenderness. She had seen the artful Erinnis counterfeited such inordinate sorrow during the course of her malady; and she so fondly believed the truth of that well-dissembled affliction, that, totally free from every selfish idea, the innocent Chariessa considered only the joy with which she supposed her sister would contemplate her unexpected recovery.

Though her own affectionate and unsuspecting temper made her receive, with an amiable credulity, all the lavish endearments of Erinnis, Chariessa was very far from being blind to the many glaring faults of her turbulent sister; but she generously found an excuse for them, which converted them at once into objects of the tenderest compassion. She persuaded herself, that the fallow and ferocious appearance, in the altered countenance of Erinnis, proceeded entirely from a disease in her liver; and that all the furious perversities of her temper were owing either to the internal pain of this cruel disorder, or to the hot medicines which she was tempted to try. Under the influence of this kind idea, she most assiduously laboured, not only to apologize for the offensive irregularities in the conduct and manners of Erinnis, but to counteract, to the utmost of her power, all the mischievous effects of her capricious and vindictive ill-humour. She raised and comforted the poor knight, whenever she saw him reduced to a pain-

ful state of humiliation by the frantic insolence of his wife; she consoled and rewarded the innocent and unfortunate domesticks, whenever she found them stript and discarded by their turbulent and offended mistress; in short, she endeavoured to maintain a degree of order, justice, and decency, throughout a numerous household, under the chaotic dominion of a malevolent, intoxicated fury: and whoever has seen her in this trying situation, has seen a perfect image of Charity; 'believing all things, hoping all things, enduring all things.'

Although the peaceable and cheerful spirit of Chariessa could find but little pleasure in a house like that of Erinnis, a compassionate affection to her sister made her very exact in the stated season of her visits: their duration always extended to six months, and sometimes amounted to seven; a circumstance which did not fail to increase the tormenting fears of her distant brother Trackum, who always contemplated the return of Chariessa into his neighbourhood with that sort of satisfaction which is felt by the tamer of a bird, on seeing it, after fluttering to the limits of an extensive chamber, return, in an easy and voluntary manner, to the open door of its cage.

Chariessa, however, was very far from feeling any degree of constraint: she departed on many of these distant visits, and returned as often to her own mansion, without once suspecting the inquietude which her long absence never failed to excite. Indeed, the fearful squire might have saved himself the pain of many teasing doubts, and many private perplexing enquiries, had he been capable of forming a just estimate of the heart and mind of Chariessa; but this, indeed, he was not; and though he knew that the magnificent but lonely habitation of Erinnis was as much avoided as the den of a savage, yet he trembled at the idea of the lovers that the unguarded Chariessa might meet in that pompous solitude. He was assured, that a rustic apothecary, and a more rustic divine, were the only frequent visitors at this dreary castle; but, as he had no confidence in female delicacy or discretion, and as he found that the man of physic and the man of God were both single men, and that each would have many opportunities of being alone with Chariessa, he greatly feared that she and her fortune might fall a sacrifice to one of the

the other of these formidable assailants. This groundless terror, instead of being diminished by time, increased with the increasing age of Charieffa. The squire was very coarse in his idea of old maids: he concluded, that no virgin turned of forty, and left entirely to her own discretion, could resist any matrimonial offer whatever; and, as his sister had reached that decisive period on her last visit to Erinis, his spirits were not a little depressed by his despair of her return in that state of vestal purity which he had so zealously wished her to maintain. At length, however, his apprehension was effectually terminated by an event which, though much more probable than the dreaded marriage of Charieffa, was not so strongly anticipated by the imagination of the distant squire. This event was the death of Erinis; who, having utterly worn out a good constitution by the most absurd and disgraceful intemperance, died, as she had lived, in magnificent misery. The tender Charieffa paid the last offices of affection to her unworthy sister; and returned in a calm and pious state of mind from the abode of joyless grandeur, whose vanity was now most completely shewn to her own peaceful and comfortable mansion. Her disposition was still remarkably cheerful; and she took too kind and too virtuous an interest in the general happiness of the living, to think affected for now a proper compliment to the dead. She had too clearly seen all the various infelicity of Erinis, not to consider her release as a blessed event; and it pleased Heaven to reward the long and indulgent attention which she had paid to the bodily and mental infirmities of that unhappy relation with many years of undisturbed tranquillity, and the purest social enjoyment. I had opportunities to contemplate her interesting character at this season of her life; and, as I believe her to have been, for several years, one of the happiest of mortals, I shall enlarge on the particular circumstances which constituted that happiness, and minutely examine that invaluable cast of mind which enabled her to gain and to secure the rarest and most precarious of all human possessions.—Charieffa was about forty-two when she returned to a constant residence in her own quiet and comfortable mansion. She was naturally fond of society; and her easy fortune enabled

her to enjoy it in that temperate and rational manner which suited her inclination. Having made many just remarks on the different conditions of female life, she was perfectly convinced, that she had great reason to be satisfied with her own single state; and no incidents arose that could make her wish to change it. Her patrimonial fortune had been much increased by some considerable legacies; and she enjoyed an income which, by her prudent regulation of it, not only supplied her with all the usual comforts of affluence, but furnished her with the exalted pleasure of conferring happiness on a selected number of industrious poor. She had a spacious and cheerful house, that peculiarly pleased her own fancy; and a set of intelligent and good-humoured domesticks, who were attached, more by affection than by interest, to her person; and the neighbouring seat of her brother afforded her a young flourishing family, whom she frequently surveyed with all the tender delight of an affectionate parent.

Such were the external circumstances that contributed to form the happiness of Charieffa; circumstances, indeed, highly desirable in themselves, yet utterly insufficient to make a woman happy, without those nobler internal blessings which were the true riches of Charieffa. She possessed, in the most eminent degree, a cheerful simplicity of heart, inexhaustible benevolence, and unaffected piety. It was by the constant, yet modest exercise of these admirable qualities, that Charieffa secured to herself, not only more felicity, but even more publick regard and attention, than was obtained by some single ladies of her neighbourhood, who were undoubtedly her superiors in the attractive endowments of beauty, opulence, and wit. Charieffa, perhaps, was never known in her life to utter a witty repartee; but such is the lively influence of genuine good-nature, that her conversation never failed to delight, and her house was frequented as the abode of benevolent vivacity. Though she had passed the gay period of youth, and never affected to disguise her age, she took a particular satisfaction in promoting the innocent amusements of the young: indeed, she was a general friend to every season and every rank of life; even the common acquaintance of Charieffa, if they had any occasion to wish for her assistance,

ance, were sure of finding her, without solicitation, a zealous promoter of their prosperity and pleasure.

There was a period in her life, at which some of her uncandid neighbours conjectured, that the subtle vice of avarice was beginning to infect her; she suddenly parted with her chariot, and reduced her establishment, without assigning her reasons for a conduct so surprizing. In a few years she resumed her equipage, and recommenced her usual stile of living, with as much, or rather more splendor than ever. This still more engaged the attention of the neighbourhood; and the very people who, on the former alteration, had accused her of avarice, now exclaimed, that she was either seized with the frenzy of extravagance, or was endeavouring to allure a husband. It was, however, proclaimed upon her death, by the worthy family of a deceased merchant, that, under the promise of the most absolute secrecy, she had allotted to his assistance, during the years of the above-mentioned retrenchment, a full moiety of her income; by which generous exertion she had supported him through some most cruel and undeserved distresses, enabled him to retrieve his circumstances, and preserve his family from impending ruin.

Though her spirits were naturally quick, and her affections very strong, I never heard an instance of her being at any time betrayed into an uncandid animosity. The town in which she resided was frequently distracted by ecclesiastical and parliamentary contentions. In those uncharitable struggles for power, the relations of Chariessa were often hotly engaged. Her affectionate heart never failed, indeed, to take a lively interest in all their pursuits; but she never ridiculed or vilified their opponents with those

eager and illiberal invectives which have been known to flow, upon such exasperating occasions, from the lips of many a quiet spinster, and of many a sober matron. The enmity of Chariessa was as generous as her friendship; and, whenever she heard such petty abusive tales, as are basely fabricated in every popular contest, for the purpose of the hour, although they favoured her own party, she would discountenance their circulation, or expose their absurdity. Nor was this liberality of conduct without its reward; Chariessa had the satisfaction of perceiving, that she conciliated to herself the perfect respect and good-will of the most opposite contending characters. Perhaps there never lived a human being so fairly and fully possessed of general esteem; and, to a mind truly amiable, there can hardly be a state of earthly enjoyment superior to what arises from incessant and open proofs of being universally beloved. Having possessed for many years this tranquil and pure delight, the tender Chariessa began to sink under natural infirmity. She sustained a short but severe illness with exemplary composure; and, in the close of it, with that calm and cheerful devotion which had distinguished her life, she resigned her benevolent spirit to the Great Parent of all benevolence.

The influence of her virtue was very far from ceasing with her mortal existence: and, though twelve years have now elapsed since the decease of this admirable woman, her excellent qualities are still fresh in the memory of all who had the happiness of her acquaintance; and they hardly ever pass the house in which she resided, without bestowing a sigh of regret, or a sentence of praise, on the merits of Chariessa.

IBRAHIM AND ADALAIDE.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

IBRAHIM, Caliph of Damascus, was juvenile and handsome. He was invested with authority; and his power was applied to communicate happiness, and alleviate distress. He was the idol of his people, and the admiration of surrounding nations. But he had not as yet tasted of the felicity which he conferred; and the joy that brightened in every

eye at his presence, could not dissipate an internal gloom which pressed upon the springs of life, and had obtained him the appellation of *The Grave*.

With the searching eye of dutiful regard, his attendants had long endeavoured to develop the mystery that gave a pensive aspect to the face of majesty; but their researches had always terminated

nated in uncertain conjectures, and ineffectual reflections; since the future had constantly convinced them that their judgment was erroneous.

Hamed was the principal officer of the court; and while his wisdom, his integrity, and his years, procured him universal esteem, these qualities by no means escaped the attention of Ibrahim the Grave, who cultivated his friendship with the most assiduous care, and sunk the monarch in the man and the companion, whenever Hamed attended on his royal person.

The youngest daughter of Hamed, the lovely Adalaide, as far transcended the roses of Damascus in the bloom of her complexion, and the diamonds of Golconda in the brilliancy of her eyes, as the saffron tinge of the morning exceeds the most perfect imitation of art; or the lucid brightness of the stars, that glitter in the celestial canopy, the feeble glare of light that illumines the tomb of the prophet: and as virtue and innocence had ever been her guides, and her father's wisdom had been transfused into her soul, with the additional charm that humility gives to female perfections, she was the universal object of attraction, and concentrated the regards of the gay, the splendid, and the young, who flattered round the throne of Damascus.

Adalaide and Ibrahim had, in their infant years, been inseparable companions. The same sun had gilded their natal day; the same lessons of sage advice had been dictated to each, and imbibed with mutual delight: and if Adalaide was celebrated for every accomplishment which adorns her sex, Ibrahim was no less famous for the practice of every virtue that is worthy of a prince. They had, at that early period, been remarked for the fondness of their attachment. The fairest flowers in the gardens of the palace were culled by his hands, and formed into a chaplet for her hair; the most exquisite fruits that the benignity of the climate, or the assiduity of art, could produce, constantly bespread her little table; and a thousand minute circumstances continually occurred to indicate the prince's affection for his lovely companion, before either ambition or art had taken possession of their minds, or the simplicity of native innocence had learned reserve from the knowledge of vice.

The necessary restraint, and prudent circumspection, which maturer years nat-

urally exact from the virtuous of the tender sex, the death of the Caliph Solymán, and Ibrahim's assumption of the reins of government, had dissolved this intimacy, which childhood only sanctioned, and which the voice of the publick might have censured, if continued under the empire of Reason. Several years had elapsed in which they had not beheld each other; yet fame had not been silent in recording their mutual virtues, and the friendship grafted on early youth had tacitly blossomed and interwoven itself with their maturer age.

The throne of Damascus was now established in the most perfect security, by the wisdom of the monarch, and the integrity of his servants. The streams of justice flowed with untainted purity; the voice of joy resounded in every street; and the benedictions of a grateful people ascended the heavens, when they contemplated the felicity of their government.

Ibrahim was alone deaf to the sounds of gladness: neither the gems that sparkled in the diadem he wore, nor the felicitations of a nation he had rendered happy, could brighten his features into joy, or clothe his lips with a smile.

The venerable Hamed began to be alarmed for the sovereign he loved; and was one day about to hint his apprehensions, when Ibrahim, beckoning to him with his hand, bade him attend him in the royal gardens.

Being seated under a pavilion, perfumed by the surrounding odoriferous blossoms, and cooled by the dewy dash of a neighbouring cascade, Ibrahim commanded his minister to listen, and to regard with the eye of a parent a monarch whom he had always treated as a son.

'Hamed,' proceeded he, 'I am sensible of your zeal to investigate the cause of my too apparent dejection, and the alacrity you have displayed to dispel it by the wisdom of age; I am convinced of your unshaken loyalty, and unbiassed integrity; and can now, without hesitation, inform you, that my happiness has ever depended on an alliance with your many virtues. The impression which the lovely Adalaide made on this heart before it was susceptible of aught but innocence, is as indelible as the seal of Mahomet, or the gratitude of virtue. Look not amazed,' added he, 'I have been prudent'

'dent till restraint is no longer necessary. Under your auspices I see my dominions flourish, and my subjects happy; and having consulted their interest first, as becomes a sovereign, shall I be censured for making my own happiness the secondary object? The little disparity of rank which pride only will register, and folly alone can reproach, sinks into its original nonentity at the powerful voice of love. My choice was unalterably fixed, before reason could foresee, or ambition anticipate, the inconvenience of titles; and I trust your approbation will complete the felicity of my life, and the glory of my reign.'

'Beloved sovereign,' replied the astonished Hamed, 'you confound me with the honour intended to be conferred on my family; but neither the partiality of a father, nor the splendor of a throne, must influence my judgment, or draw me from my duty and approved allegiance. Adalaide esteems you as her sovereign; her father loves you as his son, and honours you as his king; but neither of them can ever consent to stain the blood of royalty, or sink you in the estimation of the reputed wife. The fairest princesses of the East court your alliance, whose rank may add dignity to the throne; and shall the humble offspring of Hamed be preferred to the progeny of kings and heroes! Reflect, my prince, on your own quality; regard the united wishes of your people; and chuse a consort worthy of the exalted line from which you are sprung.'

Having said this, he arose; and left the Caliph Ibrahim absorbed in the contemplation of his own misery; and fixed in one settled look, expressive of the suspension of thought. At length, starting from his trance, he exclaims—'Am I, then, invested with the dignity of a king, and with power to confer bliss which yet I am not worthy to take? It cannot be! This heart moves not in unison with the pomp of majesty, and the soundings of ambition. Dominion is no longer amiable in my eyes, than while I can at once confer and receive happiness. Royalty is incapable of extinguishing the feelings of the soul, the transports of love, or the stings of iniquitude; and has Eternal Providence only elevated my head to render me more eminently miserable? This,

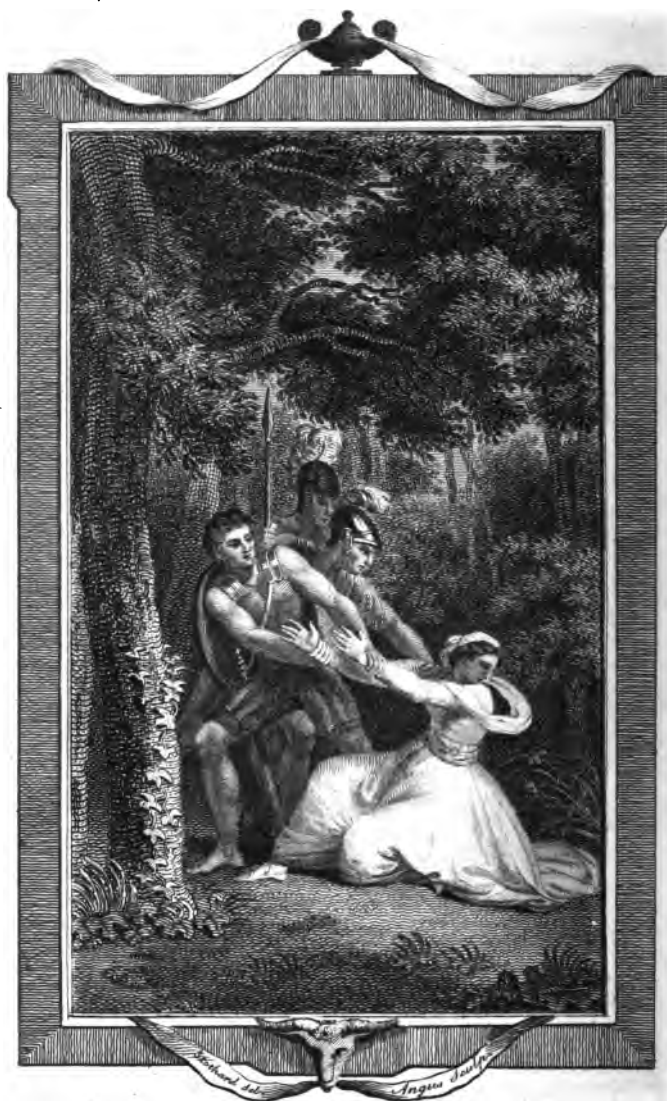
surely, is not compatible with its mercy! But I will no more arraign its inscrutable decisions: to be humble, is to be happy; and this is still within my own power!'

He then hastily arose; and wandering without any determined view, he inadvertently passed through a door, which Hamed had by accident left open, and which only separated his gardens from those of the palace. As he advanced without regarding any single object, and paused on the misery of grandeur, he was suddenly alarmed by a loud shriek from the lovely Adalaide, who was terrified at the Caliph's unexpected approach, and the visible agitation of his mind. 'Dearest Adalaide!' exclaimed he, hastening towards her, and receiving her in his arms, 'fear not the presence of love, and startle not at the voice of Ibrahim. Is the felicity of our juvenile days already forgot, and shall reason disclaim to own the sensations which infant innocence taught us mutually to feel? If my remembrance be erased from your breast, Ibrahim has nothing to hope; if he is still regarded by Adalaide, there is nothing that can occasion him a fear. Your father, to whom I have unboresomed myself, has urged me to repress the honest feelings of a genuine affection; and will you, too, join to deprive that heart of its last consolation, which has only supported the cares of state, and borne the trappings of royalty, that it might the better entitle itself to your regard?'

'Ibrahim,' replied the lovely daughter of Hamed, trembling with fear 'our childish attachment should, if possible, be forgotten! My heart is averse to the gilded pageantry of state, and my humble birth precludes me from aspiring to royal regard. Though young, I have been accustomed to think; and though Ibrahim in a lower station would command the inviolable affection of Adalaide, as a king he is too exalted to be loved. I have considered elevated rank as only strewn the path of life with splendid misery; and am instructed to believe, that the virtues flourish most at a distance from the breath of adulation, and the profuse incense of a throne. Forgive the freedom of Adalaide; and be as blessed as your transcendent virtues merit, or your fondness hopes can wish!'

'Divine





LYCANDER and POLYPHON.

Published as the Act directs by Harrifon & C^o Oct^r 1. 1787.

“ Divine Adalaide,” exclaimed the Caliph, “ the justness of your sentiments, and their congeniality with my own, only serve to inflame my regard. The splendor of royalty has no charms for me, if they impede the current of bliss; and any station, with Adalaide, is superior to the throne of Damascus. I have for some time intended to resign the sceptre in favour of my brother Alfaron, after having sufficiently proved that the happiness of my subjects lay near my heart, and to retire to a private station, where love might illumine my future years, and the charms of Adalaide prove capable of furnishing that happiness which the crown could never bestow. You have confessed, angelick Adalaide, that my rank is the sole obstacle to your affection; behold, then, in Ibrahim, your equal, and your lover; and, believe me, the sacrifice of royalty to your regard, will never prompt a single sigh!”

“ Generous Caliph!” replied Adalaide—her full heart would not permit her to articulate another word, and she fainted in the arms of Ibrahim. While the Caliph was exerting every expedient to restore her, Hamed precipitately entered the garden; and, with inexpressible astonishment and concern, beheld the situation of his daughter. Adalaide being soon recovered, Ibrahim communicated to Hamed the whole that had passed, not concealing his resolution to relin-

quish the throne; and added, that it would be in vain to attempt, by the eloquence of wisdom, any alteration in his views, which he declared were determined and inflexible. Hamed bowed with dutiful submission to what he saw it would be impossible to prevent; and, in a few days, Ibrahim resigned the trappings of power to his brother Alfaron, that he might enjoy, uninterrupted, the more tranquil empire of love. This abdication was at first heard with consternation and dismay; but reason and gratitude soon resuming their place in the people’s hearts, his nuptials with Adalaide were celebrated with the strongest proofs of ardent attachment, and not a tongue dared to withhold its effusions of praise.

Ibrahim retired with his adored Adalaide to a delightful retreat on the banks of the Uher, and long enjoyed that happiness which the sceptred monarch seldom feels; and, to the last hour of recorded life, never heaved a sigh for the pageantry he had left behind. After spending many happy years with a numerous and virtuous family, they both slept in peace; and Alfaron being gathered to the dust of his fathers without issue, the eldest son of Ibrahim and Adalaide was called to the throne, who swayed the sceptre with a moderation which, while it recalled the memory of his father, endeared his own name to a grateful posterity.

LYCANDER AND POLYPHON;

OR,

THE RIVAL BROTHERS.

AN ANCIENT BRITISH STORY.

BY MR. HARRISON.

THE HINT FROM A POEM BY MRS. LEAPOR, IN MR. HARRISON’S COLLECTION OF THE BEAUTIES OF BRITISH POETRY.

IN those dark days of lawless anarchy, when the feudal system prevailed throughout Europe; and every peer had his legions of enslaved vassals, ready to sacrifice lives of little value to themselves, for the promotion of his own arbitrary views, or to secure him all the base gratifications of his brutal and ungoverned appetites; it was the fortune of the good

Clytiphon to live in the neighbourhood of Baron Laon, a nobleman of the most unblemished honour.

Clytiphon had lost an amiable wife on the very day in which she had presented him with a daughter, the sole pledge of their mutual attachment: and the education of his darling girl, with the fond hope of seeing her happily fixed in a station

tion equal to her merits, constituted the full measure of that bliss which he now looked for on this side the grave.

Sophinia was the exact image of Cythania, her deceased mother, whose personal charms had seldom been equalled; and often, indeed, did the notice of their strong resemblance suddenly overwhelm Clytiphon with a flood of tears, which kindly dimmed his sight, and secluded the painfully pleasing vision, for a few minutes, that he might have time to recollect himself, and submit, without repining, to the will of HIM, "who had given, and who had taken away!"

But Sophinia, like her departed mother, possessed accomplishments more valuable, and more lasting, than beauty: her manners were mild and amiable, and her mind was at once pure and enlightened.

With such attractions, it may seem unnecessary to add, that she was adored by every youth who beheld her; after observing, therefore, that the noble Laon, her illustrious neighbour, had two sons, Lycander and Polyphon, it will not appear, at all extraordinary, that both should be enamoured of this paragon of perfection; and, though brothers, prove rivals for her love.

These noble youths greatly resembled each other in person, but their minds were widely different. Their forms were equally elegant; and the features of each were pleasing, though in different degrees. Lycander, the eldest, was of what is usually denominated a saturnine complexion; Polyphon, the youngest, of a more open countenance, and a less reserved disposition: yet they loved each other with the truest fraternal affection; till that potent passion, which is the tyrant of the human heart, entered their perturbed bosoms, to subjugate every opposing regard.

Long had the illustrious youths nourished their growing love for Sophinia; and long had they dreaded the much to be dreaded effects of a rivalry, which each could perceive already began to destroy that unlimited confidence, that mutually unreserved communication of sentiments, which had heretofore subsisted between them.

The intimacy of the two families, notwithstanding the difference of rank, gave them frequent opportunities of visiting the peaceful mansion of Clytiphon, and of enjoying the conversa-

tion of his lovely daughter; and Sophinia had very early perceived their ceaseless efforts to inspire her with a regard which she felt the impropriety of entertaining for either.

This was the original suggestion of reason; but love soon intruded sentiments more gratifying to the not altogether illaudible ambition of a virtuous young woman, who felt herself disposed to merit, as much as possible, any advancement which Fortune should be inclined to bestow. But, though ambition might be best gratified by an attachment to the elder brother; her heart, governed by no sordid considerations, hesitated not to decide in favour of Polyphon. Yet she feared, with great reason, the fatal consequences of Lycander's impetuous temper; should he by any means discover that he was likely to be disappointed in what was manifestly, at this period, the first great pursuit of his life.

Polyphon, however, had too large a share of understanding, not to perceive the partiality in his favour; nor was the too violent love of Lycander accompanied by so small a degree of it's concomitant jealousy, as to be quite free from suspicion of the fact, which his pride only refused to recognize.

Polyphon having at length obtained from Sophinia an acknowledgment that she could not remain insensible of his regards, with much difficulty prevailed on her so far to favour his pretensions, as privately to bless him with her company, as often as possible, in those sequestered shades which surrounded the retirement of Clytiphon. Amidst the mazes of these delightful retreats, the lovers had frequently contrived to meet undiscovered; and there, with a purity equal to that of the chaste inhabitants of the groves, the sole witnesses of what angels might without disapprobation have beheld, they repeatedly interchanged vows of eternal constancy, and protestations of unalterable regard. They lamented, it is true, on these occasions, the necessity of thus meeting in private; but they dreaded the consequence to Lycander's peace, should they venture to make a hasty public avowal of an attachment which was in reality their chief pride, and thus suddenly consign him to the pangs of so severe a disappointment, without that gradual disappoiment which they felt would be requisite, though the means of adopting measures, at once sufficiently delicate

delicate, and fully adequate to the task of producing this desirable effect, invariably baffled all their endeavours, when the hour for practice arrived, though the theory had not unfrequently amused them with the hope of accomplishing what they both so ardently wished.

But while the lovers were thus anxious to shield Lycander from infelicity, he was full as actively engaged in pursuits calculated to destroy their happiness.

The vigilance of jealousy, though it had for some time been eluded, at length discovered that Polyphon and Sophinia had private interviews; and the agony which this discovery conveyed to the mind of Lycander, is neither to be described by a writer, nor conceived by a reader, who has never felt the misery of a similar situation.

Unaccustomed to restraints of any kind, he would have instantly rushed on the lovers, and sacrificed the life of the one, and the still dearer honour of the other; but they were quitting the retirement too favourable to such a design, when he at first perceived them—himself unperceived—and a single moment's reflection was sufficient to deter him from the actual perpetration of such savage barbarity.

His more deliberate purpose, however, was perhaps little less inhuman.

Lycander had long been in habits of intimacy with Miranthus, a young man in the uncontroled possession of an ample fortune, and whose passions were congenial with his own.

To him, therefore, he hastened; and, having bitterly inveighed against what he judged it expedient to denominate the perfidy of his brother, it was agreed to watch narrowly the motions of Polyphon, and contrive that he should be effectually delayed, as by accident, on his way to meet Sophinia, at their next intended interview, while she was carried off by armed ruffians, the vassals of Miranthus, to a solitary castle in the neighbourhood, where she should either be persuaded or compelled to give her hand to Lycander.

At the same time it was concerted, that a sufficient force should be in readiness to defend the castle against all attacks from the friends and dependants of Polyphon; who, it was not doubted, would soon discover where the object of his regards was concealed.

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In two days an opportunity offered; and the amiable Sophinia, having just entered the grove, where she expected to find, as usual, her beloved Polyphon impatiently waiting, was suddenly alarmed by the approach of three armed men, rushing from a thicket, who instantly seized the shrieking fair, and soon conveyed her to the place which had been agreed on; where she was shut up in a gloomy apartment, and left to meditate alone on her situation, in undefinable agony.

As yet Lycander had not made his appearance; but Sophinia rightly conjectured, as soon as she was capable of reflecting, that it was to his machinations she owed this otherwise unaccountable violence.

In the evening, this idea was abundantly confirmed by his entrance. He had at length summoned up resolution enough to meet the fair whom he had thus injured; but he was unable to approach without trembling; and his tongue faltered with the consciousness of its base office, as he framed excuses to palliate his unjustifiable conduct.

In vain did he urge the force of his passion, and offer to repair the insult by an immediate marriage, and a life devoted to her love. With all the indignation of wronged innocence, she rejected every proposal; and demanded her liberty, with a firmness which at once awed and astonished him.

She reproached him with the meanness of thus seizing a defenceless woman; and stung him by the most solemn asseverations, that she loved his injured brother with a regard which could alone be equalled by her detestation of himself; that brother, she warned him, would end, or revenge, her wrongs; and Heaven, who well knew how unmerited these wrongs were, would not fail to assist him.

The voice of soothing having been fruitlessly employed by Lycander, he now began to try the effect of menaces; and the brutality of his threats would have instantly sunk Sophinia into insensibility, had she not providentially been sustained by the reflection of what consummate villainy might be induced to attempt when there was no longer a possibility of resistance. In the frenzy which now possessed his soul, he even meditated the death of the lovely victim; and the hand of the Demon of Murder was at

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last only restrained by the suggestions of the Demon of Lust.

At this critical juncture, the watchword was loudly repeated; and the cry of arms, resounding through the castle, summoned the immediate attention of Lycander.

Acanthus, the friend of Polyphon, who had been too successfully rivalled by Miranthus in the affections of the unfortunate Elwina, whose hapless fate he still too keenly regretted, was indulging his favourite contemplation in the impervious gloom of the forest that afternoon, when his ears were invaded by the cries of a distressed female, whose voice he had been able to trace as far as this lonely castle; and, soon afterwards, meeting Polyphon in all the agony of his disappointment, it was concluded that Sophinia had been carried off, and not a moment was lost in convening their mutual friends and dependents, with a determination to effect her rescue, or die in the attempt.

Polyphon and his brave friends had now reached the walls; and, having surrounded the castle, made a most furious assault, and at length forced an entrance, with considerable slaughter. The fortress was defended by a hundred and fifty men, and Polyphon had brought about an equal number against it. As they now fought hand to hand, the eye of Miranthus glanced at the injured Acanthus; and the remembrance of his baseness made him dread the avenging hand of retribution: but his fears only urged him to desperation, and the vehemence of his attack gave the cooler Acanthus an opportunity of doing himself justice; the spear of Miranthus was evaded by the dexterity of Acanthus, who instantly plunged his own into the bosom of his enemy. When Lycander saw Miranthus fall, he advanced furiously towards his brother Polyphon, who now requested a parley; but the rage of Lycander was too great

to accept any terms of accommodation, and the proffered kindness was imputed to a pusillanimity unworthy the offspring of Laon. He disclaimed, therefore, the title of brother; and madly impeached the sacred and unfulfilled honour of their deceased parent. Polyphon could no longer support such insufferable insolence, and his arm was strongly nerved against the slanderer of his mother's fame. In such a struggle, the battle is not always to the strong; and Lycander, who could hardly have been vanquished in a righteous cause, fell beneath the sword of his brother.

'Tis well!' he cried; 'thou hast proved thyself the son of Laon, and nobly vindicated our mother's virtue! O my brother, I am justly punished for my perfidy; but, unworthy as I am, see my remains deposited in the tomb of our ancestors, whose worth could never have been perpetuated had Lycander's arm prevailed. By thee and the chaste Sophinia shall our ancient honour be transmitted unfulfilled to posterity; and, with this reflection, and your forgiveness, as well as that of a father whom you must continue to comfort, I now close my wretched existence!'

These were the last words uttered by Lycander; who died in the arms of his brother Polyphon, and left him in a state of but little superior animation.

Thus ended the contest of the Rival Brothers. Laon was with difficulty consoled by his duteous son, who himself greatly needed consolation; and it was not till two years afterwards, that the peace of the several parties, in this melancholy affair was sufficiently restored, to admit a joyful celebration of the nuptials of Polyphon and Sophinia, whose conduct disappointed not the high expectations which had been formed of the connubial felicity to be derived from the union of such consummate virtue and honour.

THE DEATH OF LOVE.

A LESSON FOR PARENTS.

LET others celebrate the heroes who have ravaged the world, be mine to delineate the softer feelings of huma-

nity. It is my wish to preserve the memory of those interesting beings, who were the images of the Divinity; those interesting

interesting beings, whose presence elevates the soul, and whose sentiments raise us to the pinnacle of felicity.

How fleeting is time!—Alas! it appears but as yesterday, that in traversing the Mall, I met two lovely creatures, who called forth wonder and admiration. Their complexions were singularly beautiful; one was delicately fair, the other an animated brunette. The one, by a bewitching look, displayed a feeling heart, and the liveliest sensibility—but they are no more! The latter fell a victim to an unhappy marriage; and the former is the subject of this little tale.

Augusta Muskrose, at the age of fifteen, was one of those beauties who call forth universal admiration. Her eyes were sparkling; her arched eye-brows of a sable hue; her complexion was the tint of the lily and the rose; her mien majestic and graceful; her shape singularly striking; and her manner enchanting. Such is the sketch of our captivating heroine.

Augusta, so susceptible herself of the tenderest sentiments, inspired the popular Mr. Beauchamp with the most violent passion. He was the only son and heir to a very considerable estate; and this disparity in their fortunes led to their mutual ruin. Augusta soon discovered his attachment; and, with a kind of concern mixed with fear, she received his visits with a *froidueur* that awed her lover into a respectful silence. Her looks seemed to indicate—“Why are your addresses made to me? Why will you expose me to the danger of becoming too susceptible, at the expence of my happiness?”

The lover had already drank such large portions of love, that nothing could hinder his assiduities. He got himself introduced into those families that Augusta visited, in order to behold more frequently the object of his adoration. Nothing seemed to amuse him; a deep melancholy reigned in his countenance. While Augusta affected not to observe this alteration, she studied how to shun his importunities; nevertheless, he was ever uppermost in her thoughts. This persevering conduct in Mr. Beauchamp produced the natural effect of pity for his apparent misery. The lover was consoled in experiencing this change in his favour; he ventured to articulate certain phrases; he was listened to with a

certain degree of condescension. This point being once gained, the progress became rapid.

One day, as the lovers were singularly embarrassed at Lady Hume's concert, the good-naturedly relieved them by an agreeable raillery.

“Good Mr. Beauchamp,” said her ladyship, “when did you see Miss Sophia Medwin?”

“Ah, Madam, do not name the tyrant!” replied Mr. Beauchamp, with apparent emotion.

“Bless me! what an epithet! This lady's adorers have eternally on their lips chains, slavery, and wretchedness! Your admiration, Mr. Beauchamp, has spoilt the polite, affable, and easy gentleman. Let me deceive you, Sir; I believe Miss Sophia Medwin the most amiable of her sex. Take my word for it, we are not such tyrants as you may suppose us. This air of sadness ill becomes you any where, but at the representation of a deep tragedy!”

“Ah, Madam! tell the lady who has won my heart, to quit hers, and I will instantly quit mine.”

“And do I know her? may I crave her name?” said Augusta.

“Her name, Madam, is the All-amiable: nothing is equal to her in the world. The lilies and roses dispute the empire of her complexion: her eyes—(deceitful eyes, for they appear tender and compassionate)—her look is ravishing—on her lips sit the Loves and the Graces.”

“But, Sir,” said Lady Hume, “this description is, perhaps, applicable to many ladies who are now present.”

“I grant the propriety of your remark; but there is one here who has no equal; and, for my unhappiness, it is her I adore.”

Lady Hume discovered the original of this portrait, and left it immediately to his entire possession.

“Madam,” said Mr. Beauchamp, “the favourable moment is too precious not to tell you, that Augusta Muskrose is the lady to whom I look up for happiness or misery. Be my future days marked with joy or sadness, every movement of my soul will depend upon you, and you alone.—Ah, lovely woman! I only dread your indifference; if I have incurred your displeasure, I shall

'die with grief and vexation. I call Heaven to witness, that whether I inspire your love or hate, my destiny depends upon you alone.'

'I little, Sir, expected from you, this hyperbolick manner of speaking; I am ignorant to what it tends; perhaps this species of *badinage* gives you pleasure!'

'I must interrupt you, Madam; this beginning is too cruel to desire the continuation; you are as insensible as you are handsome; I have the unhappiness of knowing this fact when too late. The period for flying your presence is past. It is true, that Lady Hume's raillery furnished me with an occasion of declaring my sentiments.'

'Are you so tragick, Sir, as to think I ought to dispense with the laws imposed on our sex?'

'Ah! if I knew the motive of your rigour—but,' kneeling, 'pardon me, lovely creature, this indiscreet transport—'

'Sir,' said Augusta, blushing, 'I must pardon you, since I have been the cause of your imprudence.'

'Gracious Heaven! how am I to interpret this language?'

'Let me intreat you, Sir, to finish a discourse that cannot fail of giving me the most lively inquietude.'

'No, Madam, I cannot, dare not quit your presence, till you have sealed my pardon. Permit me, then, to explain my sentiments more fully: you know I adore you; you know my family; you know that you are there in high favour; my ambition is only to please you, and to offer you a heart ennobled by your beauty, worth, and talents. Life has its pains, its miseries, its tortures; but softened by your gracious looks, by that magick voice that penetrates to the bottom of my soul, these calamities will be instantly changed into pleasures.'

Augusta listened to this peroration with a mixture of complaisance and timidity. She presently saw that Mr. Beauchamp could talk no other language than that of love, and she abruptly withdrew.

A few days after, our lovers, by invitation, dined at the same house, where Mrs. Beauchamp, the mother, was of the party. This lady being announced, Augusta coloured up to the eyes; in that

moment she was introduced to Mrs. Beauchamp, who seemed delighted with her beauty and address.

'I am happy,' said Mrs. Beauchamp, 'in having a few hours of your agreeable company; and, if I am not too presuming, I beg you will be seated near enough to converse together.'

These flattering compliments had their desired effect, and Augusta was delighted with the reception she had so unexpectedly experienced. The communicative Mrs. Beauchamp made a panegyrick on her son; adding, that she should esteem it as a happy event if he should be so fortunate as to be distinguished by a lady of her worth and accomplishments. It is impossible to express the confusion which was visibly marked on the expressive countenance of Augusta: the mother immediately discovered it; and, leaning towards her with a kiss, whispered, that if her son was not indifferent to her, she could not make choice of a better confidant.

'Madam,' answered Augusta, 'I am not insensible to the merits of your son; but do me the justice to believe that I have not, as yet, thought upon the subject you have just mentioned; on the contrary, Madam, my sentiments—'

'Enough, my dear lady, I am perfectly satisfied on that head; and therefore let me offer you his heart, and his hand.'

'If this came—if this came from you, Madam—'

'Yes, this offer comes from me on the part of a mother, interested in the happiness of her only child.'

'Ah, Madam! I am sensible I ought to give you a different answer than if I received it from him. The honour of being allied to your family—'

'I understand you, my dear Augusta. This marriage meets my warmest approbation, I must confess. The publick have adopted the same sentiment, and the deference I owe to my friends, makes me readily subscribe to so promising and respectable an union. At my return, I will open the affair to his father; in the meanwhile, deign to receive my son with marks of your favour. He adores you; he has repeated it a thousand times; I tenderly love and esteem my son.'

Such was the substance of what passed between

between them: enough had been said to break down the barrier between the two lovers. Alas! was perfidy necessary to seduce a young and feeling heart, attached by the seductions of love!

Mr. Beauchamp was delighted with the apparent cordiality between his mother and the object of his affections. But it is time to inform my readers of Mrs. Beauchamp's horrid treachery. This lady was a monster of ambition and avarice. She was desirous of enriching her son, already so opulent: to obtain which, no measures, however execrable, were to be rejected. Her son's passion for Augusta appeared an obstacle to her views; but she knew, by opposing her son's penchant, it would only serve to irritate and inflame him the more. For this reason she was determined to make Augusta the first victim of her displeasure. This barbarous project was no sooner conceived, than she studied how to put it into immediate practice. Her plan was to inculge her son's inclinations, to bring the lovers together as much as possible. She received Augusta with open arms, and left her to the indulgence of those tête-à-têtes that constitute the happiest moments of our lives.

The amorous Mr. Beauchamp, impatient for the day that was to unite him to the most amiable of women, waited upon Mr. and Mrs. Muskrose, to have their permission to visit their daughter; and his mother, at the same time, joined in the request. Mr. Beauchamp was immediately permitted to pay his addresses, and consequently obtained the ingress and egress he had so ardently solicited.

In one of these interviews, the lovers conversed together on the cause of the disunion so often found in the marriage state. Mr. Beauchamp observed, that it resulted from the different interests of the man and wife, and the want of harmony in their affections, dispositions, and inclinations; that this contrast was not properly investigated before marriage; that they seldom consulted any thing but their fortunes. Thus two years were elapsed in the reciprocal intercourse of exchanging their honest sentiments, and in cultivating the tender affections with which they were mutually inspired. This discovery, on the part of Mrs. Beauchamp, induced her to think that it was

now high time to put a finishing stroke to her long meditated perfidy. She had observed, that her son for some days appeared remarkably in high spirits. From this circumstance she augured two circumstances; the one, that his passion was lessened, or that he had been the happy lover; either of which, in her estimation, amounted to the same thing. With this hope, she artfully interrogated her son; but he replied to all her questions with his usual candour, declaring, that by Augusta's avowal of her passion, he was become the happiest of men. Nevertheless, she concluded that this was an artful representation; and, at all events, it was high time to put a stop to any farther proceeding, especially as she had her views respecting a young lady, whose fortune was as much superior to her son's, as his was to Augusta's. This measure being previously concerted between Mrs. Beauchamp and her husband, she gave her son to understand, that he must no longer think of a marriage with Miss Augusta Muskrose.

This was a thunder-stroke for the enamoured Mr. Beauchamp. He was shocked at this sudden conduct of his parents, and secretly determined within himself, to effect, if possible, a clandestine marriage; but the respect and awe that Augusta had inspired, deprived him of the power of even hinting his wishes upon that subject. His mother learnt that their correspondence and occasional visits were still repeated; and, by her artful representations, the father was determined to come to an open and public rupture. For this purpose, having bribed a servant's fidelity, he paid an unexpected visit to the family where the lovers had been accidentally invited. On entering, he saw his son sitting by Augusta, and interrupted their conversation, by telling his son he had business that required his immediate attention. Then turning to the young lady, he said — 'Miss Augusta Muskrose, there are important reasons which oblige me to deny my son's having the honour of your company. I plainly perceive he has not informed you of my injunctions; but I flatter myself I am addressing a lady who is too well-bred to permit the visits of one thus circumstanced. I have, therefore, come to the resolution of giving you this information; and I do not doubt that henceforward

‘henceforward you will comply with my requisition.’

Augusta, pale, without respiration, had not a word to answer, and instantly left the room in a state impossible to be described. The carriage had scarcely set her down, when she fell breathless in her mother’s arms.

Theartless Augusta concealed nothing from her family, who were distressed at the state in which they found her. A fever followed, and every resource of medicine was employed; but her sensibility had received a mortal stroke. A delirious fit caught hold of her reason, which only dawned forth at intervals to give vent to sighs of agony and horror. She seemed as overwhelmed with shame and confusion, when she recollected the reception she had hitherto received from Mrs. Beauchamp; the avowal of her passion for her son; the desire of her own family to see her so happily married; and the cruel manner in which her disappointment was announced.

Her lover, however, was ignorant of Augusta’s real situation. He implored his father to revoke the fatal mandate, who began to waver; even the mother hesitated: but the deliberation was too long; the heart-broke Augusta was hastening to her tomb. At last permission was obtained for Mr. Beauchamp to visit his adorable mistress. That evening Augusta seemed to give some faint hopes of a recovery: she smiled upon her mother, and said—‘Madam, I feel myself something better—my heart—it no longer beats—oppressed by an unhappy passion. Mr. Beauchamp is now free; let him be happy even with another: for me, I would not—I think, at least, I could not—accept the title of being his wife.’ A torrent of tears prevented her from distinguishing objects. She extended her hand towards her mother, who devoured it with her kisses. Augusta was so affected with this mark of tenderness, that she caught hold of her mother’s, and bathed it with her tears. During this affecting scene, a servant made signs to Mrs. Muskrose, that he wanted to speak to her. The repetition of the sign was observed by his young mistress: her feebleness at that moment made her life but a gasp; yet, in that state, she asked

what the man wanted. ‘A gentleman,’ replied the domestick, ‘desires to speak immediately to Miss.’ Mrs. Muskrose retired into an adjoining chamber, where she found Mr. Beauchamp, who threw himself at her feet.

‘I crave your pardon, Madam, not for me, but for my parents; they have at last relented; I thought it more prudent to see you first; I fear—’

‘Ah, Sir! my daughter, I have lost my daughter! It is now too late.’

‘Too late!’ exclaimed Mr. Beauchamp, with an accent of grief and astonishment, and in a tone so loud as pierced the ear of the dying Augusta. She made an effort to raise her head: that effort was her last—she expired.

It was agreed between Mrs. Muskrose, and Mr. Beauchamp, that his visit should be cautiously announced to Augusta. She entered the apartment—she drew near the bed—her only hope! the only object of her affection! her only daughter was no more! she found her without life! Mrs. Muskrose shrieked out, and fell lifeless beside her daughter. The lover heard the piercing accent of distress; and, rushing in, he perceived Augusta with the pallid hue of death upon her countenance, and her mother in a swoon on the carpet. He flew to their assistance; but, on beholding her whom he loved more than life, pale and disfigured, his strength forsook him; and, with the cry of distraction, he pronounced—‘Heavens! my Augusta is no more!’

The house was immediately alarmed. What a spectacle for an unfortunate father! Every means was employed to restore Mrs. Muskrose: at last they succeeded. Others were giving every assistance and consolation to the distracted lover: he no sooner recovered his senses, than he tore himself from those who held him, and precipitately threw himself on the dead body of his mistress.

Let me spare the sensibility of the reader, by drawing a curtain before a scene so distressingly affecting: suffice it to say, that the lover did not long survive his misfortunes; and that, by his death, two more wretched parents were left to bewail the miseries which result from avarice and ambition.

THE
SUFFERINGS OF OUANG;

OR,

ARTFUL VILLAINY DISCOVERED.

A CHINESE STORY.

THERE was in the dynasty of Ming, in the small city Yungkia, of the district of Ouentcheou, in the province of Tchekiang, a scholar whose name was Ouang, and surname Kie, and whose title of honour was Ou-enhoa. He had married a lady called Licou, who alone possessed his whole affection. He had no other child but one daughter. Thus the whole family consisted but of three persons, besides slaves or domesticks. Though he was not rich, yet he lived in a handsome manner, and study was his whole employment. He had not yet taken a degree, but he was in quest of that honour; and, in order to attain it, he lived in retirement, constantly taking up his time with books, and not suspending his labour on any account, unless now and then to visit two or three friends, who mutually communicated their productions to each other. As for the Lady Licou, she was a model of virtue; she was witty, diligent, frugal, and industrious; and these two persons, of so amiable a character, lived together in perfect union. One afternoon, about the latter end of the spring, in charming weather, a friend or two came to draw him from his books, with a design to take a walk in the fields. Ouang, invited by the sweetness of the season, was willing to take a little diversion; and he and his company went and regaled themselves, drank several bumpers, and so parted. Ouang, coming near his own house, found two servants at the door, who were in a great passion with a man in the street. This latter lived at Hou-tcheou, and was called Liou; he had a basket in his hand, full of ginger, which he sold; the servants pretended he had made them pay too dear for the quantity he had given them; the dealer, on the other hand, said they would wrong him if they withheld a single mite. Ouang having learned the cause of the difference, turned towards the dealer, and said—‘You are very well paid; go about your busi-

ness, and don’t make such a noise at my door.’ The dealer, who was a plain honest man, replied, with his usual freedom—‘It is not possible for us small traders to bear the least loss; and it is very ill done in you, who ought to have a great and generous soul, to be so hard with us poor people.’ Ouang, who was a little heated with wine, fell into a great passion at these words. ‘You rascal you,’ said he to him, ‘how dare you talk to me in this manner?’ Upon this, without considering he was a man in years, he gave him a hearty push, and threw him down: the fall was violent, inasmuch that the poor wretch lay without sense or motion. To say the truth, one ought never to be in a passion, especially with people who get their livelihood by dealing in trifles: a mite or two can never be worth wrangling about; and yet it is very common to see servants, sheltering themselves under their masters authority, affront and abuse people, to the discredit of their masters, who are often brought into trouble by that means; but prudent persons give such strict orders, that all inconveniences of this kind are prevented. It is very certain, Ouang should have been more moderate; for want of this, he committed a great fault, and he was severely punished for it, as will appear hereafter. As soon as ever he saw the stranger fall at his feet without motion, and almost without life, he was seized with extreme dread, which soon dissipated the fumes of the wine. He went to his assistance, and cried out for help: they carried the man half dead into the hall; as he yet discovered no sign of life, they poured into him a little hot tea, which recovered him from the swoon. Then Ouang asked his pardon, and treated him with excellent wine, giving him something to eat, to renew his strength; after which he made him a present of a piece of stuff, to make money of. This good treatment soon turned his resentment into joy, which

he testified by a thousand thanks; after which he took his leave, and made the best of his way to the side of a river, which was necessary to pass before it was dark. If Ouang could possibly have foreseen what would happen, he would have urged the stranger to a longer stay, and maintained him for the two following months: this hospitality would have prevented the crosses which he afterwards met with. His conduct may afford a good lesson, which is expressed in this proverb—'We throw a golden net with both hands, and catch a hundred misfortunes.' Ouang no sooner saw that he was gone, but he entered into the inner part of his house, and rejoiced with his wife that he was so soon got rid of so troublesome an affair. As it was night, the Lady Licou called her slaves, and ordered them to serve in supper. She began with giving her husband a draught of hot wine, to recover him from his fright: he had already regained his spirits; and his heart was at rest, when he heard a sudden knocking at the door. He was seized with new dread; and, taking a lamp, went hastily to see what was the matter: he found a man, called Tchou-se, master of the ferry-boat by which they crossed the river; who had in his hand a piece of stuff, and the merchant's basket. As soon as he perceived Ouang, he said, with a wild look—'What a dreadful affair have you fallen into! you are absolutely lost! What! a scholar like you to sell a poor trader!' This was like a clap of thunder to the unfortunate Ouang. 'What is it that you say?' replied he, trembling. 'Don't you know what I mean?' answered Tchou-se: 'I suppose you know this stuff, and this basket?'—'Yes, I do,' said he; 'a dealer in ginger, belonging to Hou-tcheou, came to my house, and had this piece of stuff of me to-day; and this is the basket in which he carried his ginger: how did they fall into your hands?'—'It was almost night,' said Tchou-se, 'when a man of Hou-tcheou, called Liu, wanted a passage in my boat: he was hardly got in, before he complained of a violent pain in his breast, which reduced him to the last extremity; then telling me it was the effect of blows which you gave him, he put the basket and stuff into my hands—'These,' said he, 'will be a proof when you prosecute

'this affair, which I conjure you to do: for this reason, go to Hou-tcheou as soon as you can, to acquaint my relations, and pray them to revenge my cause with the life of him who deprived me of mine.' When these words were ended, he expired. His body is still in the boat, which I have brought into your port at the entrance of the river: you may examine into the affair yourself, and so take proper measures for your safety.'

At this relation Ouang was so full of terror, that he could not speak one word; his heart was agitated like that of a fawn who is hemmed in on all sides, and seeks on all sides a passage to escape by. At length, coming a little to himself, he endeavoured to dissemble the confusion he was in. 'What you relate,' said he boldly, 'cannot possibly be.' However, he ordered a servant to go privately to the bark, and examine if what he had said was true. The servant returned very speedily, and assured him that the dead body was certainly there. Ouang was a man of an irresolute mind, and could not see very far into transactions: he goes back into the house, almost out of his wits, and told his wife what he had just heard. 'It is quite over with me,' cried he; 'I am a lost man; the storm is ready to burst over my head; nor do I know any remedy for my misfortunes, unless I can bribe the waterman to conceal the body in some place or other while it continues dark.' Upon this he takes a purse of silver, amounting to about twenty taels, and returned hastily to the waterman. 'Master,' said he, 'I hope you will keep the secret, and I will entrust you with the whole affair: I must own I had a hand in this unfortunate business, but more through imprudence than malice. We are both natives of Ouen Tchou, and I flatter myself that you will use me like a fellow-citizen. Would you ruin me for the love of a stranger? What advantage can you gain by it? Is it not better to hush up this affair? If you will, my acknowledgment shall be proportionable to the benefit received from you. Take, then, the corpse, and throw it into some bye-place; the darkness of the night favours our design, without it's coming to the knowledge of any person whatever.'—'What place can I chuse?' replied the waterman. 'If by chance any one should dis-

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'cover the mystery to-morrow, and there should be a search after the criminal, they will look upon me as an accomplice in the murder; and, by doing you service, I shall equally involve myself in this troublesome affair.'—'You know very well,' said Ouang, 'the sepulchre of my father is very near, and is a place not at all frequented; besides, the night is very dark, and there is no fear of meeting one soul by the way: be then so kind as to fetch the carcase from your boat.'—'This is a likely method,' replied the waterman; 'but when will you pay me for the service?' Then Ouang took the purse, and gave it the waterman, who finding by the weight that it was not very considerable—'How!' said he, with a scornful air, 'here is murder in the case; and you think to get out of the scrape for so small a sum! It was my good fortune that conducted this man to my boat; Heaven has given me an opportunity of changing my condition for a better, and you would put me off with so little: this business is worth at least a hundred taels.' Ouang, who was very eager to get rid of the danger as soon as possible, durst not contradict him: he signified by a nod that he accepted the condition; and immediately went into the house, where he hastily took the remainder of his silver, together with habits, his wife's jewels, and such-like things, and returned speedily, to offer all to Tcheou-se; telling him, that what he had brought amounted to about sixty taels, which was all that his circumstances would permit him to give, and he besought him to be contented therewith. In effect, Tcheou-se seemed to be mollified: 'I will not,' said he, 'over-rate the misfortune; but, as you are a man of letters, I hope hereafter you will have a regard for me.' Ouang began to be revived from this moment, and became a little easy: he got a collation for the waterman; and, while it was preparing, sent two slaves for shovels and mattocks. The name of one of the two was Hou; he was a brutal fellow, for which reason he had the surname of Hou the Tyger. The company set out soon after; and, when they were come over-against the sepulchre, they chose a place that was soft and easy to dig, where they made a grave, and buried the carcase; after which they re-embarked, and returned

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to the house. However, this labour took up the greatest part of the night, and the day began to break before they came home. Breakfast was ready for the waterman; after which he took his leave. Ouang sent away his servants; and, being alone, went into his wife's apartment, to bewail their misfortune. 'Is it possible,' cried he, 'that a man of my profession, and of so ancient a family, should be reduced to submit to a wretch, to whom, upon any other occasion, I should not condescend to speak?' At these words he shed a flood of tears. His wife endeavoured to mitigate his sorrow: 'Why are you so sad?' said she to him. 'Your unhappy fate is the cause of it: you are destined to this trouble, and to pay the sum that it has cost you. Instead of murmuring, as you do, praise Heaven that has protected you in this misfortune; compose yourself to rest as well as you can, for you have need of it, after the troubles and fatigues of the night.' Ouang followed her advice, and went to bed. As for the waterman, he sold his boat; and, with the money that the scholar had given him, opened a shop, and applied himself to trade. The common saying is true, that 'misfortunes ride post, and succeed one another.' The daughter of Ouang, before mentioned, entered her third year, when she was attacked with the small-pox, of a malignant sort. They prayed heartily for their only daughter, and procured the best physicians to come to her assistance. The parents spent whole days together, weeping by her bed-side: at length they learnt that there was a physician in the city called Siu, greatly experienced in these distempers, and who had saved a great number of children that were given over. Ouang wrote a very pressing letter; and gave it to Hou the Tyger, his slave, charging him to make all the haste possible. He reckoned all the hours of the day, and no physician appeared: as for the child, she grew worse, but lingered on till the third watch, when she expired, in the midst of the tears and groans of her disconsolate parents. It was not till the next day at noon that Hou the Tyger returned home: his answer was, that the physician was absent, and that he had waited for him all the day to no purpose. When the father heard this, his grief was renewed: 'It was pre-deter-

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'mined,' said he, 'that my daughter should die thus: I was not to be so happy as to get the assistance of so skilful a physician.' Saying these words, he fell into tears. A few days afterwards, they discovered, by the means of one of the domesticks, that the slave, instead of going on the errand, stopped at a publick-house, where he got drunk; and, when the fumes of the wine were dissipated, he invented the story he had the impudence to relate at his return.

At this news, Ouang, transported with anger, called the rest of his slaves: 'Be quick,' said he, 'take this rascal and lay him on the ground, and give him fifty hearty blows with a battoon, and be sure to lay them on handsomely.' When the correction was over he withdrew, full of grief, into his apartment. The slave got up with great difficulty, greatly bruised with the strokes he had received, and crawled to his room as well as he could, full of rage; and debating with himself there like a madman, 'Cruel master,' said he, 'you shall pay dear for your brutality: I'll be revenged for this.' Then, after he had considered a moment, 'I need not go far,' says he, 'to seek for an opportunity; it is near at hand, and I will not let it slip: as soon as my wounds are healed, you shall know what I can do; I shall teach you, according to the old proverb, whether it is the bucket hung by the rope that goes down into the well, or whether it is the water out of the well that falls into the bucket.'

In the mean time Ouang was inconsolable, and taken up with nothing but grief: at length his relations and friends invited him, one after another, to come to see them, and by little and little dried up his tears, and drove away his melancholy. A few days after he returned home, as he was walking in the gallery belonging to the hall, he saw a company of officers enter, who came directly to him and put a cord about his neck. 'How!' cried Ouang, in a consternation, 'don't you know that I am one of the learned? Is it usual to treat one of my rank in so unworthy a manner, especially when I know no reason for it?' The officers replied, in an insulting manner, 'Yes, you are a fine man of learning! the Mandarin will teach you whether it suits with a man of let-

ters to knock people on the head.' At the same time they dragged him to the tribunal, where the magistrate gave audience. Hardly was he fallen on his knees, but he perceived his slave at a little distance, who was become his accuser, and shewed by his countenance how pleased he was to bring his master into trouble. He then imagined that the accusation was designed by this wretch, as a revenge for the just punishment that he had given him. The Mandarin thus began his examination: 'You are accused,' said he, 'of having killed a merchant of Hou-tcheou; what do you say to the accusation?'—'Alas! Sir,' replied Ouang, 'you are the representative of righteous Heaven, do not listen to the calumnies of this wretch; consider whether a scholar by profession, weak and fearful as I am, ought to be suspected of assaulting or killing any person whatever. My accuser is one of my slaves that I caught in a fault, and have severely corrected, according to the right I have as his master: this wretch has formed a design to ruin me, but I hope, by your skill and equity, the accusation of such a wretch will not turn to his master's prejudice, and that you will easily unveil the secret of his dark intrigues.' Hou the Tyger, striking his forehead against the ground, said, 'Sir, as you act in Heaven's stead, I conjure you not to regard what this learned person has said, who has an excellent talent at counterfeiting; it is a common thing for a slave to commit a fault, and to be punished, and yet there are but few that resent it so far as to accuse their masters of a capital crime: but it is easy to clear this matter up; the bones of the murdered person are actually in his sepulchre; give orders that they may be dug up: if they are found, it will appear that I have said true; but if not, then I am a slanderer, and submit to be punished with all the rigour of the law.'

The Mandarin did as the slave desired: the officers were ordered to go with him to the place he mentioned, and there the carcase was found, which was now become a skeleton, and was carried upon a bier to the audience. The Mandarin rising from his seat, and considering the carcase—'The crime,' says he, 'is plain.' Ouang was going to be put to the torture, when he desired they would only
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hear him for a moment. 'A skeleton,' said he, 'so bare as this is, makes it appear that the man was not lately killed; if I am guilty of this murder, why did my accuser put off the accusation so long? Is it not reasonable to think that Hou the Tyger has procured this skeleton, to fix the calumny upon me, and to strike me as it were with a thunderbolt?'—'The answer is pretty good!' said the Mandarin. 'But Hou the Tyger immediately replied, 'It is true that this is the body of a man killed a year ago; the attachment of a slave to his master is a restraint difficult to break through, in order to become his master's accuser: I own that I have connived at it, not being able to come to a resolution to bring a master into trouble that I had an affection for; I hoped in time he would correct his passionate and turbulent disposition; but as he becomes every day more brutal than other, I was apprehensive he would take some false step, and drag me with him down the precipice; this is the reason that I have now informed against him, and I own I ought to have done it sooner; but if there still remains any difficulty with respect to my evidence, let the neighbours be sent for, and questioned about it; there is none of them but can tell the year and month in which Ouang killed a man; this is a sure method to discover which of us two have spoken the truth.' The Mandarin said he was in the right, and ordered Ouang's neighbours to be sent for: when they came, they were asked what they knew of the murder, in question? 'It is true,' replied they, 'that a year ago, on such a month and day, Ouang violently assaulted a dealer in ginger; he was thought to be dead for some time, but at length he came to himself, and we know nothing at all of what happened after.' At this testimony of the neighbours, Ouang looked very pale, and afterwards did nothing but contradict himself. 'There needs no more questions to be asked,' said the Mandarin; 'you are convicted of this murder, but you will never confess it if rigorous methods are not used.' At the same time he ordered him to be bastinadoed. Immediately two lusty fellows, belonging to the tribunal, gave a great shout, to shew their readiness to execute his commands; and seizing the

scholar, they threw him on the ground, and laid on with all their might twenty strokes of the battoon. This was more than enough; for the poor scholar, whose constitution was tender and delicate, was so fearful of being more cruelly handled, that he made no scruple of confessing whatever they pleased. The Mandarin having taken down his examination, spoke thus to the scholar—'Though it is no longer a doubt that you deserve to die, yet as the murdered person has no relations that demand justice, your execution shall be delayed for some time; and perhaps, ere it be long, some person or other will acknowledge the deceased to be his relation, and then will I determine the kind of punishment you must undergo.' Ouang was then conducted into a dungeon, and the skeleton buried again in the place from whence it was taken, that it might be delivered to his relations whenever they should appear. The audience ended, the Mandarin returned to his palace, and Hou the Tyger withdrew well satisfied with the success of his accusation, and greatly rejoiced at the bastinado that his master had undergone. The other slaves that belonged to Ouang, who were sent to the audience by the lady his wife, acquainted her with every thing that passed. At this news she fainted away, and remained some time in that condition, insomuch that one would have thought her three souls had left her; but at length, coming a little to herself, she made the neighbourhood echo with her cries and lamentations, which were followed with another fainting fit, more violent than the former; at length, by the assistance of her maid-servants, she came by little and little to herself. 'My dear husband!' cried she, but could not utter any thing else. Her complaints and sighs began anew, and lasted above two hours. This extraordinary fit of grief being over, she took what silver she could, and another habit, and ordered one of her slaves to follow her, and another to go before; thus she crossed the city, and went to the gate of the common prison. When the husband and wife came to the sight of each other, they were so greatly shocked, that they had not power to speak. At length Ouang regained his spirits, and with a voice mingled with sighs—'My dear wife,' said he, 'it is Hou the Tyger, that ill-natured slave, who has

'cast me into this abyss of misfortune.' The Lady Lieou heaped dreadful imprecations against this malicious wretch; then she took the silver that she had brought, and gave it to her husband.

'Take this,' said she, 'and distribute it to the gaoler and your keepers, and they will treat you with more mildness.'

As soon as she had done this, night obliged them to separate. The Lady Lieou went away overwhelmed with melancholy, and her heart pierced with the most lively grief. Ouang did not forget to bribe the gaoler and the keepers, by which means he was exempted from the whip and battoon, which commonly fall upon most of the prisoners; but he had a great deal to suffer from the crowd of villains among whom he was forced to be, and through the thoughts of ending his days by a shameful and cruel death. For six months together he led this melancholy life in the obscurity of a dungeon, when he was attacked with a violent distemper. The physicians art, and all the remedies that were given him, had no effect, and he found himself reduced to the last extremity. The very day he despaired of recovery, a servant came to bring him some assistance. As soon as Ouang perceived him, 'Turn back,' said he, 'as fast as you can, and tell your mistress what a condition I am in, and let her make all the haste possible to see me, that I may give her my last embrace.'

Ouang's slave had no sooner informed his mistress, than she set forward full of grief, and went to the prison; where, at the sight of this melancholy state of her husband, she shed a flood of tears. Then Ouang, collecting his strength, said—'Alas! my dear spouse, how wretched is thy unfortunate husband, to bring upon himself such a train of miseries, wherewith he overwhelms his prudent and virtuous wife! My disease gets ground every moment; but, my dear and amiable companion, since I have the consolation of seeing thee, I die content; it is my last request, that you will not leave the treachery of my perfidious slave unpunished.'

The Lady Lieou withholding her tears, that she might not add to her husband's grief—'Forbear,' said she, 'this kind of discourse, and endeavour to make yourself easy, that you may take proper medicines for the recovery of your

health: hitherto no person whatever has prosecuted or meddled with this affair for which you languish in prison; and I am resolved to sell all our lands, houses, and every thing else, to purchase your liberty, and then we may live a long while together. As for your unfaithful slave, the justice of Heaven will overtake him, and you will certainly be revenged; therefore set your mind entirely at rest.'

'Since I see,' replied Ouang, 'a wife so ready to assist me, if Heaven prolong my days, I shall look upon it as a precious gift.' He was going on, when they obliged the lady to withdraw, because night approached. It was then she gave vent to her grief, which she had smothered in her bosom; she went to her own house all in tears, and retired to her apartment, where she was wholly taken up with the distress and melancholy situation of her husband: meanwhile the servants were in a lower room, in the fore-part of the house, where they were endeavouring to dispel their melancholy; when suddenly they saw a man advanced in years enter in, carrying a present, and asking if the master of the house was at home. When they looked at the stranger somewhat earnestly, they all cried out aloud, 'A ghost! a ghost!' and took to their heels. They had recollected the dealer in ginger, belonging to Hou-tcheou, called Liu; but he perceiving them all run away in a fright, laid hold of one by the arm. 'Are you mad?' said he;

'I come to make your master a visit, and you mistake me for an apparition.'

The Lady Lieou, hearing the noise that was made, came hastily out to see what was the matter. The good old man advanced and saluted her in a very obliging manner: 'Madam,' said he, 'you have doubtless forgot the old man of Hou-tcheou, called Liu, who dealt in ginger; it is I myself, and I shall always have a grateful remembrance of your husband's entertainment, and the present he made me of a piece of stuff. When I went from your house, I returned to Hou-tcheou, and for a year and half since I have been carrying on my little trade in several places: I have now taken a trip to your noble city, and brought several trifles from my own country, that I take the liberty to make you a present of. I cannot comprehend what could induce your

people

‘people so foolishly to take me for a spirit come from the other world.’ One of the domesticks, who lay snug in the corner of the hall, began at this to cry out—‘Madam, take heed what you do; he certainly knows that you are endeavouring to get our master out of prison, and he has assumed this fantastick body to embroil his affairs, and compleat his destruction.’ The Lady Lieou silenced the servant, and addressing her discourse to the stranger—‘As far as I can apprehend,’ said she, ‘from the manner of your speaking, there is no reason to believe you rose from the dead; but you are to understand that my husband has suffered greatly, and is like to suffer more, on your account.’ The good man was in a consternation at this reply. ‘Alas! is it possible I could do the least wrong, contrary to my inclination, to so worthy a man?’ Then the Lady Lieou related the particulars of what the waterman Tcheou-se had done. ‘He brought,’ said she, ‘in his boat a dead body over against our door, and produced your basket, and the piece of stuff that we gave you, saying that you had delivered it to him, as a proof that you were killed by my husband: this was, as you must think, like the stroke of a thunderbolt to us; but, by the assistance of money, the waterman was prevailed upon to conceal the murder, and assisted in carrying the body, and burying it. In a year after, Hou the Tyger informed against his master at the tribunal: the torture which they put my husband to, obliged him to confess all, in consequence of which he was cast into a dungeon, where he has languished for six months.’

At this relation Liu violently beat his breast. ‘Ah, Madam!’ said he, ‘my heart is seized with the most lively grief: is it possible there should be a man under Heaven capable of so black an action? When I left you the last year, I went directly to the bark to cross the river: the waterman, seeing the piece of stuff in my hands, demanded where I had it. I, who had no suspicion of his villainous design, ingenuously told him the whole affair, that being thrown down by your husband, I lay for some time senseless; that afterwards he entertained me handsomely, and made me a present of this piece of stuff. He desired me to

sell it him, which I did; and desired likewise my bamboo basket, which I gave him for my passage over the river. Could any one have guessed he had got these things of me to transact the most horrible piece of villainy with?’—‘My good friend,’ replied the Lady Lieou, ‘before I spoke to you, I could not be certain that the accusation against my husband was a forgery: but whence had he the dead body which was said to be yours?’ Liu having considered a moment, said—‘I now recollect, that while I was in the boat, and relating my story to the waterman, I saw a dead body float near the bank of the river; I observed that the water came out of the mouth and eyes, and made no question but it was a dead carcase. Could one have believed the waterman would have formed such a diabolical design? He is a monster that fills one with horror. But, Madam, there is no time to lose; accept, I beseech you, of this small present, and then we will go together and get audience of the Mandarin: I will convince him of the calumny, which ought to be done as soon as possible.’ The Lady Lieou took the present, and ordered in dinner for the good old man. In the meanwhile, she drew up a petition herself; for, belonging to a learned family, she could write elegantly: after which she sent for a chair, and set out, attended by slaves, and was followed by the old man to the Mandarin’s palace. As soon as this magistrate was seated on his tribunal, they both cried out aloud—‘The innocent is oppressed with slander!’ and, at the same time, the lady presented her petition. The Mandarin having read it, made her draw near, and asked her several questions. She gave him an account of all that had contributed to her husband’s disgrace; and ended with saying, that this very day the dealer in ginger being happily arrived in the city, she came to prosecute the dreadful calumny for which she demanded justice in the petition. The Mandarin having heard her attentively, made Liu draw near in his turn to be examined. Liu related the beginning and end of the dispute in which he was hurt by the fall, he explained the manner in which he was prevailed upon to sell the piece of stuff, and gave entire satisfaction to all the questions that were asked him. ‘But,’ said the Mandarin, ‘has

has not this woman prevailed upon you by money to give this evidence?" Liu, striking his forehead upon the ground, immediately replied—"Such a trick is impracticable; I am a merchant of Hou-tcheou, and have traded in this city for several years; I am known by a great number of persons; how then can I carry on an imposture? If that which they have feigned concerning my death was true, do you think, when I was ready to die, I should not have ordered the waterman to fetch some of my acquaintance, to give them a commission to demand justice? Was it likely that I should give this charge to a person unknown? But if I had been really dead, would none of my relations at Hou-tcheou, when they found I was a long while absent, come and make an enquiry after me? If I had been killed, as has been said, would they not have carried my accusation to your tribunal? How then comes it to pass, that for a whole year together nobody has appeared; and, instead of one of my relations, a slave should take upon him to accuse his master? I returned to this city but this day, and therefore could be informed no sooner of this horrid scandal: in short, though I have contributed nothing towards the misery of this unfortunate scholar, yet, as I am in some sort the occasion of his suffering, it was not possible for me to see innocence oppressed, without emotion; and this is the only motive that has brought me to your footstool. Give orders, I beseech you, that enquiry may be made concerning what relates to me, for nothing can be more easy."

"Since you are known here by many," replied the Mandarin, "mention some, that I may examine." Liu mentioned to the number of ten, whose names the Mandarin took down, but fixed on the four last, whom he sent for. When they entered the hall of audience, it was observable, that as soon as they perceived the old man Liu, they said one to another—"Ah! here is our ancient friend Liu, of the city of Hou-tcheou; he is not dead, then, as was given out." The Mandarin ordered them to draw nearer, that they might take the better notice of him. "Are our eyes enchanted?" added they. "No; it is he himself. This is the dealer in ginger that was said to have been killed by the

scholar Ouang." The Mandarin gave orders to some of the officers to inform themselves secretly where the waterman Tcheou-se lived, and to amuse him with false hopes, that he might come directly to the tribunal, without having the least suspicion of the business in hand. As for Hou the Tyger, who had given in the accusation, as he had a person bound for him, he was easy to be found: the order was given that they should both be brought into court in the afternoon. The officers replied with a shout, that testified how readily they obeyed, and separated immediately to go to different parts of the city. In the mean time, the Lady Lieou who had orders to be there with old Liu at the same hour, went to the prison, where she informed her husband of all that had passed. This relation so transported him with joy, that one would have thought the most spirituous essence was poured upon his head, or the sweetest dew fallen upon his heart, and the same moment his distemper left him. "I was chiefly provoked," said he, "at the vile slave, whom I looked upon as a monster, and did not believe there was a more wicked man to be found; but the villainy of the waterman far exceeds his. Is it possible to carry wickedness to so great an excess? If this good old man had not appeared himself, I should never have known whether I had died for a real or a supposed crime; but at length the truth is manifest."

The Lady Lieou did not fail to be at the audience with old Liu, whom she had handsomely regaled at her own house. They had by cunning prevailed upon Tcheou-se to be there; who, after he had quitted his boat, opened a shop, and was become a stuff-merchant. The officers of the tribunal had persuaded him that their master would make a good purchase, so that he entered the hall of audience with an air of satisfaction: however, the justice of Heaven was on the point of discovering itself. When he thought least of the matter, and was turning his head here and there in a confident manner, he perceived old Liu. In an instant, by an emotion in his mind which he could not command, his ears became as red as blood. Old Liu called to him with a loud voice—"Well, Mr. Boatman, how have you done since the day that I sold you the piece of stuff and the bamboo basket? Has the stuff been

‘been lucky?’ At these words Tcheou-se hung down his head and made no reply, but his countenance suddenly appeared like the branch of a tree that is withered by the sun. They introduced at the same time Hou the Tyger. This wretch, after he had betrayed his master, did not return back to his master’s house, but lodged in another place, as if he had ceased to be a slave, and was coming that day to the audience for the sake of diversion, and to see what was doing. The officers of the tribunal met him very luckily near the Mandarin’s palace. ‘We were looking for you,’ said they to him, ‘because to-day sentence is to be passed on your master: the relations of the murdered person prosecute the cause, and there is nobody wanting but you, who are the informer, to condemn him to the punishment his crime deserves.’ Hou the Tyger, transported with joy, followed the officers, and knelt down at the foot of the tribunal. When the Mandarin saw him—‘Dost thou know that man?’ said he, pointing to old Liu with his finger. Hou the Tyger, after he had beheld him a little earnestly, was immediately in such confusion and astonishment, that he could not speak a word. The Mandarin perceiving the embarrassment and concern of these two villains, took about a moment for consideration: then holding his hand towards Hou the Tyger, ‘Thou dog of a slave,’ said he to him, ‘what has thy master done to thee, that thou shouldest contrive his ruin with the waterman, and invent so black a calumny?’—‘Nothing is more true,’ replied the slave, ‘than that my master has killed a man, nor was it a story of my own invention.’—‘How!’ said the Mandarin, ‘are you so obstinate as to continue in this falsehood? Let the wretch be taken and put to the torture till he owns his crime.’ Hou the Tyger, in the midst of his torture, cried aloud—‘Alas! Sir, if you reproach me for conceiving a mortal hatred against my master, and becoming his accuser, I plead guilty; but if I am killed, I will never own that I have conspired with any person whatsoever to invent what is called a slander: yes, my master having one day a dispute with Liu, struck him so hard that he fell down senseless; immediately they gave him something to drink, and he came to himself; then

they regaled him, and made him a present of a piece of stuff. Liu went from thence to cross the river; and the self-same night, about the second watch, the boatman Tcheou-se brought a dead body in his boat as far as our door; and, to make it appear evident that it was Liu, he shewed the piece of stuff and the bamboo basket, and there was not one of our domesticks but what took it for fact. The money and the jewels, which my master gave the waterman, stopped his mouth, and he promised to conceal the murder: I was one of those who helped to bury the corpse; and afterwards my master using me ill, I resolved to revenge myself, and accused him at this tribunal. As for this man that died, I swear I have not the least knowledge of him; nay, if I had not seen old Liu here, I should never have thought my master was falsely accused in having this murder laid to his charge: it is no way in my power to tell what body it was, or whence it came; none but the waterman can give an account of it.’ This examination being taken by the Mandarin, he made Tcheou-se draw near to be interrogated in his turn. This man made various pretences to disguise his crime; but Liu, who was present, immediately discovered his knavery, and the Mandarin put him to the torture, which quickly made him confess the truth. ‘I declare,’ says he, ‘that the last year, in such a month and such a day, Liu came to me for a passage in my boat, holding in his hand a piece of stuff: I accidentally asked him who had made him that present? Upon which he related the whole story; and at the same time there appearing a dead body near the bank, which was thrown by the current, it came into my head to make use of it to deceive Ouang: this made me purchase the piece of stuff and the bamboo basket; and as soon as Liu was landed, I took the corpse out of the water, put it into my boat, and rowed to Ouang’s door. Contrary to all appearance, he believed what I said concerning Liu’s death, and gave me a good sum not to divulge it; and I went with some of his servants to bury the body, who took it for the corpse of old Liu. There is nothing but what is true in this confession that I have made; and I am ready

ready to suffer any thing, if the least particular is false.—'All this,' said the Mandarin, 'agrees with what I know already; but there is one article seems very dark: is it possible, that at that very instant a dead body should be found near the bank? Besides, is it credible that this corpse should resemble old Liu? Without doubt thou hast killed this man in some other place, and thy design was to make Ouang pass for the author of the murder.'—'Ah! Sir,' cried Tchcou-se, 'if I had any thoughts of killing any body, could not I have killed Liu sooner than any other person, since he was alone with me in the boat in a dark night? What I have said is true: seeing a body float in the water, I thought it would be easy to make use of it to deceive Ouang; for which reason I purchased the stuff and basket of Liu: but that which persuaded me most that I should succeed, was, that I knew Ouang to be a fearful and credulous man; and I knew likewise, that he had never seen Liu but this once, and that when it was night, and by the light of a lamp. I procured the piece of stuff, and the bamboo basket, that they might immediately bring to his mind the dealer in ginger. These were the reasons that made me think the trick would succeed, and that he would fall into the snare that I had laid for him. As for the dead body, I swear that I know nothing of it; and I make no doubt but the person fell accidentally into the river, and was drowned, though I can say nothing certain as to this point.' Then old Liu, falling on his knees, said thus—'It is certainly true, that when I passed over the river in his boat, there appeared a dead body floating in the water.' Upon which the Mandarin gave credit to what he had said, and committed all these depositions to writing. Tchcou-se falling into tears, cried out—'Take pity, Sir, on this poor wretch who lies at your feet; for I had no other design by this artifice than to get a little money, without thinking of any farther harm; therefore mitigate the punishment, I beseech you.' The Mandarin raising his voice—'How, audacious wretch!' said he, 'canst thou expect favour, when thy passion for another person's wealth has brought him within a hair's breadth of destruc-

tion? This design was laid too deep to be the first trial of your skill; it is not unlikely, that many others may have perished by such-like contrivances: it is my duty to free the city from so dangerous a plague. As for Hou the Tyger, that unnatural slave, who forgetting the benefits he received from his master, has contrived his destruction, he deserves to be severely punished.' At the same time he ordered the executioners to take the two villains, and laying them on the ground, to give Hou the Tyger forty blows with the battoon, and to bastinado Tchcou-se till he expired under the blows. They did not know that Hou the Tyger had just got over a dangerous disease, and consequently was not in a condition to undergo the punishment; but the justice of Heaven would no longer suffer this treacherous slave to live, for he expired on the pavement before he had received his number of blows. Tchcou-se did not die till he had received seventy. This done, the Mandarin sent for Ouang out of prison, and in full audience declared him innocent; besides, he ordered all the cloth that was in Tchcou-se's shop, and had been bought with Ouang's money, to be delivered to him: the whole stock amounted to about a hundred taels. 'According to the course of justice,' said the Mandarin, 'this ought to be confiscated; but, as Ouang is a scholar that has greatly suffered, I compassionate the miserable condition to which he has been reduced: let every thing that is found at the thief's house be returned to him that it was extorted from.' This was an act of goodness in the Mandarin. They went, according to order, and took up the dead body; in doing which they observed that his nails were still full of sand, which was a proof that he fell into the river off the bank, and was drowned in endeavouring get up it again. As none of his relations laid claim to him, the Mandarin ordered the officers to lay him in the common burying-place of the poor. Ouang and his wife, together with old Liu, after returning their humble thanks to the Mandarin, returned to their house, where they cared for the good old man who had taken so much pains to disprove the calumny, and shewed him all the kindness that could be expected from the sincerest gratitude. From this time forward

forward Ouang learnt to moderate the heat of his temper, and to restrain his natural impetuosity. If he met a poor man who asked an alms, or desired any service, he received him with an air of affability, and shewed his readiness to assist him. In short, he came to a resolution to labour in good earnest to attain his degrees, and to obliterate the remembrance of this fatal accident: he applied himself constantly to his books, had little commerce with the world, and lived in this manner for the space of ten years, after which he was raised to the degree of a doctor. There is a great deal of reason to say, that magistrates and officers of justice are obliged to regard the life of a man more than that of a contemptible plank, and that they are highly culpable when they are as careless in examining a process, as if they assisted at the disputes of a company of children that are at play. Nothing ought to be done precipitately:

as for example, in the cause of Ouang, the main point was to penetrate into the fetches and artifices of the waterman. If the dealer in ginger had not happily arrived at Quentcheou, and if through too much precipitation they had not waited for his arrival, the slave who had accused his master would not have thought he had slandered him; the wife would not have imagined her husband had been innocent of the murder; and the accused person himself would not have known he had been unjustly oppressed; much less could the judge have had the least knowledge of the matter, for it was impossible for him to penetrate into things concealed with so great care. Let benevolent magistrates, as they ought, have the same compassion for the people, as the father has for his children; and they may learn from this story, both in what manner they ought to conduct themselves, and what faults they should avoid.

MATILDA MARKHAM.

PRINTED FROM HER OWN MANUSCRIPT.

I Was the only daughter of a gentleman, who held an employment under the government that amounted to five hundred pounds a year; yet, though this employment was his principal dependence, and though he was always under a necessity of appearing rather elegantly in the world, still no care was omitted to give his favourite Matilda a finished education. I was therefore instructed at an early period in French and Italian; was taught all the fashionable needleworks that keep a young woman regularly employed, without answering any one purpose of real utility; and made such a mistress of the harpsichord before I attained my fourteenth year, that I was considered by the connoisseurs on this instrument as a kind of musical miracle: add to all these accomplishments, that I sung with some voice and much taste, danced with remarkable grace, and possessed a person which was the incessant object of general adulation.

In giving this picture of myself, I shall not be suspected of vanity, because, at the very period I am speaking of, I was much more intitled to pity than to praise.

My education had been elegant, but no way useful, and it rather served to increase my pride than to enlarge my understanding: instead of teaching me to be cheerful, humble, and obliging; it rendered me fullen, froward, and capricious; and therefore, instead of modestly endeavouring to obtain the esteem of those with whom I conversed, I laid an insolent claim to their admiration. My poor father, who imagined the world beheld me with the eyes of his own partiality, rather encouraged than discountenanced the extraordinary value which I set upon my own accomplishments, and neglected the cultivation of my mind, though he hourly sacrificed to my vanity. He fancied that the knowledge of a language or two would necessarily give me good sense; and believed that the turn of my disposition must be right, because I sung prettily, and made a figure at my harpsichord. Alas! how severely has experience convinced me, that a single scruple of discretion outweighs all the benefits to be reaped from the French or Italian; and how heartily do I wish that the hours which have been so prodigally lavished in the attain-

ment of mere embellishments, had been wisely employed in the less fashionable studies of regulating a family!

Wishes, however, will not, to use the forcible language of a modern writer,

'Roll back the flood of never-ebbing time;'

and, therefore, from useless exclamation, I shall proceed with the simple narration of facts.

Notwithstanding my boundless vanity, and notwithstanding the well-known slenderness of my father's circumstances, I had several advantageous matches proposed to me before I reached my eighteenth year; but these were in general disregarded, both because no impression had been made upon my heart, and because I fancied my wonderful merits would at any time procure me a husband with an affluent fortune. At length Mr. Markham, who had acquired a prodigious property as a commissary during the late war, making overtures, my father thought it prudent to consent; and, as I had no objection to Mr. Markham's person or manner, we were married in a few weeks, and I found myself mistress of a magnificent house in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor Square.

Being thus happily settled, and indulged in every wish of my heart by Mr. Markham, my pride soon broke out into the most excessive extravagance, and I grew wholly indifferent to every enjoyment but my rage for admiration. In vain my husband exerted every argument of tenderness, and every act of generosity, to shew me the folly, nay, the danger of my pursuit. His remonstrances I construed into insolence, and imagined he was sufficiently happy in the possession of so invaluable a treasure as myself, without putting a disagreeable restraint upon my inclinations. The truth was, he had married me from a principle of affection; and I had given him my hand entirely from motives of vanity. He expected to have his passion returned with transport; and I looked for a continual round of glitter and dissipation. He pined to have me more at home; and I sickened for every fashionable amusement. The consequence at last was, that he became gloomy in proportion as I grew indifferent; and this gloominess appearing, in my conception of things, very ungrateful, I determined to punish it as much as pos-

sible, by engaging myself abroad in an endless round of pleasure, and by making little more than a sleeping-place of his house.

In this manner matters continued almost two years, during which time we had two children; but the parental duties were much too vulgar for a woman of my superior accomplishments, therefore I did not honour home the more with my presence on account of this increase in my family. Notwithstanding my continual engagements abroad, however, I was about this time informed of a circumstance which extremely mortified my vanity; and this was, that Mr. Markham, and my woman, who was a very likely girl, had frequent meetings at a milliner's, in one of the bye-streets of our neighbourhood. Though I never felt any tenderness for Mr. Markham, this intelligence gave my pride a very sensible mortification: however indifferent I might be about him, there was no supporting the idea of his infidelity to me. I could bear to see him miserable by my negligence, but it was intolerable to think of his being attached to any body else: it was a treason against the majesty of my merit; and I determined, in a fatal hour, to be amply revenged on the criminal. O ye daughters of reputation! beware of exerting a false resentment, even where the perfidy of your husbands may be evident. Let not his errors lead you into actual crimes; nor madly make a sacrifice of your own happiness, and your own character, through a ridiculous notion of retaliating your wrongs; you can suffer no distress that will equal a fall into infamy. The affliction of the innocent is an elysium compared to the anguish of the guilty; and the stroke of calamity is always keen in proportion to the consciousness of having deserved it. Had I prudently considered this, while the consideration could have been useful, my bloom of life would not now be chilled by the blasts of shame; nor had the storm of reproach rooted up all the flattering prospect of my future felicity: the sunshine of tranquillity would have smiled upon the morning, and my evening would have been wholly unimpaired with tears. But, alas! I must resent where I ought to reconcile; and instead of recovering my husband's affection, I must excite his detestation. It is unnecessary to explain myself farther; nor is it need-

ful

ful to say, that there are men enough to flatter a woman who has youth and a passable person, especially where she is a slave to dissipation. This was unhappily my case; and, in the rash, the wretched moment of my indignation at Mr. Markham's infidelity, some demon rendered a professed admirer of mine so very importunate, that I listened to him from motives of revenge; and, yielding to his solicitation on purpose to punish my husband, was utterly undone.

The inconsiderate, the unpardonable step I had taken, was not long concealed; nor did it ever strike me, till it was published, that, without making my infamy universally known, I could enjoy no triumph over poor Mr. Markham. It was however no sooner known, which was in a few days, through the vanity of my paramour, than I was overwhelmed not only with disgrace, but with remorse; and discovered that my resentment against my unfortunate husband was as unjustly founded as the fatal indifference which originally gave birth to my crime. Mr. Markham, indeed, had frequent meetings with my woman at the milliner's I have mentioned; but these meetings were perfectly innocent, nay, they were perfectly laudable. The round of amusements in which I was constantly engaged, and the avidity with which I listened to every coxcomb that offered up incense at the shrine of my vanity, had for a long time filled him with doubts of my honour; and he naturally enough imagined, that she who disdained to preserve the appearance of repentance, would entertain but little regard for the reality. Actuated by a belief of this nature, and supposing that my woman must necessarily be my confidant in case of any illicit correspondence, he had frequently appointments with her at the milliner's, not chusing, for fear of suspicion, to converse with her privately in his own house. Thus the very measures he took to save me from ruin, became material causes of my destruction: and thus, by the preposterous pride of a wretch who was wholly unworthy of him, the happiness of his family was eternally blasted, while he earnestly laboured for its restoration.

Had the unhappiness of consequences, however, terminated here, I think it would have been possible for a life of penitence to give me some distant idea of comfort; and the disgrace to which I am

justly cast off, might be considered as a kind of expiation for my crime: but, alas! the guilt of infidelity was to be attended with blood; and Mr. Markham was not only to be ruined in his peace, but my father! O Heavens! the recollection, the bare recollection of the miseries which my infamy has produced, almost drives me into madness; and, I am astonished that the laws do not cut off such monsters as myself from the face of society. Mighty God, look down upon me with an eye of compassion! These tears are not the tears of disappointed pride; nor are these tresses now torn from my miserable head because my vanity is no longer to be indulged. No; the anguish of my soul is now the genuine result of contrition; and I will hope for pardon in the future world, though I neither can look for tranquillity nor forgiveness in this!

The instant that my perfidy reached Mr. Markham's ears, he flew to me, (I was then in my dressing room) and, in a tone of the utmost despair, exclaimed—'O Matilda! what have I done to deserve this? Was it not enough to destroy my repose, without murdering my reputation! or, if you had no regard for my honour, why were you lost to all pity for your helpless innocents! they have never offended, though I may have unhappily displeased; and they were intitled to some little compassion, though no pity whatsoever might be due to me.' But, 'Madam,' continued he, raising his voice into a fierceness that petrified me, 'though you have made me wretched, you shall not make me contemptible. This moment you must quit my house, nor shall you enter my habitation more. The unhappy little ones will be carefully attended to; but they shall be taught to forget every trace of a mother who has covered them with infamy, and planted daggers in the bosom of their unfortunate father!' Saying this, he hurried out, while I fainted in the arms of my woman, and remained so wholly senseless for several hours, that my recovery was entirely despaired of.

On recovering the use of my senses—O what a misfortune is the power of recollection to the wretched!—I was removed, in obedience to Mr. Markham's positive order, to my father's. Here, instead of receiving consolation, I was

to look for the keenest of all reproach; but, contrary to my expectations, the voice that hailed me was the voice of pity; and the venerable author of my being was almost in the agonies of death as they led me trembling to his apartment. He had been for a long time confined by the gout, and this unlooked-for calamity throwing it instantly into his stomach, beyond the power of medicine, he lay patiently waiting for the moment of dissolution. On my entrance he was raised up in his bed, where he held forth his trembling hands, and with some difficulty articulated—'O Matilda, forgive your dying father: it was my mistaken manner of education that has ruined my unhappy child!' He could utter no more; his pangs came on him too fast; and he expired before they could convey me from the dreadful scene to another room. Here I was seized with a violent fever, and lay delirious for several days. When the violence of my disorder was somewhat abated, I ventured to enquire after Mr. Markham and my poor children; the accounts I received were flattering, and greatly forwarded my recovery; but my health was no sooner re-established than I found these accounts to be entirely the pious frauds of friendship, and calculated only to hasten my amendment. The truth was, Mr. Markham had been obliged to fly for killing the wretched partner of my guilt in a duel, and he took the two children along with him: where he had taken refuge nobody could tell me, nor have I to this hour discovered the place of his retreat. His house, his estates, his property in the funds, were all converted into money; and once a year I receive a cover containing a note for two hundred pounds; it comes from his appointment I am well convinced, but

there is no possibility of tracing him; though it is now seven years since he justly spurned me from his protection. O that he knew the anguish of my heart, or heard that my time is wholly passed in solitude and tears! O that he would bless me with one look at my poor children! 'Tis true their mother is a scandal to them, and the mention of her name must tinge their young cheeks with an instant glow of indignation; but, my sweet babes, my lovely little ones, though your mother is an outcast, though she is a wretch, she feels for you with the keenest sensibility, and would sacrifice her life with joy to be convinced that you are in health and security: she must not dare to indulge the hope of ever seeing your highly-injured father; that happiness she has eternally forfeited; could she, however, clasp you for a moment, a single moment, to her agonising bosom, she would. Oh, Mr. Markham! if this paper should happily fall into your hands, bestow one charitable thought upon a creature now humbled in the dust, and bleeding with the deepest contrition for her crime: as a wife she does not presume to mention herself, nor means to address your tenderness, but to implore your humanity. Have pity on her, therefore, dear Sir; only say, that you are well yourself, and that your children are in safety; and, if the prayers of such a monster to the throne of Mercy can be any way efficacious, the little remnant of her unfortunate life shall be employed in supplicating that happiness for you and yours, both here and hereafter, which she can never enjoy in this world, and which, without your forgiveness, she may possibly forfeit in the next.

MATILDA MARKHAM.

THE GENEALOGY OF TASTE.

AN ALLEGORY.

IN a cave of a mountain in the island of Crete, dwelt a nymph called Contemplation, sprung, as the mythologists report, from Jupiter, the greatest of the Gods; for, according to their accounts, she was conceived and leaped forth from

the brain of her celestial parent, as Pallas did, while he was deeply attentive in beholding the beauties of the creation. In this sacred retirement the nymph had lived many ages, whither several ancient poets, heroes, philosophers, and legislators,

ture, frequently resorted, for no one ever left her without receiving the utmost happiness from her divine precepts. As Apollo was wandering one day over the top of this mountain, he chanced to light upon this heavenly maid, while she was busied in her usual employment of meditating on this stupendous system, and the divine perfections of the great Creator of the world. Smitten with her charms, he immediately descended into the cave, and having enjoyed her, she bore him a son, whom the God named Eudoxus, alluding to the noble ideas which filled the mother's mind when he first beheld her. 'Tis said, as the nymph Contemplation was one night counting the stars, and describing on the sand with a wand their different situations and motions, having lost the child not far off on a bed of violets, that the nightingale came and covered him with laurel leaves, and lulled him to sleep with the melody of her song, softly modulated to the tender ear of the listening infant. About this time the Delphian Oracle declared that a ray of light was descended from the Sun, and being dispersed from that mighty luminary, should be spread all over Greece, Italy, and part of Asia Minor, for many ages. When Eudoxus had passed the years of childhood, Apollo being desirous not only to instruct him in the abstruser knowledge of his mother, but to unite in his education a thorough relish of such other arts and sciences as might render him a benefactor to mankind in general, and his favourite nation the Greeks in particular, he took the boy to his own beloved seat of retirement, and committed his darling charge to the care of the Nine Muses, and their sisters the heavenly Graces. Here Eudoxus was instructed, first how the great Architect of the creation divided the warring elements, and out of Chaos formed by his plastic mandate the unmeasurable frame of this stupendous universe. Next, how that resplendent source of light and heat, the sun, sprung through the blue serene of heaven, and being fixed immovable in the center of all, drew round his glorious orb those inferior globes, whose certain and unerring courses, in unchangeable periods of time, form that æthereal harmony imperceptible to all beings but the inhabitants of heaven. Then he was told how the oblique position of this our earth, by it's annual progress caused the delight-

ful revolution of seasons; how the soft descending rains, and genial warmth of spring, opened the relenting earth, called forth the infant buds, and afterwards unfolded all the vegetable pride of flowers and blossoms; how the more perpendicular rays of heat ripened the rising harvest in summer; how autumn gloried in the regal hue of it's purple vintage; and, lastly, how the sterile winter itself was as useful to mortals as the other teeming seasons, by affording in it's cold embraces the requisite rest to the sleeping vegetables, which thereby gain fresh vigour to renew their species, and to perpetuate sustenance to all animals, in the same rotation, till time shall be no more. From this general knowledge of nature, he was led to enquire into the construction of particular parts of the bodies of animals, and especially those of the human race; to discover the causes of pain and disease, and by what methods to restore them to their pristine beauty and internal harmony called health, and to recall the natural original sensations of ease and pleasure. When the daughters of Memory had fully instructed Eudoxus, as Apollo had directed them, in every branch of this knowledge, they brought him by degrees to conceive that an æthereal spirit was for a while united with the human body: how it was agitated by different passions while in this conjunction; and then, after solution, the body should return to it's kindred dust, out of which it was formed, and the soul to a separate state of happiness or misery, according as it acted in this probationary state on earth. Having taken this view of man in the abstract with all his wants and infirmities, the Muses, last of all, gave their disciple a thorough insight into the human race in society, where, by the goodness of the first Author of all things, those very deficiencies of individuals united the whole species, and the mutual supply of each other's wants linked all degrees into one irrefragable chain together, each different part of which reciprocally depended upon the other from the beginning to the end. They taught him too, by way of amusement, the use and power of music, painting, and poetry; the first of which could assuage mental agony, the second revive past pleasures in beholding beautiful objects, and the third inspire a true love of virtue by perpetuating the revered memory

memory of those who had been ornaments to our species. Eudoxus, being at length quite accomplished in every art and science, became enamoured of one of the Graces, who returned his passion with mutual ardour. One day they took an opportunity, while the other two were busied in sporting with Flora and her train of Zephyrs, to gratify their desires in a cave of Mount Ida. The offspring of their embraces was a daughter, whom

the fond parents named Calocagathia. This nymph, who inherited all the knowledge of her father, and all the charms of her mother, became, as she grew up, the chief favourite both of Gods and men. In the celestial banquets she always sat next to Venus; and on earth had the honour attributed to her of inspiring whatever was uncommonly beautiful in morals, arts, and sciences.

CHARLOTTE;

OR,

THE PRUDENT CHOICE.

LADY Stephens, the respectable relict of a baronet, had devoted to the education of her only daughter, Charlotte, some very agreeable years of her life, when she might without censure, as being still powerful in charms, have engaged in a second marriage.

Charlotte had received from nature a soul susceptible of the most lively impressions; and her mother, who studied it incessantly, experienced an uneasy joy on perceiving this sensibility, which does so much harm and so much good.

A crowd of admirers, caught with the charms of the daughter, paid, according to custom, assiduous court to the mother. Of this number was the Lord Rivers; who, to his own misfortune, was commendable for a very handsome figure. His glass and the ladies had so often told him so, that he could not but believe it. He listened to them with pleasure, contemplated himself with delight, smiled upon himself, and for ever sung his own praises. Nothing could be objected to his politeness; but it was so cold and slight comparatively to the attentions with which he honoured himself, that one might clearly perceive he possessed the first place in his own esteem. He would have had, without thinking he had, all the graces of nature; but he spoiled all by affectation. In regard to understanding, he wanted only justice, or rather reflection. Nobody would have talked better than he, had he known what he was going to say; but it was his particular care to be of an opinion contrary to that of another. He was perfectly versed in all the female

small talk, and all the pretty things that mean nothing; and he was likewise thoroughly acquainted with all the love-anecdotes of the town and court.

Lady Stephens spoke of him at times to her daughter with a kind of compassion. 'It is a pity,' said she, 'this young lord was spoiled in his education. Had not his governors given his genius a wrong bias, he might have succeeded.' He had already succeeded but too well in the heart of Charlotte. That which is ridiculous in the eyes of a mother, is not always so in the eyes of a daughter. Youth is indulgent to youth; and there are such things as beautiful defects.

Lord Rivers, on his side, thought Charlotte tolerably handsome, only a little too plain; but that might be corrected. He took but very little care to please her; but, when the first impression is made, every thing contributes to sink it deeper. The very dissipation of this young coxcomb was a new attraction to Charlotte; in it she saw the danger of losing him; and nothing accelerates, so much as jealousy, the progress of a growing love.

Once, in giving a history of his life to Lady Stephens, Lord Rivers represented himself the most desirable man in the world. Lady Stephens gave him some oblique hints on modesty; but he protested that no man was less vain than himself; that he knew perfectly well that it was not for his own sake he was so much in favour with the ladies; that his birth, it was true, did a great deal, but that he owed the most to his wit and figure;

figure, qualities which he had not given himself, and which he was far from priding in.

The more pleasure Charlotte felt in seeing and hearing him, the more care she took to conceal it. A reproach from her mother would have made a deep wound in her heart; and this delicate sensibility rendered her timorous to an excess.

In the mean time, her charms, with which Lord Rivers was so faintly touched, had inspired the wise and modest Mr. Stanhope with the tenderest passion. He was a young gentleman, not long possessed of a plentiful paternal estate. A just way of thinking, and an upright heart, formed the ground-work of his character. His agreeable and open figure was still more heightened by the noble idea conceived of his soul; for we are naturally disposed to seek and believe what we discover in the features of a man to reside in his heart.

Mr. Stanhope, in whom nature had been directed to virtue from his infancy, enjoyed the inestimable advantage of being able to give himself up to it without precaution and constraint. Decency, honesty, candour, that frankness which gains confidence, that chastity of manners which inspires respect, had in him the free ease of habit. An enemy to vice, but without pride; indulgent to follies, but without contracting any; complying with innocent customs, incorruptible by bad examples, he swam upon the torrent of the world; beloved, respected, even by those to whom his life was a reproach, and to whom the public esteem had made it a practice to oppose it, in order to humble their pride.

Lady Stephens, charmed with the character of this young gentleman, had chosen him in the bottom of her heart as the most deserving husband she could give her daughter. She was inexhaustible in his commendations. Charlotte applauded with the modesty of her age; but, as her esteem was not mingled with any sentiment she needed to conceal, she was quite easy and tranquil.

She was far from being so in regard to the dangerous Lord Rivers. If her mother spoke in commendation of him, she looked down, and kept silence. 'You do not seem to me,' said Lady Stephens, 'to have a relish for those light and shining graces on which the world lays so much stress.'—'I know no-

'thing of them,' answered Charlotte, blushing. The good mother concealed her joy: she thought she saw the modest virtues of Mr. Stanhope triumphing in Charlotte's heart over the little amiable vices of Lord Rivers. An accident, trivial in appearance, but striking to a discerning eye, drew her out of this illusion.

One of Charlotte's accomplishments was drawing in crayons. She had chosen flowers, as the most suitable to her age. It was natural to see a rose blow beneath the hand of beauty. Lord Rivers, by a taste somewhat resembling hers, was passionately fond of flowers, and was seldom seen without a nosegay, the prettiest of it's kind.

One day, Lady Stephens's eyes glanced casually on Lord Rivers's nosegay. The day after, she perceived that Charlotte, without thinking of it, was drawing the flowers of it. It was very natural that the flowers she had seen the evening before should be still present to her imagination; but that which was not quite so natural, was the air of enthusiasm she betrayed in drawing them. Her eyes sparkled with the fire of genius; her mouth smiled amorously at every stroke of the pencil; and a colour, more animated than that of the flowers she wanted to represent, diffused itself over her lovely cheeks. 'Are you pleased with your execution?' said the mother to her, carelessly. 'It is impossible,' replied Charlotte, 'to represent Nature well, when we have her not before our eyes.' It was certain, however, that she had never drawn her more faithfully.

Some few days after, Lord Rivers came again with new flowers. Lady Stephens observed them one after another; and, in Charlotte's next drawing, his nosegay again appeared. The same observations were continued, and every trial confirmed her suspicions. 'If I declare my will to Charlotte,' said she to herself, 'she will subscribe to it without hesitation; she will marry Mr. Stanhope, a man whom she does not love; and the remembrance of the man she loves, will haunt her even in the arms of another. I know her very soul; she will become the victim of her duty. But shall I ordain this grievous sacrifice? God forbid! No; let her own inclination decide it. But I may direct her inclination, by enlightening it; and that is the only lawful use of the authority

' authority which is given me: I am
 ' certain of the goodness of heart, of the
 ' justness of my daughter's sentiments:
 ' let me supply, by the light natural to
 ' my years, the inexperience of hers;
 ' let her see by her mother's eyes, and
 ' believe, if possible, that she consults
 ' only her own inclination.'

Every time that Lord Rivers and Mr.
 Stanhope met together at Lady Ste-
 phens's, she turned the conversation on
 the manners, customs, and maxims, of
 the world. She encouraged contradic-
 tion; and, without taking any side, gave
 room for a display of their respective dis-
 positions. Those little adventures with
 which society abounds, and which enter-
 tain the idle curiosity of the town, fur-
 nished most commonly matter for their
 reflections. Lord Rivers, light, vain,
 decisive, and lively, was constantly on the
 side of fashionable vice. Mr. Stanhope
 defended the cause of morality with a
 noble freedom.

The arrangement of a certain duke
 with his lady, was at that time the town-
 talk. It was said that, after a quarrel,
 and bitter complaints on both sides, on
 the subject of their mutual infidelities,
 they agreed, after the prevailing mode
 in France, to decline the insipid for-
 mality of a divorce; that they owed
 each other nothing; that they had ended,
 by laughing at the folly of being jealous
 without loving; that the duke had con-
 sented to see Lord Fribble make love to
 his wife; and that she had promised, on
 her side, to receive, with the greatest po-
 liteness, Miss Flirt, whom the duke had
 in keeping. Lord Rivers cried out, that
 nothing was wiser, confirming his opi-
 nion by a variety of trifling reasons; Mr.
 Stanhope opposed him with great soli-
 dity of argument: and this was the first
 experiment that made a lively impression
 on Charlotte's understanding. Her mo-
 ther, who perceived it, gave free course
 to her reflections. Still Charlotte's heart,
 within itself, did it's best to excuse in
 Lord Rivers the fault of having defended
 the manners of the age; but so many
 instances shortly after occurred to put her
 out of conceit with Lord Rivers, that she
 began to be violently agitated, and at
 nights enjoyed but little sleep. 'What
 ' a difference!' said she frequently to
 herself; 'and by what caprice is it, that
 ' I must sigh at having been enlightened?
 ' Ought not the seduction to cease, as
 ' soon as we perceive that we are se-

' duced? I admire one, and love the
 ' other. What is this misunderstanding
 ' ing between the heart and reason,
 ' which makes us still hold dear that we
 ' cease to esteem?'

After one of these restless nights, she
 appeared, according to custom, in the
 morning, at breakfast with her mother.
 'You seem to me altered,' said Lady
 Stephens to her. 'Yes, Madam, I am
 ' very much so.'—'What, have you not
 ' slept well?'—'Very little,' said she,
 with a sigh. 'You must, however, en-
 ' deavour to look handsome; for I am
 ' going to take you, after dinner, to
 ' Richmond Gardens, where I hear
 ' there is admision for all the beau-
 ' monde who chuse to repair thither.'

Lord Rivers failed not to be of the party,
 and Lady Stephens retained him about
 her. A thousand beauties, in all the
 lustre of brilliant dress, attracted the de-
 sires after their steps. Lord Rivers
 knew, or pretended to know, them all;
 and smiled upon them, following them
 with his eyes. It was not long before
 Mr. Stanhope joined them. Lady Ste-
 phens observed, that the modest women
 received with a cold and reserved air
 the smiling and familiar salute of Lord
 Rivers, while they returned with an air
 of esteem and friendship the respectful
 salutation of Mr. Stanhope. She rail-
 lied Lord Rivers on this distinction, in
 order to make Charlotte perceive it.
 'It is true,' said he, 'Madam, that they
 ' behave rigidly to me in publick; but,
 ' tête-à-tête, they make me amends for it.'

On her return home with them, she
 received a visit from Mrs. Wilson, a
 young widow. This lady spoke of the
 misfortune she had sustained in losing a
 deserving husband; and she spoke it with
 so much sensibility, candour, and grace,
 that Lady Stephens, Charlotte, and Mr.
 Stanhope, listened to her with tears in
 their eyes. 'To a young, handsome
 ' woman,' said Lord Rivers, in a gay
 tone, 'a husband is a trifling loss, and
 ' easy to be repaired.'—'Not to me,
 ' Sir,' replied Mrs. Wilson; 'a hus-
 ' band who honoured a wife with his
 ' esteem and confidence, and whose love
 ' never was tainted either with fear or
 ' jealousy, is not one of those whom we
 ' can easily replace.'—'Believe me,
 ' Madam, the essential point is to suit
 ' yourself, to unite the Graces with the
 ' Loves; in one word, to marry, if it hits
 ' your fancy, or retain your liberty
 ' without

‘without the care of wedlock.’—‘Your advice is very gallant,’ said Mrs. Wilson, ‘but unfortunately it is misplaced.’—‘There is a pretty prude!’ said Lord Rivers, ‘as soon as she was gone.’—‘For my part,’ said Mr. Stanhope, ‘I think her as respectable as she is handsome.’—‘Such a gentleman as Mr. Stanhope,’ said Lady Stephens, ‘would be extremely proper for consoling the beautiful widow; and, if I were the confident he should consult on his choice, I would persuade him to think of her.’—‘You do me great honour,’ Madam,’ said Mr. Stanhope, colouring; ‘but the widow deserves a heart that is disengaged, and unhappily mine is not so.’ At these words he went out, quite overcome with the dismissal which he thought he had received. Lord Rivers took it in the same sense.—‘It is a pity he is so gloomy!’ said he, with a tone of compassion: ‘that is all they get by their virtue; they grow tiresome, and are dismissed.’ Lady Stephens, without explaining herself, assured him, that she had not intended saying any thing disagreeable to a man who was one of those she honoured most. In the mean time, Charlotte sat with downcast eyes, and her colour betrayed the agitation of her mind. Lord Rivers took this confusion for an emotion of joy; he retired in triumph, and the next day sent her the following billet—

‘I Have read your heart; and, if I had only that to consult, I should be very sure of it’s answer. But you depend on a mother, and mothers have their caprices. Happily, her dismissal of Stanhope apprizes me what she has determined; your assent, signified to it, will crown my wishes.’

Charlotte, as much offended as surprised at this letter, without hesitation communicated it to her mother. ‘For this mark of your friendship,’ said she, ‘I owe you confidence for confidence. Mr. Stanhope has wrote to me; read this letter.’ Charlotte obeyed, and read—

‘HAVING adored, in your image, every thing that Heaven has made most affecting, do you think me in a condition to follow the counsel which you have given me? I will

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not say to you how cruel it is; my respect stifles my complaints. If I have not the name, I have at least the sentiments, of your son, and that character cannot be defaced.’

Charlotte could not finish without the most lively emotion. Her mother pretended not to perceive it, and said to her—‘There, now, child: I, indeed, must answer these two rivals, but you must dictate my answers.’—‘I, Madam!’—‘Who else? It is not me they demand in marriage; it is not my heart I am to consult.’—‘Ah, Madam! is not your will mine? Have not you the right to dispose of me?’—‘All that, my child, is very good; but, as your own happiness is concerned in this affair, it is just you should decide it. See which of these suitors comes up nearest to the idea you have formed of a good husband; let us keep him, and dismiss the other.’ Charlotte, deeply affected, kissed her mother’s hands, and bathed them with her tears. ‘Complacit your goodness,’ said she to her, ‘by directing me in my choice: the more important it is, the more need have I for your counsels to determine it. The husband whom my mother shall chuse, shall be dear to me; my heart dares promise you that.’—‘No, daughter, there is no loving out of mere duty; and you know better than I do the man who is fit to make you happy. If you are not so, I will console you: I would readily share your sorrows, but I would not be the cause of them. Come, I take pen in hand: I am going to write; you need but to dictate.’

Imagine the trouble, the confusion, the moving situation, of Charlotte. Trembling by the side of this tender mother, one hand on her eyes, and the other on her heart, she essayed in vain to obey her; her voice expired on her lips. ‘Well,’ said the good mother, ‘to which of the two are we to return an answer? Make an end, or I shall grow impatient.’—‘To Lord Rivers,’ said Charlotte, with a feeble and faltering voice. ‘Be it so. What shall I say to him?’

‘IT is impossible that a man so necessary as yourself to society, should renounce it to live in the bosom of his family. My Charlotte has no qual-

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'ties sufficient to indemnify you for the
'sacrifice she would require.'

'Is this all?'—'Yes, Madam.'—
'And to Stanhope, what shall we say
'to him? Charlotte continued to dic-
tate with rather more confidence—

'TO deem you worthy of a woman as
'virtuous as handsome, was not
'to forbid you to make a choice which
'interests me as much as it does me
'honour; it was even to encourage you.
'Your modesty has reversed things, and
'you have been unjust both towards your-
self and me. Come, and learn to judge
'better of the intentions of a good mo-
ther. I dispose of the heart of my

'daughter, and I esteem none in the
'world more than yourself.'

'Come hither, my dear child, that I
'may embrace you,' cried Lady Ste-
phens; 'you fulfil the wishes of your
'mother; and you could not have said
'better, even if you had consulted my
'heart.'

Mr. Stanhope hastened to them, quite
transported with joy. Never was mar-
riage more applauded, more fortunate
than theirs. Mr. Stanhope's affection
was divided between his Charlotte and
her mother, and it was difficult to judge
which of the two he respected and loved
most. Lord Rivers was mortified exceed-
ingly, but he died not of a broken heart.

MOPSY.

A FAIRY TALE.

IN former days, and in a country un-
known, there was an old Queen, so
extremely advanced in years, that her
majesty was become quite toothless and
bald. Her head trembled perpetually, like
the leaves of an aspin; and her sight was
so dim, that spectacles were no longer of
use to her. Her mouth was almost hid
by the near approach of the nose to the
chin: her stature was so diminished, that
she was shrunk into a shapeless heap,
and her back so bowed, that you would
have thought she had been crooked from
her infancy.

A Fairy, who had assisted at the birth
of this Queen, came to her, and said—
'Do you desire to grow young again?'
—'Most earnestly,' replied the Queen:
'I would part with all my jewels to be
'but twenty.'—'Then,' continues the
Fairy, 'it will be necessary to make an
'exchange, and to transfer your age
'and infirmities to some one who will
'be contented to spare you her youth
'and health. To whom, therefore,
'shall we give your hundred years?'

Hereupon, the Queen gave orders to
make diligent enquiry through the king-
dom for a person who might be will-
ing to barter youth for age upon a
valuable consideration. When these or-
ders were publicly known, a great
many poor people from all parts flocked
to the court, all of them desirous to be
made old and rich: but, when they had

seen the Queen at dinner, hideous in her
infirmities, trembling and coughing over
a mess of water-gruel, and doating ever
and anon as she spoke; not one was in-
clinable to take up the burden of her
years: they chose rather to live by
begging, and to enjoy youth and health
in rags. There came, likewise, a crowd
of ambitious persons; to whom the pro-
mised great dignities, and the highest
honours: but, when they had seen her,
'What will all our grandeur avail,' said
they, 'when we shall appear so fright-
'ful, as to be ashamed to show ourselves
'in publick?'

At last, there came a young country-
girl, whose name was Mopsy, in full
bloom; who demanded no less than the
crown, as an equivalent for her youth
and beauty. The Queen immediately
grew angry; but, to what purpose? She
was bent upon renewing her vigour at
any rate; and said to Mopsy—'Let us
'divide my kingdom, and share alike;
'you shall reign over the one half, and
'I will content myself with the other.
'This will be power enough in pen-
sion for you, who are but a little
'mean peasant.'—'No,' replies the girl;
'I am not so easily satisfied. Let me
'enjoy my obscure condition, and my
'rosy complexion; and much good may
'it do your Majesty with your hundred
'years, and your wrinkles, and more
'than one foot in the grave.'—'But
'then,

'then,' says the Queen, 'what should I be able to do without my kingdom?'—'You would laugh, you would dance, you would sing, like me,' answers the young gypsy; and immediately she broke out into laughter, and danced, and sung. The Queen, who was far from being in a condition to imitate her jollity, said—'And what would you do in my place? You, who are neither accustomed to old age, nor empire?'—'I cannot well say,' answers this country lass, 'what I should do: but I have a month's mind to try it a little; for I have always heard, it is a fine thing to be a Queen.'

When the two parties seemed now disposed to an agreement, and were ready to strike the bargain, in comes the Fairy; and, addressing herself to Mopsy, said—'Are you willing to make trial of the condition of an old Queen; and see first how you like it, before you resolve upon the change in good earnest?'—'With all my heart!' replies the girl. Her forehead is instantly furrowed with wrinkles; her chestnut hair turns white; she grows peevish and morose; her head shakes; her teeth are loose; and she is, already, an hundred years old. The Fairy then opens a little box, and lets out a multitude of officers and courtiers of both sexes, richly apparelled; who soon shot up into the full stature of men and women, and paid their homage to the new Queen. She is conducted to her chair of state; and a costly banquet is immediately set before her: but, alas! she has no appetite, and cannot bear the fumes of the table; her limbs fail her when she tries to walk; she is awkward, and bashful, and in a maze; she knows not how to speak, nor which way to turn herself: she calls for a looking-glass, and is startled at her own deformity; and she coughs till her sides ache.

In the mean time the true Queen stands in a corner of the room by herself: she laughs, and begins to grow handsome. Her temples are shaded with hair, and she renews her teeth: her cheeks glow

with youth, and her forehead is fair and smooth. And now she begins to recollect her youthful airs and virgin coyness, and sets her person out to the best advantage. But she is troubled to find herself so meanly apparelled; her coats short and scanty, and her waistcoat of a coarse-woollen stuff: she was not used to be thus poorly equipped; and one of her own guards, who took her for some rude creature, went to turn her out of the palace.

Then said Mopsy to her—'I perceive you are not a little uneasy in your condition; and I am much more weary of yours: take your crown again, and give me back my russet garment.' The exchange was soon made: as soon the Queen withered; and the virgin-peasant bloomed afresh. The restitution was hardly completed on both sides, when each began to repent: but it was too late; for the Fairy had now condemned them both to remain in their proper condition.

The Queen bewailed herself daily upon the smallest indisposition: 'Alas!' would she say, 'if I was Mopsy at this time; I should sleep indeed in a cottage, and feed upon chestnuts; but then, by day, I should dance in the shade with the shepherds, to the sweet music of the pipe. What am I the happier for lying in an embroidered bed, where I am never free from pain? or for my numerous attendants, none of whom have any power to relieve me?'

Her grief, for having forfeited her choice, increased her indispositions; and the physicians, who were twelve in number, constantly attending her, soon brought her distempers to a height. Briefly, she died at the end of two months. Mopsy was in the midst of a dance, with her companions, on the bank of a running stream, when tidings came of the Queen's death. Then she blessed herself, that she had escaped from royalty, more through good-fortune and impatience, than through fore-cast and resolution.

EUPHELIA;

OR, THE

FORCE OF VIRTUE.

EUPHELIA was left an orphan with a very slender subsistence, and taken by one of her aunts for education. Nature, however, by the liberality of her favours, seemed willing to make her saviour amends for the injuries of fortune.

Euphelia, at the age of eighteen, excelled the rest of her sex by her outward charms and her inward accomplishments, by the strength of her reason, and the sprightliness of her wit; but what stamped an additional value on all those advantages was, that she had a mind superior to misfortunes, and even proof against poverty; for her aunt, as well as herself, subsisted only by the labour of their hands.

Chance threw Euphelia in the way of one of the most accomplished noblemen in England; who spared no expence in the pursuit of his pleasures, and omitted no opportunity to make himself agreeable to our heroine. Resistance to his lordship's flattering offers was not the greatest difficulty Euphelia struggled with: she had too exalted a turn of thinking to be influenced by mercenary motives; but to secure her heart against his intrinsic merit, was a severe trial, and on that account she felt the most painful sensations.

His lordship, who was a man of penetration, saw the conflict of her mind, and perceived that he was the cause of it. This discovery redoubled his passion, and seemed to promise him success, when he could find an happy moment to attack her. In order to obtain it, he made himself master of her aunt, who could not resist the large sums which he put into her hands. She affected to be alarmed for her niece, and proposed to remove her from the importunities of her lover, by retiring with her into the country.

Euphelia approved highly of her aunt's proposal. She was conveyed to a house, of which the mistress and the servants were entirely at his lordship's devotion; and three days afterwards, when she was alone, at work in her chamber, which was locked, because she had strong

suspensions, she saw him enter through a private door, which she had never before discovered. She then knew that she had been betrayed, and that her outcries would be of little avail.

Throwing himself at her feet, he wept and intreated; but, finding neither tears nor intreaties produced any effect on her, he proceeded to threats. In this trying situation, what could a poor, weak, delicate girl do, who was incapable of resisting a lover determined to gratify his passion? Religion forbade her to destroy herself, yet death seemed her only refuge.

In this extremity, Euphelia implored the assistance of Heaven; and, nerved with new strength, repulsed his caresses, and conjured him to allow her a few minutes. His lordship, who had not proceeded to violence without reluctance, and who would have given all he possessed in the world to have enjoyed Euphelia with her own consent, willingly granted her request, and sat down opposite to her.

'Unfortunate beauty!' said she, 'of what miseries art thou not the cause! Why dost thou turn the most amiable of men into the cruellest of tyrants?'

His lordship now considered his triumph as certain, and prepared to conquer by his entreaties that resistance which he attributed only to the last pangs of expiring virtue. But he was mistaken in his object: the glorious girl, after a little recollection, raised her voice—'Perish, ye unhappy features,' said she, 'which reduce me to this extremity!'

In uttering these words, with the spirit of a Roman matron, she dreadfully wounded her face in several places with her scissors; before his lordship, who was not aware of so horrid an expedient, could by any means prevent her. What a sight was this for the eyes of a lover! He caught hold of her, and forced the fatal scissors from her hand.

'Look at your own work,' said she, 'and say which of my features urged your lordship to meditate my destruction!'

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MEMOIRS of SOPHIA.

Published as the Act directs by Harrison & Co Dec^r 1. 1787.

She would have proceeded; but his lordship, astonished at her behaviour, rung for his servants, and ordered them to procure a surgeon. Euphelia told him, in a resolute tone, that she would not suffer her wounds to be dressed, unless he would assure her, on his honour, that he would persecute her no more. To this he readily consented, and promised the surgeon a reward superior to his expectations, if he could save her face from deformity. But this was a task he had not skill to perform. Euphelia had no remains of her former beauty; and, in spite of all her surgeon's care, entirely lost one of her eyes.

By the deformity, however, of his mistress, his lordship was not cured of his affection. Her virtue had so charmed him, that he forgot the dignity of his rank, and even offered to share that and his fortune with her.

Euphelia was not dazzled with the lustre of his offer. She represented to his lordship the injury he would do to his rank, his family, and his fortune, by marrying a girl in her indigent circumstances. She even added threats to remonstrances, and declared her resolution to retire where he should never see her more, if he did not divert her design by a marriage suitable to his rank.

His lordship had, by this time, no reason to suppose that she trifled with him. He set out, therefore, for London; af-

firming her, in the strongest manner, that he would not return till she would permit his visits. He slept that evening at the house of a friend, whom he trusted with this extraordinary affair; and, with a heart full of Euphelia, endeavoured to alleviate the uneasiness which he felt in her absence, by the confidential communication of his passion.

This gentleman, who was about forty, and in easy circumstances, was no less charmed with Euphelia's virtue; and told his lordship, that he should think himself very happy in the possession of such a wife. His lordship made him no answer; but, some time afterwards, having strove in vain to heal his unquiet mind, ever occupied by the image of Euphelia, he thought it most prudent to cut off all hopes. He married, therefore, the daughter of a noble duke; and, being desirous of rewarding the virtue of Euphelia, discovered the passion he had entertained for her to his lady; whom he assured, however, that he only felt a pure and respectful esteem for the girl, which urged him to promote her happiness. He then communicated the sentiments of his friend; and her ladyship, to remove all Euphelia's suspicions, gave her in marriage, with a handsome fortune, with which the gentleman was as well satisfied, as he was inclined to be with her understanding and her virtue.

MEMOIRS OF SOPHIA.

BENEVOLUS, in early life, came into possession of an estate of about three hundred pounds per annum. He possessed more solid sense than is generally dealt out to the share of a young man only twenty years of age; and had seen, when at college, from whence he was called by the death of his surviving parent, an affectionate father, so much vice, and so much folly, that he resolved within himself no more to visit such scenes of dissipation, but to remain upon his paternal estate, and improve those acres which had been cultivated by their owners for many generations, and which recalled in every field some of those pleasing ideas which result from a recollection of juvenile sports formerly enjoyed.

After a proper time had been spent in mourning for a parent whom Benevolus loved with the most ardent affection; he

addressed a young lady, the daughter of a neighbouring gentleman, whose estate lay contiguous, and was of nearly equal value: not, however, for the sake of the fortune she was likely to prove, nor for the beauty she possessed; for, though her person was by no means plain, there were many, very many, to whom she could not by any means compare in beauty. But Benevolus went on surer grounds: he knew that his Amelia, who had received a most excellent education from her mother, aided by the sound good sense and knowledge of her father, possessed the real qualifications to make a good wife; and there was, besides, an agreeable sprightliness, an innocent cheerfulness, that played around her, and was to him irresistibly fascinating. Benevolus was happy enough to find his dear Amelia listen with willing attention to his honourable suit; and

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was transported to hear her candidly acknowledge—for Amelia was above deceit—that if her parents objected not, she would at a proper time consent to make him happy.

Benevolus, transported with such kindness and generosity of sentiment, flew to her father; and, with all the artlessness of undisguised sincerity, petitioned for his consent—nor was it withheld. The old gentleman had long seen with pleasure the growing passion between the young people; seen it, too, with great delight: and, where all parties were so well agreed, little fear was there that any obstructions should intervene.

A few months saw Benevolus happy in his adored Amelia; who fully repaid the care her mother had taken of her education, by proving an exemplary wife to her beloved Benevolus.

Possessed of all that was wanted for the conveniences of life, and sufficiently careful to live within the bounds of their income, time seemed to fly with astonishing rapidity, and to increase their happiness. Within two years after their marriage Amelia presented her husband with a little daughter, beautiful as the Graces, and who promised every thing that the fondest parents could wish.

How often have the transported grandfather, and his aged wife, sat with rapture in their looks, to hear the smart repartees of their darling grandchild!—How blissfully passed the days, when all met together, and strove who should most oblige! All was delight, without that alloy which too often embitters the meetings of more fashionable circles, where envy and detraction generally preside.

But the time now arrived, when Amelia was doomed to feel the iron hand of affliction. Alas! how often do the sons of men, when sailing with a prosperous gale, grow heedless of the rocks of futurity! How apt are we all to think we shall be as fortunate for the whole period of our existence, as we feel ourselves at the happiest moment!

One afternoon, in the month of May, as Amelia was sitting with her mother in an arbour of her father's planting, while her little Sophia was playing her gambols before them, and her father and husband were engaged in conversation as they walked on the other side of the garden, the good old lady, all in a moment, leaned herself on her Amelia; and exclaim-

ing, with a deep-drawn sigh—“God ‘bless my child!’” instantly expired in her arms.

A convulsive spasm from Amelia brought the gentlemen to her assistance; but all their efforts, joined to those of an eminent surgeon who was soon called in from the neighbourhood, proved wholly ineffectual; the soul had quitted its ancient receptacle, never to return!

To paint the sorrow of the old gentleman for his beloved wife; to describe that of Amelia for her invaluable mother; to delineate the countenance of Benevolus, hanging over his afflicted Amelia, and soothing her by all possible means; is beyond the art of the most elaborate description. Nor was the grief of Amelia likely to be assuaged by time, that grand restorative to all mental complaints; for the poor old gentleman felt the loss so severely, that he fell into a kind of melancholy, from which he never recovered; and, after his dutiful child had experienced the affliction of attending him in this state near two years, nature at length yielded the conquest, and he followed his wife to “that bourn from which no traveller returns.”

Poor Amelia, from her extreme sensibility, suffered greatly on this occasion; and Benevolus had reason to fear that her health would be materially injured: but a naturally good constitution, and the effects of early taught religious principles, which dictated resignation to the Divine will, added to the care of her little daughter Sophia, who now claimed all a mother's attention, at length roused her from her lethargy, and the family of Benevolus again began to assume that cheerfulness of which it had so long been deprived by these melancholy events.

Masters of all kinds were procured for the lovely Sophia; who, having attained the age of fourteen, promised every thing, both as to personal charms, and intellectual accomplishments, that the fondest parental heart could wish.

About this time, a person whose real name it may be proper to conceal under that of Lothario, purchased a seat within four miles of Benevolus, with about a thousand a year in land around it; the former possessor of which, from his attachment to the baneful vice of gaming, had been obliged to part with the patrimony which descended to him from a long

long line of noble ancestors. That there are some such men as Lothario, is too true; but, that they are rare, is wisely ordained by Providence; else, where might youth and beauty find shelter and repose!

Lothario, at the age of twenty-one, was left in possession of an immense sum of money, by his father, who had been a stock-broker; and he was at full liberty to fix himself in any part of England where he might be inclined to purchase. But the capital had to him such powerful charms, that, unless for a summer retreat, no place had power sufficiently attractive to draw him from that emporium of libertinism and luxury.

Lothario's father, who was a man of low extraction, and without education, had by a chain of fortuitous circumstances been thrown into the plan of getting money, which he followed with unremitted ardour; but, as he wanted not for natural understanding, he was determined his son should receive those benefits to be derived from education, the want of which he had himself often lamented.

He accordingly spared no expence; and his son, who was early initiated at Westminster, being a boy of good parts, made a very rapid progress in learning: but he also, as it too frequently happens, made as rapid a progress in vice, and was old in wickedness before he arrived at manhood.

In short, he had been at a publick school; he had been at the university; and he had been on the continent: to a good person, he added the most insinuating address; and, with the greatest appearance of openness and candour, he could cover the deepest laid schemes that the most unprincipled heart could invent. Such a man—such a monster in human shape, yet with so little of the monster visible—a man who was capable of appearing all the heart could wish, or human nature assure to, certainly seemed a very desirable companion; particularly, as he possessed a most retentive memory, and could enliven conversation with many pleasing and descriptive anecdotes, on subjects of all kinds, from the most tender and pathetick tale, to the most whimsical and diverting story.

On his arrival at his new purchase, with two companions dependent on his bounty, and consequently subservient to his will; after a short time employed in

arranging domestick affairs, all the principal families in that part of the country received invitations to visit their new neighbour; and, among the rest, Benevolus, his Amelia, and their young and blooming Sophia, went to pay him their respects.

Mutual civilities begat mutual returns; and, as Sophia appeared a desirable object in the eyes of Lothario and his friends, it was resolved that he should possess her—not, however, honourably—not to be yoked in the galling chains of matrimony: no! he must have her free from every tie; no woman on earth—for his sentiments were in this respect truly modern, and fashionable—could deserve his being shackled; and he thought, master as he was of consummate artifice, that the innocent, unsuspecting Sophia, could never long be able to elude his deep-laid plots.

Thus determined, he became a frequent visitor at the farm; where he gained the esteem of the good Benevolus and his amiable counterpart, by his cheerful and apparently artless conversation. On these occasions, Lothario took care frequently to mention his abhorrence of the fashionable levities of the age, and his detestation of the vicious libertinism which seemed to pervade all ranks, and of both sexes, in the metropolis; declaring, at the same time, his resolution of never visiting again, unless obliged by business, that abominable city.

Daily and hourly did he become a more and still more frequent visitor at the farm; where the poor, unsuspecting Sophia, listened with rapture to his engaging conversation: and he now took every opportunity of entertaining her, and he too well knew how, alone.

This circumstance Benevolus and his wife had both observed; and they rejoiced exceedingly in the prospect of seeing their beloved Sophia united to a person of such undubitable worth. Alas! they little knew the precipice on which their darling stood! Their regard for Lothario was sincere; they thought him as sincere as themselves, and entertained not the smallest doubt that in a short time he would make proposals which they should cheerfully accept.

Ye parents, who have daughters, be ever greatly cautious how ye suffer the approaches of the other sex, on any but the most explicit terms! It is thus only you can develop the insidious schemes of

of the designing villain; it is thus alone you can with certainty preserve female virtue! The man of honour, when questioned as to his intentions, will not hesitate to speak out to your satisfaction; while the dark assassin, who is forming plans against your peace, detected in his black designs, will labour to evade the question, or meanly skulk away, conscious that the baseness of his heart is discovered; and the maid, if she has any spirit, must despise the wretch who meditates so cruel a blow against her own and her parents' fame!

Days, weeks, and months, glided on in full security; for, as yet, the specious villain made but small advances on the well-principled Sophia; so deeply had the instructions of her excellent mother taken root in her breast.

In the mean time, it will be proper to introduce a very different gentleman, who is to make a conspicuous figure in these memoirs.

Ruricola possessed a very ample fortune from the kindness of his indulgent aunt, the late Countess of Amwell, who was pleased with his spirit when he refused to follow the profession of the law, which a severe father had insisted on, and to which he had such an extreme aversion, that he preferred running every hazard to embracing the offer; and, though his denial was clothed in the most respectful language, his inexorable parent told him he should starve if he continued obstinate, having fixed that plan of life for his younger son. If his liberal-minded, and benevolent aunt, therefore, had not kindly assisted him, hard would have been his lot: but her generosity continued to support him while she lived; and, at her decease, he came into the possession of all her ample domains.

Nursed as he had been, however, in the lap of adversity, he had early learnt to see men and things through a different medium from that in which they are viewed by the generality of mankind: he had learnt to behold things unimpassioned; he had a peculiar excellence developing characters; and could see into men's dispositions intuitively, though masked by the deepest hypocrisy.

His manners were plain and unadorned, but his professions constantly went hand in hand with his real intentions: he was generally silent and reserved in

mixed companies; yet, among a few well-chosen friends, he scrupled not to unbend, and was then entertaining and lively. He was past the boyish age; having numbered thirty-one on the same day his Sophia completed her nineteenth year. He spent his time in improving his estate, which lay about seven miles from the farm: planting, and experimental farming, with the perusal of some well-chosen books, and the company of a chance friend, were his principal amusements. His first appearance, particularly to a stranger, from the extreme plainness of his dress, and a thickness or rather trifling impediment in his speech, was very unpromising; but these disadvantageous impressions soon wore off, and such innate goodness of heart, such sound sense, and such a well-digested and improved understanding, soon appeared, that it was impossible to be long in his company without feeling an extraordinary partiality in his favour.

Ruricola had long surveyed the improving charms of Sophia with the fondest desire; and, as his intimacy with Benevolus was of long standing, he had, from being almost constantly in her company, opportunities of observing, that her innate modesty, sensibility, and worth, were even superior to the beauties of her person.

This friend, this sincere friend of Benevolus, saw at once through the detested character of Lothario; who, it was observed, always felt uncommonly restless and embarrassed in the presence of Ruricola. Benevolus has, indeed, sometimes felt himself hurt by his old friend, when he had by some short, but pointed interruption, checked Lothario in the midst of a florid harangue, and sent him back to his chair silent and confused, notwithstanding his great art and effrontery.

Such always was, and such must ever remain, the effect of integrity and truth over falsehood and hypocrisy.

Ruricola, in spite of all his prudence, had begun to love the fair Sophia, with a rational, and well-founded affection; and flattered himself with the probability of a kind return, when Lothario first entered the lists as his rival; who he plainly perceived was determined, if possible, to rob him of the fair flower he had hoped to nourish in his own bosom.

Sophia.

Sophia for a long time listened to the captivating tales of the seducing Lothario; and she now began to think, that the only reason why she ever liked Ruricola, for he had never explained himself on the subject, was because no other man, more pleasing than himself, had hitherto fallen in her way. But she still entertained doubts. Lothario had a thousand opportunities of telling her—nay, he had even actually told her—that he loved her to admiration: but he had never given the smallest hint of marriage; on the contrary, he had occasionally ridiculed, with the affectation of gaiety, that sacred ceremony, and it's attendant cares.

One evening, as Sophia was walking in the road, not far from her father's house, a stranger accosted her, and enquired if her name was not Miss Sophia? she answered in the affirmative, and he immediately gave her a letter: then, mounting his horse, he galloped off, saying no answer was necessary. Judge what must have been her surprize, when she opened the epistle, and read as follows—

SOPHIA, beware; a serpent is at hand, whose sting is mortal, if not fatal to your everlasting peace. Shun the dreadful abyss into which you are falling, ere it be too late. For Heaven's sake, take warning! nor despise the advice of your sincere, though unknown, FRIEND.

Scarcely had she finished reading this extraordinary epistle, when Lothario overtook her; and Sophia, with all the thoughtlessness of a giddy girl, giving him the letter, said—'Are you the serpent described in this curious epistle?' A sudden blush of shame, consummate hypocrite as he was, for a moment tinged his cheeks—not unobserved even by the fair and artless maid; who, snatching the letter from him, and hastily putting it in her pocket, would have changed the discourse, had he not expressed a most scrutinizing curiosity to know every particular relative to this affair, which lasted till they reached her father's door, when he ended the conversation, by saying—'I'll be hanged if this is not some trick of old Dry-bones at the Hall!' and then immediately took his leave.

This gave rise to no small anxiety in Sophia's tender breast; and, after perplexing herself with vague conjectures

for some hours, she resolved to consult her mother on the occasion.

Amelia took the letter; and, unable to comprehend so mysterious a business, laid it before her husband. After much deliberation, they concluded, that only Ruricola could be the author: but, strange infatuation! so far from seeing the friendly caution in it's true light, their blind partiality for Lothario led them even to consult with that vile wretch how they ought to treat the person whose interference they construed into a most unwarrantable freedom; and it was agreed, by studied neglect, and formal ceremony, to rid themselves of his acquaintance.

Ruricola, the next time he called, failed not to perceive a striking difference in his reception; and, having experienced similar treatment two or three successive visits, he only waited for an opportunity of taking his leave of Sophia, when accidentally left a moment alone, by gently pressing her hand, and tenderly, but faintly articulating—'Adieu, my dear, but ill-fated Sophia! I shall no more trouble you with my unwelcome company!'

Sophia felt greatly agitated at this pathetick adieu; and a shower of tears, she knew not why, involuntarily forced their way down her cheeks; but the presence of Lothario, who rallied her on the occasion, and the pleasure her infatuated parents expressed at having thus easily accomplished their plan of driving Ruricola from their house, soon obliterated all thoughts of her best friend.

Ill-fated, and short-sighted mortals! learn hence to distrust your own foresight, in things which relate to yourselves; nor judge too hastily, when you happen to differ in opinion with a long-tried friend! for often shall you repent the rash decision, which is so evidently made against the dictates of cool and dispassionate reason.

Ruricola, though thus estranged from persons he still highly valued, and tacitly forbid to visit that mansion where he had spent many happy hours, was nevertheless resolved not to abandon their interest, which he had still warmly at heart.

In the mean time, the gay but seductive Lothario made less advancement in his designs on the amiable Sophia than he had expected; so well fortified was every avenue to her heart by the excel-

lent precepts of both her parents, aided by a naturally well-disposed mind, and a very considerable share of discernment. She began to draw proper conclusions from the mysterious manner of Lothario, and not unfrequently sighed for the friendly and inartificial conversation of Ruricola.

These sensations had been considerably increased by an attempt which Lothario one evening made, as they were sauntering in the garden by moon-light, to indulge in what are very absurdly called innocent freedoms: the vigilance of well-instructed virtue instantly caught the alarm; and Sophia broke from his grasp with the fearfulness of a timid fawn, but with a resolution that astonished and confounded the subtle libertine, whose large stock of artifice was scarcely adequate to the task of calming the storm thus incautiously raised, and luring back the object of his wishes to the little engaging conversations with which she had previously blessed him.

Indeed, Sophia never forgot this alarm; nor could she ever afterwards be prevailed on to converse with him so unreservedly as she had done.

Lothario could not fail to perceive this difference: and he now held a conference with his two friends; the result of which was, that while Sophia remained under the auspices of her parents, nothing could be done. It was therefore resolved, that she should be carried off the very first opportunity. After many plans had been proposed to effect this design in the most secret manner, it was at length concluded, that Lothario should give a masquerade; when, amongst the confusion inseparable from such a meeting, she would easily be secured to their wish. The day was accordingly fixed for the proposed masquerade, and cards were immediately sent round the neighbourhood.

Sophia and her parents received a personal invitation; and the youthful heart of the former beat high with her idea of the pleasure to be derived from participating in an amusement of which at present she had only heard.

After much consultation in what character Sophia should appear on this occasion, it was agreed that she should wear the dress of an Arcadian shepherdess, for which her elegant form was excellently calculated.

The eventful evening came. The company, as they arrived, were ushered into the great hall; where the beautiful lustres, the coloured lamps, the well-appointed orchestra, and the various and rich dresses of the different masques, formed such a brilliant assemblage of novelty as Sophia's delicate frame was scarcely able to bear.

Her father appeared in the dress of a Capuchin Friar, and her mother in that of a Lady Abbess; but, among all the various masques which resorted to this gay temple of pleasure, one particularly attracted, and indeed engrossed, the attention of the company: this was the attempt of some singular genius to imitate a Direction-post. He walked into the room; and taking his station very near Sophia, quite unperceived, suddenly stretched out both arms, no head or feet being visible. On accidentally turning round, she was startled at so unexpected a sight: and her surprize was by no means diminished, on her perceiving that, on one side of his right-arm, was written—'The road to destruction!' On the other side appeared—'The road to the abyss of misery!' On one side of his left-arm, which met the eye of Benevolus, was inscribed—'The path to a miserable grave!' And, on the other, which first caught the attention of our lady abbess—'The passage to the vale of tears!'

Thus did this uncommon figure, as often as he found himself unobserved by the company, move from room to room; and, in every apartment, instantly becoming a post, with his two moral direction-hands outstretched, exhibit an appearance so little congenial with the general tenor of the evening's intended gaiety, that the whole company vainly laboured to develope the unaccountable mystery.

Lothario, though he endeavoured to laugh off the matter, and was even artful enough to praise the oddity of the invention, felt himself exceedingly chagrined on the occasion; and, had not all the laws of politeness opposed the measures, those of hospitality would hardly have prevented him from forcibly getting rid of so unwelcome a visitor. Poor Sophia, whether engaged in the dance, resting herself on a sofa, or even seated at supper, while the master of the feast constantly paid her every attention, still found the intrusive post presenting

presenting itself to her view, and thus damping the pleasure of the evening.

The fatal moment now drew nigh, when Lothario's plan reached to the crisis. He accordingly conducted Sophia into an outer room, under the pretence of shewing her a remarkably fine picture; and, on their entering the apartment, the door closed with a spring so forcibly, that, when they had examined the picture, Lothario's utmost efforts were incapable of again opening it. He then called for a servant, who informed him that the key was not to be found; when Lothario, as if suddenly recollecting himself, exclaimed to Sophia—' Good God! that I should thus forget myself; for, if we only go round by the stair-case, we shall immediately rejoin our friends!' The unsuspecting Sophia could make no objection to this proposal; and, when she began to think they had just reached the company, she was suddenly seized by three masques, who instantly secured her mouth, so as to prevent a possibility of shrieking, and forced her into a chaise with four horses, Lothario following, who had thrown off his domino; and off they went, full speed, Sophia laying all the while insensible at the bottom of the carriage. Out of this fainting fit, however, Lothario soon recovered her; but all was dark, and she knew not whither she was going; at length, beginning to recover her spirits, she exclaimed—' And is it thus, vile man! you can expect to gain my love! I human wretch, restore me to my weeping friends; for know, that while I have life, your base designs shall never succeed!'

Lothario vainly endeavoured to assuage her grief; and they proceeded with great rapidity for two hours, when the carriage stopped about five minutes, and then went on again another two hours with it's original celerity. And so well had this practised libertine formed his diabolical plan to elude all possibility of pursuit, that he had ordered post-horses from town to be stationed in readiness at the different inns, and the drivers knew not what they were wanted for, or whither they were to go; till they received his personal orders; while, at the end of every stage, they were again sent off for London, without even knowing who was their employer. In this manner they continued to travel all night; nor did the morning light bring Sophia any alleviation of her distress; the blinds of the chaise

being kept drawn all the way, so that she still remained wholly ignorant of their route.

About ten o'clock, the chaise stopped, and the door opened; when Sophia, finding it vain to resist, followed her base conductor into the inn; where, after much entreaty, she was prevailed on to eat a morsel of bread, but prudently refused to drink a single drop of any sort of liquid. She was then again forced into the chaise, and the journey was pursued with unabating rapidity. At the hour of dinner, the same plan was adopted, and the same unwillingness to take refreshment manifested itself in the fair sufferer; and thus, during twenty-four hours, did they continue to travel; till, at length, the carriage stopped at a large iron gate, where the wretched Sophia was compelled to enter. She was immediately conducted up stairs, into a bedchamber, where a fire was provided, near which stood a small table, with Naples biscuit, wine, and a decanter of water. In the mean time, the woman who had attended her up stairs, and whose appearance and manner sufficiently indicated the nature of her base employ, asked with ill-dissembled tenderness if she did not wish to take repose, and officiously tendered her services to undress her. Sophia peremptorily and indignantly refusing, the fiery face of this scandal to the sex became still redder with resentment, and she left the room seemingly in great anger. Sophia sighed to hear the bars and bolts fastened by the old wretch, as she retired, and which took away from the dear girl all hope of effecting her escape. Recommending herself, therefore, on her knees, to that Power who alone can always preserve oppressed innocence, and examining with the most scrutinizing care every corner of the room, she threw herself on the bed in a state of despair easier to be conceived than described.

Let us now return to the company left at the masquerade, where it was some time before this elopement was discovered: for, till the assembly began to withdraw, the venerable Capuchin, who was engaged in a lively conversation with an intelligent stranger, and the Lady Abbess, whose attention was wholly occupied by her cards, enquired not for their Sophia.

The enquiry, however, being unsuccessfully made, they began to be full of apprehensions;

apprehensions; and, on the alarm that Sophia was not to be found, becoming general, it was observed that the Direction-post masque had instantly made a hasty retreat. The truth is, that the above masque, as the sagacious reader may probably suspect, was no other than Ruricola; who, hearing the alarm, flew immediately in search of his lovely girl. Failing in this enquiry, he desired to see Lothario; but he, likewise, was not to be found: and so well concerted had been the seducer's plan, that the road which the fugitives had taken was by no means to be discovered. He pursued them, however, one stage, by accident, the way they had passed; but, it being a great publick road, and two other chaises besides Lothario's having changed horses just before at the same inn, each of which had taken a different course, the pursuit was consequently at an end; and Ruricola returned home, in a state of distraction very little inferior to that of the afflicted father and mother.

Poor Benevolus, almost mad with passion, when he found that Lothario was missing, and had doubtless carried off his daughter, immediately applied to the seducer's friend, and demanded to be informed about his daughter's flight.

To this requisition, the artful sycophant replied, that he had long foreseen what had now happened; and that nothing but his unfortunate dependance on his friend's bounty could have kept him silent: but, he was sorry to add, the lady had all along been perfectly consenting; and they were, he feared, equally culpable.

Benevolus, half doubting what he heard, was still bent on pursuit; but the impossibility of overtaking them, from the time elapsed since their departure, and his total ignorance of their route, were so strongly pointed out, that the frantick father, returning to his sorrowful wife, conducted her to their chaise, and they returned home in extreme anguish of heart. Long did they hesitate, before they could bring themselves to credit the account of their daughter's unworthiness; nor, till they had actually seen several letters from Lothario to his friend, in which he mentioned how happy he felt himself in the full enjoyment of his wishes, and which his scoundrel dependant affected to shew them with

great secrecy, and the dread of for ever forfeiting Lothario's esteem, did they begin to suspect her of actual guilt. But his artful mention of many circumstances which had really happened, and which were perfectly innocent in themselves, as they owed all their criminality to his base misrepresentations, at length prevailed, and induced them to believe, what they most of all dreaded, their daughter's secession from virtue.

Strange infatuation, it should seem, that they could so easily believe any thing to the prejudice of one they had so long, and so dearly loved! but, though an unimpassioned observer may easily perceive their great error, where the passions are inflamed, and we are ourselves the actors, it is not always so easy to judge with propriety; and, on such occasions, even the slightest circumstances aid us to apprehend what we most fear: thus, the anonymous letter, the uncommon masque, and it's presaging inscriptions, all assisted to make the afflicted parents believe that they only were strangers to their daughter's levity, and that the world in general had long noticed her weakness and depravity.

These considerations deterred them from any particular enquiries after Sophia; for, too easily imbibing the poison so artfully administered by Lothario's abandoned emissary, whom they had always considered as a weak, inoffensive man, they hardly wished again to behold a child, who had proved herself so unworthy of their care and affection. Thus was the afflicted fair wholly abandoned to the machinations of Lothario, who now practised on her virtue without the dread of interruption.

But the absent Sophia had yet a very strong and powerful friend, in the man whose former services had been so ill requited. Ruricola could not resist the powerful inclination he felt to visit and to condole with his old friends at the farm.

He went, therefore, in his former unconstrained manner; and, entering that parlour, once the seat of joy and comfort, he beheld his old friend Benevolus, and the sad partner in his affliction, sitting by the fire, in dumb despair, with their heads drooping, and grief so poignant, that great was already the alteration to be perceived in their persons, so fast does mental sorrow wear the human frame. Ruricola took his friend's hand, and,

and, pressing it most cordially, drew a chair, and sat beside him. How different was now his reception, to that he formerly experienced! "O my friend!" exclaimed the afflicted Benevolus, "had we but attended to thy well-meant caution; and not been so fatally blind to the vices of that base wretch Lothario, we might have avoided all the present anguish our unworthy girl has occasioned!"

"O believe not that she is unworthy," replied Ruricola; "she is all that's good, and her heart never harboured a thought which a vestal might not hear!"

"Alas!" cried the weeping Amelia, "have we not seen the vile Lothario's letters to his friend, where he describes how blessed, as he calls it, he finds himself in her embraces, and owns that she is all he can wish!"—"May not all this be written by design?" returned Ruricola: "my life on it, she still is virtuous!"

At that moment entered the confident of Lothario, with the following letter from Sophia to her father.

LET not my dear father be angry with his once darling Sophia. I can never be happier, than in the arms of the man I love. I am now setting out on a tour to France and Italy with my dear Lothario; and, by my return, hope that time will have so softened your present anger, that I may again embrace those I love best, next to my dearest Lothario. Adieu, my dear parents! I am, your happy daughter,

SOPHIA.

Benevolus was so unfortunate as to possess great irritability of temper; and, stung to madness by this epistle, he started from his chair, gave Ruricola the letter to read, and exclaimed—"O curse her! curse her! May a father's malediction be her portion!"—"Rash man!" cried Ruricola, "recall these shocking imprecations! my life on it, the letter is a forgery." In this he spoke truer than he knew; for the other associate of Lothario possessed a faculty of imitating hand-writing to the greatest nicety, and this plan had been adopted to prevent all farther enquiry; and the fraud succeeded but too well, spite of all the just observations of the friendly Ruricola: "Not not my friend," replied the distressed Benevolus; "you mean well, no

doubt; but your suggestions are unfounded. Does not this gentleman assert, that she lives at full liberty; and; were it otherwise, could she not easily have found means to have acquainted me with her situation!"

The vile pander now departed, exulting in his diabolical scheme, while the family at the farm suffered undescribable anguish from the supposed criminality of their only child. Ruricola continued to be their constant companion; and, though he suspected the truth of the letter, as well as of the accounts he had heard to Sophia's prejudice, so numerous were the reports of this kind, that they fairly staggered his belief. Benevolus, in the mean time, felt so severely the sarcasms and reflections of the neighbourhood, on his daughter's going off from the masquerade in so publick and abandoned a manner, that the sight of his house, his lands, and every thing about them, became so hateful both to him and his sorrowing Amelia, that he formed the resolution of avoiding all future importunity from his daughter on her return from the continent, by selling his estate, hiring some house at a great distance, and even assuming another name, that he might remain totally unknown. Being a man of strong resolution, and his wife's inclinations on this occasion, as on most others, perfectly coinciding with his own, they apprized Ruricola of their intention, as the only friend whom they meant to make acquainted with their design. He endeavoured to dissuade them from this romantick scheme with all the eloquence he possessed; but, after many conversations on the subject, finding them determined to execute their design, he at length offered to become the sole purchaser of the farm and stock. This overture Benevolus highly approved, as it forwarded his plan of banishing himself the sooner from a place where every object recalled to his remembrance the idea of his once loved Sophia. Thus circumstanced, and seeing a small ready-furnished house advertised to be let within two miles of a large market-town at a hundred miles from his present situation, Benevolus immediately secured it. They accordingly took a sorrowful leave of their hereditary estate, with a resolution never to return; and, accompanied by Ruricola, they proceeded to their new abode.

Having

Having conducted the sorrowing parents to their new habitation, our enquiries must be directed to the sufferings of their injured and unhappy daughter.

Every day, during a period of two months, did the detested Lothario visit in her confinement the indignant Sophia, and tease her with his hated vows; but his importunities were in vain, for she was determined rather to die than yield to his criminal desires. He had even dared to threaten her with force, the only circumstance the poor sufferer dreaded. Sophia had often noticed from her window, which overlooked the shrubbery, an old gardener observing her from among the trees with great attention—and, the thought, with pity—as she traversed her apartment, wringing her hands in agony. This gave her the idea that, by his assistance, she might effect her escape. Accordingly, the one day took an opportunity of speaking to him from the window; and, to her great joy, found him so heartily disposed, that he promised, by the next day, to form a plan for her deliverance.

This hope gave Sophia's features a greater degree of animation than Lothario had ever perceived since she had been in his power, and he now began to flatter himself that perseverance would in the end be attended with the usual success.

Sophia longed impatiently for the next day, and threw up the sash with great alacrity on the first appearance of the faithful gardener, who told her he had consulted with his wife, and that they had agreed it would be best for him to conceal himself in the garden when the rest of the workmen were discharged; and, if any enquiry was made after him, his son should say that, not being quite well, he had gone home early in the afternoon: that he could easily reach her window with the longest ladder, which would afterwards help them over the wall, when his little cart and horse should be ready to carry her to a considerable town about twelve miles distant, where she might pursue any plan she thought proper. So moved was the old man by the situation of Sophia, that he seemed animated with the thought of what he was undertaking for her sake.

Night came, and Sophia was barred up as usual. Having secured her door on the inside according to her invariable

custom, at the appointed time she lifted up the sash very gently, and recommending herself to Providence, descended the ladder. With a palpitating heart she crossed the garden; and the old gardener had already passed the top of the wall, and began to descend on the other side by another ladder which his son had prepared for that purpose, Sophia having at the same time nearly reached the top of the first, when a large dog, which by accident had also been left in the garden, barked with great vehemence.

This added wings to Sophia's feet; but lights were instantly seen in every part of the house; and, by the time she had reached the ground on the outside of the garden, she beheld the hated Lothario ready to receive her! All hope of escaping was now at an end, and she was immediately conducted back to her prison, where her confinement became much more severe, and her anguish of mind inconceivably greater than it had hitherto been.

Lothario, thus undeceived in his false hopes, determined to try the effect of violence; and, entering her room the next day after dinner, when he had taken more wine than usual, he told her, in the most explicit terms, that as she had now abused his patience near four months, and had formed the dishonourable design of leaving him clandestinely, he had at length resolved to obtain the immediate completion of his desires. 'Wretch!' cried the terrified Sophia; 'canst thou talk of dishonourable designs, vile and profligate as thou art! Impious and abandoned wretch, think—est thou that a just God will ever suffer me to fall a sacrifice to such an inhuman monster!' Happily she fainted not under this exertion; but a torrent of tears rushed down her crimsoned face as she implored him, on her knees, to desist from his brutal purpose. The villain only said, that she looked more beautiful than ever; and, seizing her in his arms, bore the poor struggling victim towards the bed. Her strength was now just exhausted, and even hope began to fail, when she suddenly recollected that she had always kept a pair of sharp-pointed scissors in her bosom since her confinement, against the last extremity: these she instantly snatched from her stays, and struck at his face with all the strength she could collect. Lothario endeavouring

deavouring to parry the blow, the scissars entered and went quite through his hand, dividing a principal vein with such an instantaneous effusion of blood as obliged him to relinquish his intention.

Quitting, therefore, the apartment, to procure chirurgical assistance, Sophia was again left alone; and for some months remained in a state of the most horrid uncertainty.

The fact is, that the effusion of blood had been so great, and Lothario's habit of body, corrupted by his frequent excesses, was so extremely bad, that a violent fever had taken place, which the anxiety of his mind largely assisted to increase; so true it is, that none are such cowards on a sick bed as the guilty. Six weeks elapsed before any change in his favour appeared; and, after that period, it was long before he began to recover strength enough to sit up, while his hand still remained dreadfully inflamed.

At about five o'clock one morning, while Lothario remained in this state, Sophia was awakened by the cry of 'Fire!' She instantly arose; and, having just huddled on her cloaths, heard her old female persecutor open the door, desiring her to follow. 'I must not leave that little cabinet, however!' said the old woman, as Sophia followed her out; and, stepping back into the room, Sophia, with an admirable presence of mind, in a moment shut and barred the door on the old wretch: then, rushing down stairs, she escaped, amidst the hurry and confusion, through the iron gate, which had been thrown open for the admission of assistance. She had scarcely gained the road, when a return-chaise providentially passed by, into which she joyfully entered, intreating the post-boy to get on with all possible expedition.

Lothario had by this time been awakened; and the old beldam was released, whose violent screams had soon brought the domesticks to her aid: but when Lothario, who slept in a distant part of the house, heard that Sophia had escaped, he stormed like a madman; and, ordering his swiftest horse—for he soon learned the circumstance of the post-chaise, and the place of its destination—he pursued her with astonishing expedition.

So well, however, did the boy obey our fair fugitive's orders, that the chaise had arrived within little more than two

miles of the town, when poor Sophia, whose fears often occasioned her to look out behind, descried her pursuer on a foaming horse, and his arm muffled, almost up with the chaise. At this critical juncture, what were her sensations! Perceiving too well that she must instantly be overtaken, and observing a neat house by the road-side, she called suddenly to the boy to stop: then, quitting the chaise just as Lothario had thrown himself from his horse, she rushed into a neat little parlour, followed by Lothario; and, exclaiming—'O save me! save me!' fell almost breathless on the carpet. But, gracious Heaven! what was her surprize! what the astonishment of Lothario! to find themselves in the presence of Benevolus, Amelia, and the friendly Ruricola, who were just assembled to breakfast! Where is the painter, who can give any idea of such a scene! For a moment, the parents could hardly believe the evidence of their own eyes: Amelia flew to her Sophia; and Benevolus, with eyes flashing indignation, seized Lothario by the throat—'Villain, thou shalt pay thy forfeit life, which can poorly atone for the misery thou hast entailed on our unhappy family!'

The poltroon stood aghast for a moment; then, collecting all his strength, by a sudden exertion he fled himself from the grasp of Benevolus, rushed out of the house, mounted his horse, and instantly disappeared.

It was long before the affrighted Sophia could be thoroughly satisfied that she was actually in the arms, and under the protection, of her dear friends. Pacified, at length, she related her melancholy story: and when Amelia and Benevolus heard that the letter pretended to have been written by her was a mere forgery, and that their child still remained pure and uncorrupted, they dropped for a moment on their knees, in speechless gratitude to the Great Preserver of innocence; nor was the joy of Ruricola less ardent or sincere than that of her parents.

So great was the shock which Sophia's tender frame had received, that a most alarming fever ensued; and hardly did the afflicted parents begin to feel the pleasure of having recovered their long-absent daughter, when they were agonized by the dread of now losing her for ever. A good constitution, however, enabled her

her to surmount the malady; and Benevolus and his Amelia plainly saw the wonderful chain of events by which they were again united, as they had not been more than three weeks in their present habitation when Sophia fled thither for protection.

Ruricola, with his accustomed kindness and friendship, now offered to give them back their farm; declaring he had purchased it with that sole view, under the hope that some fortunate occurrence might lead them to wish for it again.

The offer so handsomely made, was as handsomely accepted. Previous to their return, however, they received a message from Lothario, importing that the agitation of his mind had brought back his fever with additional violence; and that he wished much to have one conference with Sophia, and make her some amends for all the sufferings he had cruelly inflicted, as the physicians despaired of his life, and he was solicitous to obtain her forgiveness, with that of Benevolus and Ruricola, by whom he begged the might be accompanied.

But Sophia could by no means endure the thought of again entering that hated mansion, and the gentlemen were not without apprehensions of some base stratagem: they, however, resolved to go; and Sophia begged them to tell the sick penitent, if they found him to be really so, that she freely pardoned him for all the grievous injuries he had heaped upon her.

On their arrival, they found him almost in the agonies of death: his voice faltered; and he had but just power to give orders that the physician, surgeon, and lawyer, might remain in the room. He then declared, in the most solemn manner, that though he had basely attempted the virtue of Sophia, yet he thanked God his machinations had all failed, and, she was, for him, perfectly immaculate. He now desired the lawyer to give him some papers; and, taking them in his hand—'There,' said he, addressing Benevolus; 'there, Sir, is a more ample proof of my guilt, and your daughter's virtue, properly attested!' And, turning to Ruricola, who stood on the other side of the bed—'There, Sir,' proceeded the dying man, 'is a paper which I must beg of you not to open till after my decease. I should have been happy to have seen Sophia, but I deserve not so much felicity; and

'could I only be certain that I was forgiven——' 'You are, you are forgiven!' cried Benevolus, disarmed by his contrition. 'And do you, too, both of you, forgive me! Can ye pardon me? If you do——' He seemed to pause, but his voice had failed him; he was unable to add another word, but held out his two hands; each grasped one; he gave a deep sigh, and expired!

The paper given to Benevolus contained an ample and well-attested confession: that which Ruricola had received, was his will, in which, after reciting that he had no known relation, he had left his entire fortune as an atonement to Sophia; and, as he had long perceived the real regard which Ruricola entertained for that amiable girl, he had named him and her his sole executors, sincerely wishing, now his death had removed all impediment, that they would soon be united, and possess happily, what he, by deviating from the paths of virtue, had never actually enjoyed.

Let the thoughtless and profligate libertine attend to the end of Lothario; in whose fate he may contemplate his own: for, though not, perhaps, exactly similar, it is certainly true, that ruin, misery, and unutterable anguish, are the constant and never failing attendants on vice, luxury, and dissipation.

The will of Lothario brought forward an *eclaircissement* between Sophia and Ruricola, sooner than otherwise perhaps it would have happened; and Benevolus and Amelia wished for nothing more, than to see their daughter under the sheltering wing of such a tried guardian and protector.

They returned, therefore, to the farm; where, the character of Sophia being cleared from every foul aspersions, she was speedily united to Ruricola, and long enjoyed, as she richly deserved, the greatest degree of human happiness, the fruits of her perseverance in virtue.

Taught by this example, ye amiable and unsuspecting fair, persevere with unabating ardour in the paths of virtue; fly from the smallest appearance of deceit; nor listen to a servile, cringing flatterer. The man of honour and integrity will address you in plain and unequivocal language; but he who artfully seeks to gain your affections without an ample, previous assurance, that his designs are strictly honourable, is always to be suspected. Should it, therefore, be your lot, like that

that of the amiable Sophia, to fall into the hands of such a fiend-like character, imitate her virtuous perseverance; and, when your situation appears most desperate, some unforeseen circumstance

will ever arise, to reward your heroism and goodness. Remember, that the only road to happiness is through the Temple of Virtue.

THE COLD STONE.

AN ANECDOTE.

IT is a cold day for thee, my girl, 'to be sitting upon a cold stone,' said Sir William Dowell, as he went out of his house, to a poor woman who sat weeping on the steps of it. 'Alas, Sir,' said she, 'my heart is as cold as the stone!' But the old baronet's was as warm as the sun, and the answer of this poor creature affected it. 'And what are thy distresses?' said he. 'I came, Sir,' said she, 'but yesterday in the waggon from the country, in order to get a service in town, and went to the house of an aunt, who had last year promised to get me a place; but I found she was dead, and that her husband had married again! He was indeed disposed to receive me with kindness; but the woman, finding I was a relation of his first wife, flew into a violent passion, and drove me out of doors. It was now night, and I endeavoured to find my way back to the inn, but in vain, having forgotten the name of it. So as I was walking about enquiring for a lodging, two men with long staves told me they would soon find me one, and carried me with some violence to a place they called the Round-house; where, under the pretence of letting me go, they got all the little money I had brought with me. Here I remained all night in the utmost distress, and the next morning

'I was carried before a justice of the peace as a common prostitute; and, God knows, I am as innocent of prostitution as the babe that sucks at its mother's breast. The justice heard my story, and dismissed me; but my money was all gone, my bundle of cloaths was purloined from me, and there was nothing left for me but to beg my way back to my own village. This I was determined to do; when, finding myself faint with fatigue, fasting, and sorrow, I sat me down upon this stone to repose, and, as I fear, to die. I have indeed a brother,' said she, 'somewhere in London; but, in such a wide place, it is not possible for me to find him.'

Sir William immediately knocked at his door, ordered his housekeeper to attend him, and bade her take all possible care of the poor woman: she obeyed her master's commands, took her into her room, and administered every necessary consolation. The poor afflicted creature thought herself in heaven; when, as she sat taking a little broth, a servant entered; and no sooner had her eyes met his, than she fell from her chair. This was her brother. The good old knight, finding her story true, took her into his service, where she has every reason to bless the warm heart of her master, and the cold stone at his door.

STORY OF MR. SAINTFORT.

AFTER a residence of many years in the southern part of this island, business concurring with the natural desire one has of revisiting one's native country, induced me to make a journey to Scotland in the beginning of last autumn. As I travelled on horseback,

with a single servant attending me, I was tempted frequently to strike out of the common road, for the purpose of enjoying some of those romantick scenes with which the northern counties of England abound. One evening about sunset, after traversing a part of the coun-

try, of great beauty, but of a wild and uncultivated aspect, I entered suddenly a narrow valley, where every thing wore the appearance of high cultivation; and in the judicious blending of ornament with utility, it was easy to perceive that industry had been guided by the hand of taste.

While I rode at leisure down a steep and winding path, indulging that pleasing species of reverie to which a scene of this kind naturally gives rise, a small column of smoke ascending from a thick clust of trees at the bottom, gave notice of a habitation; and, on turning the corner of a hedged inclosure, a low mansion broke suddenly upon my view, having in front about an acre of open ground, of which the greatest part was laid out as a kitchen-garden and shrubbery. A level grass-plot surrounded the house, which was separated from the garden by a white rail. The house itself was of one story, extending, in a lengthened front, with two small wings, at either end of which a fruit-tree was trained around the window. A green garden-chair was placed on each side of the door.

While surveying with much pleasure this little elegant retreat, I passed upon the road a ruddy-coloured, middle-aged man, in a plain country-dress, whose face, it immediately occurred to me, I had somewhere before seen. Uncertain, however, whether there might be any thing more than one of those accidental resemblances which we every day meet with, (though I perceived that he at the same time viewed me with some attention) I passed on. Meeting afterwards with some labourers returning from work, I enquired the name of the proprietor of the little villa I had been contemplating, and was informed it was a Mr. Saintfort. The name struck me. I recollected to have known at college a Will. Saintfort, a young man of some fortune, of a lively turn, and quick parts, but in the greatest degree thoughtless and extravagant. I remembered to have since heard that he had married a fashionable wife, whose disposition was much akin to his own; and that he had in a very few years spent his whole fortune. 'Can this,' said I to myself, 'be my old companion? Sure I thought I knew his face, and he too recollected mine. It must be so; yet how

'this metamorphosis?' Occupied with these thoughts, I had slackened my pace, and was surprised to find myself once more joined by the gentleman I had before passed. 'If I mistake not,' said he, 'your name is D——.' 'Yes, and yours Saintfort.'—'The same. How unexpected this meeting!' After much mutual gratulation, 'Come,' said he, 'you go no farther this night; nor, with my will, for some days. You must take a bed with your old friend, and see how Farmer Saintfort lives.'

Entreaty was needless; for I was delighted with the rencontre; and I followed my friend, who led the way, to the stables, and assisted himself in putting up my horses. He then conducted me into the house, which within corresponded entirely with it's external appearance. In a little hall through which we entered were some angling-rods and sewing-pieces, with a weed-hook and garden-rake. In the parlour stood a piano-forte, on which lay a violin and some music; and in a corner of the room, which was shelved for the purpose, were ranged a few books of husbandry and ornamental gardening, some volumes of English poetry, Hutcheson's Moral Philosophy, Horace, and a few of the Latin classics.

An old servant now made his appearance, and received orders to acquaint his mistress to prepare the stranger's bed-room, and to get ready an early supper. In the interval we sauntered out into the fields, and passed the time in ordinary chit-chat about our old companions, till we were summoned to supper by a comely boy of twelve years of age, who, with a girl three years younger, were my friend's only children. Mr. Saintfort introduced me to his wife by the title of an old and valued acquaintance; and I found in that lady the most perfect politeness and affability, joined to that easy gracefulness of manner which distinguishes those who have moved in a superior walk of life. Our supper was plain, but delicious; an excellent pullet, milk in a variety of forms, and fresh vegetables; our conversation interesting, animated, and good-humoured. In my life, I never spent a more delightful evening. After Mrs. Saintfort had retired, (like Eve, "on hospitable thoughts intent;") 'There,' said Saintfort, 'there, Mr. D——, is one of the first, the best of women. You knew me formerly;

“formerly; and I have marked the natural surprize you shewed at finding me in this situation. You shall have my story; for to an old friend and companion, simple as it is, it cannot fail to be interesting.

“My father’s death, which happened a few years after I entered the university, made me, as you may remember, the envy of many of our common acquaintance, as it was generally supposed I had succeeded to a fortune of two thousand pounds *per annum*. I had before this contracted many habits of extravagance; and the dissipation into which I now plunged, joined to an indolence of temper not uncommon at that period of life, prevented me for a considerable time from discovering that the free rents of my estate did not exceed one half of the income I was supposed to possess. Even after that discovery, the relish I had acquired for every species of fashionable dissipation, and the absurd vanity of supporting the appearance of a man of fortune, led me to continue my expences, after I had become convinced that they were leading me to my ruin.

“My vanity was not a little flattered by the attentions shewn me by the ladies, who, it was easy to be perceived, regarded me as a young fellow of whom there was some honour in making a conquest. Lucinda N— was at that time the ornament of the politest circles in town. What her figure was in those days, you may guess from what you see it is at present. With every attraction of face and person, endowed with every fashionable accomplishment, and possessing a very handsome independent fortune, she had numberless admirers. It was no mean triumph, when I perceived that this little despot, who exercised upon others all the capricious sovereignty of a coquette, maintained with me so opposite a manner as to convince me of her decided affection. I availed myself of the discovery, which gratified equally my pride and my passion; for I really loved her; and in my marriage with Lucinda, whose temper and taste were apparently much resembling my own, I flattered myself with the continued enjoyment of those fashionable pleasures, which I had now attended the means of procuring.

“When I look back to the first four years of my married state, it is like the confused remembrance of some tumultuous dream. In that perpetual dissipation in which we were now involved, and to which the gay and lively temper of my wife rather prompted than imposed any restraint, I did not perceive that her fortune, considerable as it was, was totally insufficient to repair the waste I had already made in my own. At length I was awakened from my lethargy by a refusal of my banker to make farther advances without additional securities; and when I applied for that purpose to a friend, he frankly told me that I was generally considered as a ruined man.

“In place of being overpowered by this intelligence, it brought me to my senses; like those violent applications, which, by pain itself, put a stop to the delirium of a fever. I saw the folly of concealment, and the inhumanity of allowing my wife to learn our situation from any tongue but my own. But to make this terrible avowal, occasioned a conflict of mind, such as it is impossible for me to describe. I passed two sleepless nights, without finding courage to unbosom myself; and Lucinda’s anxious enquiries at length led to the discovery. The shock was severe, and for a moment she gave way to the natural feelings of a woman. It was but for a moment; when, as if animated by a new soul, and inspired with a fortitude of mind which astonished me—“Come, my dear Will,” said she, clasping me to her bosom, “we have both been fools; it is fit that we should pay the price of our folly: but let us thence learn to be wise. Thank God, we are blest with health, and with each other’s affection; and there is yet much of life before us.”—“But what,” said I, “is to be done?”—“To be done!” said she; “Justice, in the first place. Let us learn with accuracy the full extent of our debts, and the means we have to discharge them.”

“It was a struggle yet more severe, to declare my situation to the world; and, suffering under a feeling of false shame, I would have meanly wasted the time in useless procrastination: but the noble spirit of my Lucinda combated this unmanly weakness. It was no surprize to the world to learn with

' certainty what had long been expected. In a little time the amount of our debts and effects was ascertained with precision; and, setting apart a small portion of my wife's fortune, which was secured to her by law, the rest, together with mine, fell short of the payment of our debts by two thousand pounds sterling. Having, however, made a fair surrender of all that was my own, I compounded with my creditors, and received their discharge.

' It remained to determine what was to be our plan of life for the future. An old domestick of my father's had been for several years settled in the north of England, where he rented this farm from the Earl of ——. Hither we proposed to retire for a few months, till we should arrange our future schemes. I was struck with the wild and romantick scenery of this beautiful dale; and, harassed as I had been with care and anxiety, my spirits were soothed for some time by the quiet and solitude of the country. I own to you, my friend, that this composure of mind was not permanent. The man of the world cannot at once assume the manners and taste of a recluse. The change was too violent, from the tumult of my former life, to the dead calm in which I now passed my time. After some weeks acquaintance had worn off the edge of novelty, I no longer saw the same beauties in the fields, the woods, the rocks, that had at first engaged me. The manners of the country people offended by their vulgarity; and in the society of a few of the neighbouring gentry, I found nothing to amuse a cultivated mind, or engage a lively imagination. I looked back with regret to the splendor and bustle of my former life; and, impossible as it was for me to indulge in the same gratifications, I would gladly have returned to town; and would, perhaps, have performed the same humiliating part I have seen exhibited by the decayed minions of fashion, spendthrifts like myself, who haunt, like ghosts, the places of public resort, content to be the spectators of those scenes where they have formerly figured as the most brilliant actors. My Lucinda saw with anxiety this increasing disgust, and her good sense directed to it's proper remedy.

" We grow tired," said she, " of this life of inactivity. We languish for want of an object to occupy us. I have been meditating a small experiment; and, if you approve, we shall put it in execution. What if we should for a while become farmers ourselves? You are surprized at the proposal, but let me explain my meaning. Suppose our good landlord should transfer to us the remainder of his lease; that he should have the charge of management, with a suitable recompence, while the chance of profit, and the risk of loss, should be ours. I know he will agree to it, for I have sounded him on the subject. The laborious part, the business of agriculture, shall be his, while we occupy ourselves in decorating this little spot with a thousand embellishments, which nature points out, and which your good taste could easily execute. Remember, it is only an experiment. Our bargain must be conditional. If we tire of it, we can when we please drop the scheme, and pursue any other we chuse to adopt." To be short, Sir, I was pleased with the idea; our plan was soon arranged, and I became, what you now see me, Farmer Saintfort.

' I set to work with alacrity in the business of improvement; and proceeding on the principle of uniting beauty with utility, I had, in the space of a few months, accomplished the outlines of that plan which I have been continually occupied since that time in finishing in detail. In this employment, in which the mind has much more share than is generally imagined, I found a source of pleasure infinitely beyond my expectation. Every day added to the beauties of my little paradise; and I had the satisfaction of finding, that those operations which the motive of ornament had first suggested, were frequently of the most substantial benefit. The beautiful variety of the ground was obscured by an undistinguished mass of brushwood. I enlarged the extent of my arable ground, by opening fields to the sun, which had lain hid under a matting of furze and brambles. In the formation of a fish-pond, I have drained an unwholesome fen, and converted a quagmire into a luxuriant meadow. At the end of the first year,

my tutor in husbandry gave me hopes that the succeeding crop would double the returns which the farm had ever afforded under his management; and the event justified his prediction. How delightful, my dear friend, was it for me to perceive that the taste of my Lucinda seemed equally adapted with my own to our new mode of life! Far from inheriting that intubility of mind with which her sex is generally reproached, her ardour was unabated, and every thought was centered in the cares of her household; and the education of her children. Completely engaged in these domestick duties, while I superintended the labours of the fields and garden, we had no other anxiety than what tended to give a zest to our enjoyments. In place of feeling time lie heavy on our hands, we rose with the sun, and found the day too short for it's occupations.

We had now learned, by experience, how very moderate an income is sufficient to purchase all the real comforts of life. At the conclusion of the third year, on summing up our accounts, we found a clear saving of four hundred pounds. This sum we might, perhaps, without any breach of what the world terms honesty, have considered as our own. But, thank God! slaves as we had been to the world, we had better notions of moral rectitude. It was unfit that we should accumulate for ourselves, while there existed a single person that could say, we had done him wrong. We set apart this sum as the beginning of a fund for the payment of that equitable claim which yet remained to our creditors; and it is now some years since we could boast of having faithfully discharged the last farthing of our debts. The pleasure attendant on this reflection, you may conceive, but I cannot describe. How poor, in comparison to it, are the selfish gratifications of vanity, the mean indulgence of pampered appetites, and all the train of luxurious enjoyments, when bought at the expence of conscience!

Since my residence here, I have more than once made a visit to town on an errand of business. I there see the same scenes as formerly; and others intoxicated, like myself, with the same giddy pleasures. To me the magical delusion is at an end; and I wonder where lay the charm which once had such power of fascination. But one species of pleasure I have enjoyed from these visits, which I cannot omit to mention; the affectionate welcome I have received from the most respectable of my old acquaintance. I read from their countenances their approbation of my conduct; and in their kindness, mingled with respect, I have a reward valuable in proportion to the worth of those who bestow it. Nor is the pleasure less which I derive from the regard and esteem of my honest neighbours in the country. Of their characters I had formed a very unfair estimate, when seen through the medium of my own disordered mind; and in their society my Lucinda and I enjoy, if not the refined pleasures of polished intercourse, the more valuable qualities of sincerity, probity, and good sense.

Such, Sir, for these fourteen years past, has been my manner of life; nor do I believe I shall ever exchange it for another. The term of my lease has, within that period, been renewed in my own name, and that of my son. If a more active life should be his choice, he is free to pursue it. I shall be content with the reflection of having bestowed on him a better patrimony than I myself enjoyed—a mind uncorrupted by the prospect of hereditary affluence, and a constitution tempered to the virtuous habits of industry and sobriety.

Here Mr. Saintfort made an end of his story. I have given it as nearly as I could in his own words; and, judging it to afford an example not unworthy to be recorded, I transmit it in that view to the author of a work which bids fair to pass down to posterity.

STORY OF MOZARAD, THE SHEPHERD.

BLESSED be thy name, O Alla! for thy power bestoweth not life more on us, than thy benevolence rendereth it a blessing. To the great thou givest the ability of imitating thy mercy; and to the lowly, undisturbed peace and contentment. None esteemeth thou beneath thy care, or too mean to enjoy thy gifts. Yon glorious fen rises over the palace of our mighty monarch, and gilds, with his long-darting rays, the gardens of the magnificent seraglio; but to Mozarad also he dawns, and dispels the horror of his gloomy night-watch. To Zamrin the Proud hast thou given riches and might; his palaces shine with gold, his bowers are cooled by the never-ceasing fountain, and emulative nations proffer their fairest beauties to his leisure; his armies spread terror over the earth, and their soldiers in number equal the stars of thy heaven. O! Mozarad none of these blessings hast thou bestowed; but, through thee, the light of cheerfulness beams through his bosom: his arm is nerved by the genius of health, and his pastures are watered by the springs of plenty!

Such were the words of the young Shepherd of Peace, as he sat on the cliff of the rock that rises over the valley of Kedar; his flocks were feeding beneath, and the rising sun shewed half his face behind the edge of the mountain. The eyes of Mozarad were contemplatively fixed; and his heart, in concert with his lips, gave praise to the mercy of Alla; when the light fluttering of a robe near at hand drew down his attention, and fastened it on a meaner object. He turned hastily round, and beheld, looking over him, the form of a female, whom the glow of beauty enlivened, and the finger of genius might describe. Her garments were light, but fringed with gold; and a zone of the same precious metal encircled her waist; on her head rose a diadem of various hue, and a golden sceptre beamed in her hand; scorn and persuasion strove on her countenance, while from her opening lips burst forth these accents—'Foolish Mozarad! that canst take delight in thy wretchedness, and despise the glories which Alla be-

stows on his favourites! unworthy, from thy meanness of soul, to taste the blessings of power; and mocked even by him whose partial beneficence thou canst praise! Look around thee; how many are like thee—how few have riches or might! Thinkest thou the more elevated joys are distributed most frequently among the children of men? Is it not the principle of every soul to rise? Awake, awake! no longer lie supinely here on the sun-scorch'd rock; but ascend with me to the topmost cliff, and there behold the prospects of the Genius of Ambition.'

Mozarad, abashed, rose up, and followed where she led. Her steps conducted him to the most elevated point, where never foot before had trodden, except by her guidance; and from whence they could clearly mark the royal city beneath: the palaces, the gardens, and pavilions, were all thronged with innumerable courtiers and slaves, whose garments had been wrought by the hand of Art at the order of Magnificence. 'Look down, poor shepherd,' cried the Genius, 'contemplate the trappings of luxury, the bowers of ease, and the stately domes of power; and then turn thine eyes on thyself; behold thy sordid garb, thy barren dwelling, and the subjects over whom thou commandest. Lo! hearken unto my voice: speed thee to the seraglio; proffer thyself to labour in the gardens of Zamrin the Proud, and leave the rest to me: From time to time I will renew my inspirations in thy bosom: Fortune shall, through me, smile on thy endeavours; and, through me, shalt thou rise to wealth, to rank, and to power!'

While she yet spoke, they beheld advancing towards them the figure of an aged man, habited in the manner of a dervise, with his eyes bent downward on the earth. Though time had frozen over his head, yet his brows seemed smoothed by the balm of Peace: he marked the Genius and the Shepherd, and quickened his pace; while she, on observing him, frowned; and, drawing forth from beneath her robe a powder, which hastily she blew across the eyes of Mozarad, bade him farewell, and sunk from

From sight amidst the crags of the rock.—

"Unhappy youth!" cried the venerable Khorassan; "say not I am come too late.

"Curst is that Genius who has left thee; and curst art thou if her dictates have taken root in thy heart! her wiles will undo thee; she will lead thy steps through the mazes of error into the gulph of evil, and leave thee there to bewail thy folly. Like thine, my

check was once unfurrowed by age; and, like thine, my bosom beat high in the hope of future glory. As thou dost, I guided my daily flock over the mountain, and sat to mark its wanderings, and the hasty tread of the traveller across the desert. She came, and conducted me where thou standest;

bade me gaze on the city beneath, and inspired me with the madness of her guilty race. I yielded to persuasions that I then thought proceeded from a friend; and, abandoning my flock,

my sheep-hook, and abode of peace, I sped, as she bade me, to the gardens of the palace. The chief eunuch accepted my proffered slavery, and assigned my portion of labour beneath the windows of the women's apartments. There for two moons I toiled;

when the favourite sultana observed me one evening, as I was resting on the grass, and according my voice to the warblings of a flute which I had received from the chief eunuch.

Every night after this did she fair, but, alas! delusive sultana, come to the window to hear my song; till, in concert with the Genius that undid me, or overpowered by the force of licentiousness, she commanded her slaves

to contrive my entrance into her apartment. Many times, screened by the gloom of night, was I admitted into that sacred inclosure, and loved the sultana with an unfeigned passion: yet my happiness was not complete; I panted more for power than for love;

and each day the limits of my ambition were extended by the sight of the nobles who thronged about the seraglio, and even of their sovereign himself.

First, to be an inferior officer was the wish of my soul; but the glory of the vizier effaced it; and I sighed to be next in rank to the ruler over the people. Thus far dared I to lift my desires; when the sultana, in the hour of

tenderness, obtained—"O that thou

were as the lord of India, and I still the object of thy love! then might my passion be unfettered by the shackles of restraint, and the bright countenance of day illuminate our now secret meetings!" Why spake she words so

fatal to my peace! or why ever gave I ear to the allurements of ambition! From that hour I pined in wretchedness, and with a soul of apathy regarded every blessing in my reach. The secret recesses of the garden explored; the busy mart of the city; but in vain: the arrow still rankled; and neither the throng of numbers, nor the calm of retirement, could scotch the malignity of its poison. One day,

overpowered by sorrow, and burning with envy, I fled from the forward courts of the seraglio, where I had beheld the sultan with a splendid train returning from a solemn procession, and rushed into the thickets of a grove, where I threw myself on the grass, and lamented the meanness of my condition. "Glorious sultan!" I exclaimed; "Oh, that I were as thou art, and the powers of death encountered thee about!"—"Never meant I to delude thee," cried the Genius of Ambition, who at that instant appeared beside me; "take this talisman, thrice happy Khorassan, remove into the presence of the sovereign of India, and, on touching him, he shall become as dead before thee: for over his life I can impart no influence unto thee. But at the moment when the suspension of his powers shall commence, his semblance shall be cast over thee, and thou be honoured as the real sultan. Arise; go thy way, and repine not." In an evil hour I took the talisman from the hand of the Genius, intruded myself into the royal presence, and prostrating myself before the sovereign, contrived to approach it near his person. At the touch, he sunk as the Genius had foretold; and my form and robes became as his. The sultana entered the apartment: I acquainted her with the truth, and saw the ray of pleasure brighten over her brow. "My beloved Khorassan," she cried, "here secret we the person of him who is no more. Let us fasten up this quarter of the seraglio, and appoint slaves to guard it, while thou receive the homage of thy peo-

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ple, and the adoration of thy love. But first, lend me thy hand, and I will guide thee to the secret vault where the royal treasures lie concealed, where the sceptre and the diadem are deposited." I acquiesced with her will, and she conducted me—Oh, shepherd, be not seduced by the promises of Ambition!—Innumerable stairs we descended, never lightened by the face of day, and sped through ten apartments, in each of which a single lamp was burning; till at the farther end of the last we were stopped by an iron door, against which the sultana knocking, it was instantly opened by a black slave, who closed it violently on our entrance.—Oh! gentle Mozarad, why am not I permitted to say farther to thee? The secret of that chamber none may reveal. I found Ambition a traitress; her counsellings poison, and her promises a dream. Twenty years have I since existed; ten on this rock, endeavouring to expiate my guilt, by deterring others from listening to her dictates; and bewailing, alas! the partner of my youth, who pierced the accursed limits of the palace with her infant child, in search of the wretched Khorassan. Oh, youth! suffer not my accents unprofitably to sound in thine ear: forget not what I have revealed to thee, and trust to my experience. The hour of morning meditation calls me hence; but when evening casts her long shades over the valley beneath, and thy flocks are at rest in the field, then still let me behold thee here, and strengthen thee farther against the wiles of the foe of men.

Thus ended Khorassan, and turned away from the musing shepherd, who hung a long while suspended, uncertain which course to pursue. The mystery of the eleventh chamber awakened his utmost curiosity. He earnestly wished to explore the secrets of it; and at length bethought himself of this argument in favour of what he desired. "Khorassan," he exclaimed, "has there met with difficulties, which he was either too weak to subdue, or too fearful to brave; and in what ourselves have failed, we love not that others should have a chance to succeed." Thus reasoned the foolish Mozarad, who beheld every object in a false light; and at length suffered the enticements of the Genius

to overcome the friendly advice of the sage. He hesitated no more; but descended the rock with hasty steps, and reached the outer gate of the royal gardens, from whence, at his request, he was brought before the chief eunuch, and admitted to labour as a slave beneath the windows of the seraglio. Three nights he sung near the lodgings of the favourite sultana, a daughter of her who had seduced Khorassan; and, on the third, was noticed for the melody of his voice. The next evening, a slave of the beautiful Zalima came where he sat, and bade him arise and follow her. He went, and was conducted to the presence of the favourite; who, by her charms, finally steeled him against the calls of virtue and the reproofs of conscience. Their connection lasted not long; for soon Mozarad, anxious to receive the talisman that was to suspend the powers of the sultan, formed the fatal wish of Khorassan. The Genius attended at his word, and he with trembling eagerness accepted her present. Impatient to prove it a virtue, he flew immediately to the pavilion where Zamrin he knew was retired, and prostrating himself before him, touched him with the magick instrument. The effect answered his expectation; he beheld the sultan sink insensible, and then hastened to the apartment of Zalima, to communicate his success, and the change of his form; for the secret of the talisman he had acquainted her with before. She blessed the friendly Genius, overwhelmed the devoted Mozarad with caresses, and instantly offered to conduct him where the treasures of the crown were concealed. The heart of the new sultan beat high at her words. Filled with hope and courage, he gave her his hand; and, winding through an alley which he had never observed before, they reached the stairs, and hastened through the ten gloomy vaults. At sight of the iron door his courage increased, and his hopes beamed anew. He impatiently knocked; and the black slave opening to them, they entered, when the door instantly closed. Mozarad then looked around him, and beheld, with a transport not to be described, by the light of torches that equalled in number the planets of the heavens, riches exceeding the utmost limits of his thought. Crowns, sceptres, jewels, ingots of gold, and mountains of silver, met his eye on every side, and whelmed him in a sea of delight.

delight. 'Oh, treacherous Khoras-fan!' he then exclaimed; 'how wouldst thou have missed me?' So speaking, he advanced towards the crown, his favourite object; and, seizing it, was going to place it on his head: when the ground he stood on shook, and a sudden blast arising, blew out every taper but one, which faintly gleamed, and presented to the sight of the terrified shepherd, instead of the diadem he had grasped, a human skull. Where before shone the treasures, human bones lay scattered; where the sultana had stood, the form of an old and loathsome female appeared; and a scorpion, armed with innumerable stings, supplanted the place of the slave. Mozarad sunk oppressed; but the tortures they inflicted soon aroused him. He bewailed his fortune, they reproached him; he strove to escape, and they bound him to the floor. Of all his grandeur, nothing remained but the form and the robes of the Sultan of India.

For one whole year the wretched Mozarad was detained in this dungeon, to recal to mind the counsels of the friendly Khorassan, and bewail the weaknesses of youth. His scanty food was watered by the tears of remorse; and the sun, as it rose, so it set upon his lamentings. One night he was roused from his unquiet rest by the shriekings of a female voice, that seemed to proceed from some one very near him. He started up, for they had not continued his fetters; the hag was slumbering on the ground, and the scorpion offered not to prevent him. He went to the door; and, listening, discovered that the sounds of distress he had heard came from the adjoining vault. On which, undeliberating, he gently stole the key from his sleeping persecutress; and after turning the lock, beheld in the tenth chamber an aged woman of majestic appearance, and a beautiful slave, with whom a young man, clad in royal robes, was struggling. 'Unmanly wretch!' cried Mozarad, 'desist.' At the sound of his voice, the young man started in astonishment, and suddenly exclaiming—'My father!' left his terrified prey, and fled. The slave prostrated herself before the imaginary sultan. 'O mighty lord,' she cried, 'by miracles restored, protect thy servant!'—'Nor withhold,' continued the elder form, 'that freedom thou hast promised so long.'—'Be free,' returned the already captivated

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Mozarad. 'I will instantly lead ye forth.' So replying, he conducted them through the vaults, and by the winding alley led them into the courts of the palace; from whence, concealed by the gloom of night, they made their escape from the city, and crossing the plain, began to ascend the rock. The shepherd now enquired of his wondering companions the meaning of what he had lately witnessed; and was answered by the aged slave, who better suppressed her astonishment at his proceeding than the other, that on his supposed death, the young sultan his son, became enamoured of her daughter Azora, had refused them the freedom that he himself had promised; and, after repeated persecutions, had that night come to a resolution of obtaining by force what had been denied to his request. Soon after this, they arrived at the cave of Khorassan, who was sitting at the mouth of it on the ground: the moon then shone clear, and he would have prostrated himself before Mozarad, when his eye chanced to mark the features of the aged slave. 'Zadira!' he exclaimed; 'my wife! Powerful Alla! is it he? After twenty years of wretchedness, do I again behold the partner of my youth, the much-loved sufferer for my guilt, and from him, too, do I receive her, whose amorous passion forbade her return with me, when ten years had expiated the crime I committed against his father!' Astonishment filled the breast of the supposed sultan, while Zadira embraced her husband, and the young Azora wept for joy. Thus, as they mingled their tears, and the shepherd gazed with wonder, a celestial form, clad in robes of light, suddenly stood before them. 'Mozarad,' she exclaimed, 'I am the Genius Gelmossar. I have watched over thy ways, and would before now have fixed thee happy. Hadst thou not listened to the delusions of Ambition. Thy misfortunes now are overpassed, for thy good action has expiated thy guilt. His own form is at this instant returning to the Sultan of India, and thou appearest as the shepherd of the valley of Kedar. With this instruction I leave thee: There is no Genius equal in wisdom to Alla, the Lord of heaven; and whoever would incite thee to alter the lot he has marked out for thee, would, either through ignorance or evil-designing,

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mislead

' mislead thy steps from the paths of virtue and content to the dungeons of misery and guilt.

' Khorassan, the heart of Mozarad is corrected of it's folly; beflow on

' him the daughter of thy youth, and he will impart happiness to thy years: thou hast yet to wander among the children of men.'

CONRADE AND THERESA;

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF THE CHEVALIER DE ST. FLORIAN.

IN a village of the Margravate of Ba-reith, in the circle of Franconia, lived a peasant, whose name was Conrade. He rented the best farm in the country; but that was the least part of his wealth. Three girls and three boys, which his wife Theresa had brought him, were already married. They had children, and were all of them his inmates. Theresa was seventy-eight years of age; he himself was eighty. They were beloved and revered by their numerous descendants, whose greatest pleasure was to render their dear venerable parents cheerful and happy. Temperance and labour had prevented the infirmities of old age: serene and pleasant were their declining years. Uninterruptedly happy, they praised the Divine Being for his goodness, and implored his choicest blessings on their children.

One evening, after having spent the day in reaping, the good old Conrade, with Theresa and her family, seated on the turf, were indulging themselves at their own door. They were lost in the contemplation of one of those sweet summer nights which the inhabitants of cities never know. 'Observe,' said the old man, 'how that beautiful sky is besprinkled with stars; some of which falling from the heavens, leave behind them a long train of fire. The moon, concealed behind these poplars, sheds a pale and trembling light, which tinges every object with it's uniform and equable lustre. The breeze is hushed; the trees seem to respect the repose of their feathered inhabitants. The linnet and thrush sleep with their heads beneath their wings; the ring-dove and her mate repose amidst their young, which have yet no other covering than the feathers of their mother. Nothing disturbs the solemn stillness of the scene, but that dismal and plaintive

' scream which at intervals assails our ears: it is the cry of the owl, the emblem of the wicked. They watch while others rest; their complaints are incessant, and they dread the light of heaven. My dearest children, never deviate from virtue, and you will be always happy. Sixty long years have your mother and I enjoyed a happy tranquillity. God grant that none of you may ever purchase it so dearly as we have done!'

A tear stood in the old man's eye. Louison, one of his grand-daughters, about ten years old, ran and flung her arms round his neck. 'My dear grand-papa,' said she, 'you know how pleased we are when you tell us some pretty story; how much more delighted should we all be, if you would tell us your own! It is not late, and the evening is fine.' The rest of the family seconded the request, and formed themselves in a semicircle before their venerable sire. Louison sat at his feet, and each mother took on her knee the child whose cries might distract attention. They all listened with tender curiosity; while the good old man, stroking Louison's head with one hand, and the other locked in the hands of Theresa, thus began his history—

'It is a long time, my children, since I was eighteen years of age, and Theresa sixteen. She was the only daughter of Aimar, the richest farmer in the country. I was the poorest peasant in the village; but never perceived it, till I fell in love with Theresa. I did all I could to conquer a passion, which I knew must one day or other make me wretched. My poverty, I was certain, would be an insurmountable obstacle to my wishes; and that I must either renounce Theresa for ever, or think of some means of becoming rich.

rich. But, in order to grow rich, I must have left the village where she lived: that effort I found impossible; and I offered myself as a servant to her father.

I was received; and you may imagine with what alacrity I worked. I soon acquired the friendship of Aimar, and the tenderness of Theresa. You, my children, who know what it is to marry the dear object of your affections, have experienced the inexpressible pleasure, which is mutually inspired by every interview, every look, and every action. Our passion was reciprocally ardent and sincere. Theresa was in all my thoughts: for her I worked; for her I lived; and with her I fondly thought that happiness would be ever mine.

I was soon undeceived. A farmer in the neighbourhood asked Theresa in marriage of her father. Aimar enquired how many acres of land the lover possessed: he found that he was the very husband that suited her, and the day was fixed for the fatal union. We could not perceive a single ray of hope. Theresa was to be compelled to become the wife of a man whose presence she could not endure. We saw but one way by which an evil, otherwise inevitable, could be avoided: it was to fly from the habitation of a father who forgot the tenderness of paternal love in the tyranny of arbitrary pleasure.

In the middle of the night we left the village. I placed Theresa on a little horse which one of her uncles had given her. There was no harm, I said, in taking it away, since it did not belong to her father. A small wallet contained our cloaths, with a little money which Theresa had saved. For my own part, I would take nothing with me: so true it is, that our youthful virtues are often the offspring of Fancy; for while I was robbing a father of his daughter, I scrupled, at the same time, to take the smallest trifle from his house.

We travelled all night, and at day-break found ourselves on the frontiers of Bohemia. No longer apprehensive of being overtaken, we stopped in a valley, by the side of one of those rivulets of which lovers are so fond. Theresa alighted; she sat beside me on the grass; and we both made a deli-

cious feast from some coarse refreshments I had brought with me. When we had finished our repast, we next considered what steps it would be necessary to pursue.

After a long conversation, reckoning our money twenty times over, and estimating the little horse at it's highest value, we found that the whole of our fortune did not amount to twenty ducats. Twenty ducats are soon gone! We resolved, however, to make the best of our way to some great town, where we might be less exposed in case of pursuit. I again placed Theresa on her horse, and we took the road to Egra.

The Church received us on our arrival, and we were married. The priest had the half of our little treasure for his kindness; but no money was ever given with such pleasure. We fancied that all our misfortunes were now at an end; and, indeed, we had actually purchased the happiness of a week.

At the end of this week, we sold our little horse; and, at the beginning of the second month, we had nothing left. What could be done? I knew no art but that of husbandry; and the inhabitants of great cities look down with contempt on the art that feeds them. Theresa was not better qualified than myself: she was wretched; she trembled whenever she ventured to look forward. We endeavoured to conceal our sufferings from each other; a misery a thousand times more poignant than the sufferings themselves. At length, having no other resource, I enlisted into a regiment of horse. My bounty-money I gave to Theresa, who received it with a flood of tears.

We contrived to subsist upon my pay, and upon such employment as Theresa could procure. At length, she made me the happy father of a child; which endeared us still more, if possible, to each other.

It was you, my dear Gertrude: we considered you as the pledge of our constant love, and the hope of our old age. We have said the same of every child that Heaven has sent us, and we have never been deceived. You were sent to nurse, for my wife could not suckle you: she was inconsolable on the occasion; she passed the live-long day working by the side of your cradle;

dle; while I endeavoured, by an assiduous attention to my duty, to gain the esteem and friendship of my officers.

Frederick, my captain, was only twenty years of age. He was superior to every officer in the regiment in affability and figure. He conceived a liking for me. I related my adventures to him. He saw Theresa, and was interested in our fate. He promised that he would write to Aimar in our favour; and he gave me his word that I should have my liberty as soon as he had made my father-in-law my friend. Frederick had already written to our village, but had received no answer.

In the mean time, I was surprized to find that Theresa on a sudden became extremely dejected. When I enquired into the reason, she gave some evasive answer, and diverted the conversation to her father. Little did I imagine that Frederick himself was the sole occasion of her melancholy.

This young man, with all the ardour incident to youth, could not observe the charms of Theresa without emotion. His virtue was too weak to resist the suggestions of his passion. He knew our misfortunes, he knew how much we depended upon him, and was presumptuous enough to give Theresa to understand what reward he expected for his patronage. My wife could not suppress her indignation at such an offer; but, knowing my temper to be both violent and jealous, she withheld the fatal secret, while I continued to be profuse in the praises of my captain's generosity and friendship.

One day, coming off guard, and returning home to my wife, who should appear before my astonished eyes but Aimar! "At last I have found thee!" exclaimed he: "infamous ravisher, restore my daughter!" I fell at his feet; I endured the first fury of his anger. My tears began to soften him; he consented to hear me. I did not endeavour to vindicate myself. "The deed is done," said I; "Theresa is mine; she is my wife. My life is in your hands; inflict what punishment you please on me; but forgive your child, forgive your only daughter; let her not perish the victim of grief." At that instant, instead of

conducting him to Theresa; I led him to the house where you, my dear Gertrude, were at nurse. "Come," added I; "come and view one, more to whom you must extend your pity."

"You were in your cradle; you were fast asleep; your countenance the picture of innocence and health. Aimar gazed upon you; the big tear stood in his eye. I took you in my arms; I presented you to him. "This, too, is your child," said I. You awoke; and, as if inspired by Heaven, you smiled full upon him, and extending your little arms, got hold of his white locks, which you twined about your fingers, and drew his venerable face towards you. Aimar smothered you with kisses, and caught me to his bosom. "Come," said he, "my son, shew me my daughter;" extending one hand to me, and holding you in his other arm. You may imagine with what joy I brought him to our house.

Apprehensive that the sudden sight of her father might be too much for Theresa, I left Aimar, at some distance from the house, in order to prepare her for the tender interview. I opened the door, and the first object I saw was Frederick with Theresa, who was exerting all her strength to escape from his base attempts. In a moment my sword was in his body. He fell; the blood gushed out; he pierced the air with a cry of anguish; the house was full in a minute. The guards entered; my sword was still reeking; they seized me; and the unfortunate Aimar just arrived to see his son-in-law loaded with irons.

I embraced him; I recommended to him my wife and my helpless child; and then followed my comrades, who saw me lodged in a deep dungeon.

I remained there, in the most cruel suspense, three days and three nights. I was ignorant of Theresa's fate. I saw nobody but an unrelenting gaoler, who, to all my questions answered, that I need not trouble myself about any thing, for that, in a very few hours, sentence of death would be pronounced upon me.

The third day, the doors of my prison were flung open. I was ordered to walk out; a detachment waited for me; I was instantly surrounded, and conducted to the parade. At a distance

"tance I perceived the regiment drawn up, and the horrid preparations for my execution. My Theresa, and you, my Gertrude, rushed on my distracted mind. I arrived at the fatal spot.

My sentence was read; the executioner was preparing for the fatal blow, when some sudden and piercing cries restrained his arm. I once more stared round, and saw a figure, half naked, endeavouring to make way through the guards. It was Frederick. "Friends," exclaimed he, "I am the guilty man; I alone deserve death: pardon the innocent! I wished to seduce his wife: he punished me; he did what was just; you must be savages if you attempt his life." The colonel of the regiment flew to Frederick, in order to compass him. He pointed out the law which decreed death against every soldier that should raise his hand against his officer. "I was not his officer," cried Frederick; "I had given him his liberty the evening before, under my hand. He is no longer in your power." The astonished officers assembled together. Frederick and Hu-

manity were my advocates: I was lost back to prison. Frederick wrote to the minister, accused himself, solicited my pardon, and obtained it.

"I went with Theresa and Aimar, to throw myself at the feet of the man who, from being the author of such severe though momentary misery, was now become our benefactor and deliverer. He confirmed the present of my liberty, which he wished to enhance by others that we would not accept. We returned to the village; where the death of Aimar has made me master of all he possessed; and where Theresa and I shall finish our days in happiness and peace, in the midst of you, my children, and these dear pledges of your love."

His children had crept close to their venerable sire during this affecting narrative; and, when it was finished, they were still in a listening attitude, the tears trickling down their cheeks. "Be happy," said the good old man; "Heaven has abundantly rewarded me in your love." He then embraced them all round; Louison kissed him twice; and all the happy people withdrew for the night.

THE NATURAL HISTORY

OF THE

PHUSALOPHAGOS, OR TOAD-EATER;

A NEW VARIETY OF THE HUMAN SPECIES.

IN A LETTER FROM A CELEBRATED NATURALIST, AT MADRID.

I Have been at all possible pains to discover, by means of those philosophers and travellers here who are best acquainted with Africa, whether any traces still remain of that species of men of whom your learned countryman has taken notice, mentioned by Agatharchides and Sir Francis Drake, called the *Ακρίδοφαγοι*, *Grasshopper-eaters*, or, as I incline to render the word, *Locust-eaters*; but hitherto my enquiries have met with no degree of success. Though unsuccessful, they have not, however, been unproductive; as, in the course of my search after that species, I have met with very well authenticated relations of another variety of the human kind, still ex-

tant in that country, which I think has not been taken notice of by either of the above-mentioned authors, unless you suppose it to be the same with that of the *Ακρίδοφαγοι* above-mentioned, or perhaps with the *Ιχθυοφαγοι*, or *Fish-eaters*, recorded also by Agatharchides, and copied from him by Diodorus, and some other later writers. The variety I mean is that of the *Φυσαλοφαγοι*, or *Toad-eaters*, of which I proceed to give you a particular account, which I have been, happily, not only enabled to collect from the report of some voyagers who had visited their country, but have actually had an opportunity of examining one myself, which is now in the possession of that illustrious

industrious and munificent patron of the arts, Don Gabriel de Crapolino, who had him from a learned priest of the order of Jesus, several years a missionary in Africa, whose account also makes up a considerable part of my relation.

The Phusalophagos, or Toad-eater, though found in different degrees of latitude, is a native of warm climates only, and seems to be of the migrating kind, who change their residence according to the difference of times and seasons. In his original state, he appears, as indeed it is highly probable all savages are, inclined to creep or walk on all-fours; and the habit of walking erect or straight is only an acquired one, which seems uneasy to him; and therefore he takes every opportunity of returning to his former grovelling or bending posture. Indeed, from some anatomical observations which the above-mentioned learned Jesuit had an opportunity of making on the body of one who had died, it appears that Nature has fitted them more for this posture than for any other. The muscle, called by anatomists *biceps-cruris*, by which the leg is bent, appeared to have been much enlarged by constant use; whereas the *longissimus dorsi*, by which the back is kept straight and erect, was of no strength at all: the elevators also of the upper eye-lid, called by some anatomists the *musculi admirationis*, were capable of great extension, and seemed to have been in constant use, which may be likewise accounted for from the prone position of the body, natural to this species. The width of the throat or swallow was also remarkable; with which Nature undoubtedly provided them, in consideration of the kind of food on which they subsist.

His forehead, like that of the natives of Aracan, was flat and large, and probably had been made so by an operation similar to what the inhabitants of that country practise on their children; to wit, by pressing a plate of lead on their foreheads immediately after their birth: for in that one dissected by the missionary, the *os frontis* was exceedingly thick and hard, and seemed capable of sustaining very great violence without any material impression.

Like the inhabitants of the Friendly Isles, they use a liquor made of the spittle of others, called by our late circumnavigators *cava*, which the Phusalophagi

swallow either in it's natural state, or, like the Orabiteans, in a state of fermentation. Indeed, they do not at all resemble the Ichthyophagi, or Fish-eaters, in the circumstance of living entirely without drink, as they seem, on the contrary, very much inclined to drinking: like the Fish-eaters, however, as Diodorus reports them, it must be confessed, they have very little sense of the *rexalos*, or the *το καλον*—the beautiful or the decent. One instance of this the learned Father gave me; that, as far as he had been informed, or could perceive, they have no objection—as, indeed, is the custom among several other savage nations—to an union with a female who has formerly had an illicit intercourse with the other sex; but on the contrary, like the Tartars and Tongusians, often prefer such to all others.

The agility of this species, like that of the Acridophagi, is amazing. That one whom I saw in the possession of the noble person above-mentioned, would skip over chairs and tables, at a signal given, with the most amazing alertness. In this they resemble a good deal the monkey tribe, as well as in their faculty of imitation, in which my informer told me they excel in a very wonderful degree. Their strength, likewise, the missionary reported to be very uncommon: he says he has seen some of them bear to be loaded with burdens that would have wearied a porter of Bassora.

This one had learned the use of speech, though not to a very high degree of perfection; and, indeed, his natural propensity seemed to be rather to listen; yet, with that inclination to silence which is common to man in a savage state, he did not seem to have the melancholy cast of either the Orang Outang, or the other varieties of uncultivated mankind; on the contrary, he had a mirthful disposition, or at least a facility of laughing and seeming merry, beyond any thing that could have been imagined of one in his situation.

He had, by the time I saw him, perfectly lost all inclination and relish for his former manner of living, and was by no means averse to the delicacies of refined cookery: his taste, however, was far from being acute, as at times he appeared highly to relish, and to be extremely fond of very indifferent fare, when it was set before him by his master. According to the missionary, his countrymen,

countrymen, like the Bedas of Ceylon, have a custom of seasoning every thing with honey; a practice which accordingly this particular one at Don Gabriel's still continued: and his Excellency, as well as some of his guests, assured me they found it very palatable.

Like his taste in this instance, his other senses appear to be subject to much uncertainty. His seeing and hearing are at some times remarkably acute; at others, he seems hardly to possess those faculties at all. Like the Chacrelas, in the island of Java, his sight is generally much quicker in the night than the daytime; and the later the hour, it appears to be the clearer and the more distinct. Like some other savages, he seems to delight in music; though his discrimination of sounds, as might be expected, is not very nice. His patron, Don Gabriel, plays on the viol de gamba but very indifferently; and yet he seems more pleased with the sound of this instrument, than with that of some others played by the ablest musicians of the king's opera.

The powers of his mind seem to be of a very limited sort. He does not, however, appear to be naturally so dull as some of his countrymen, of whose stupidity Charlevoix gives remarkable instances; who, according to his account, cannot count beyond the number 3. Though I never had occasion to try his conception of numbers in it's utmost extent, I saw that he could very readily number the guests at Don Gabriel's table, who often greatly exceeded the above denomination, or even the dishes, which were still more numerous. He resembles those natives of Guinea more nearly in another particular; he, as Father Charlevoix tells us of them, seems very seldom to think spontaneously. In point of memory, however, he differs widely from those natives of Guinea, of which faculty he seems endowed with a wonderful proportion. When he had learned enough of the Spanish language to be able to hold a conversation easily; he gave many instances of a memory exceedingly tenacious, and often remembered things which had happened to Don Gabriel, or which Don Gabriel related,

though nobody else had the most distant recollection of them.

Nor was he more distinguished from that species mentioned by Charlevoix in memory, than in patience and temper. Though possessed of little genius, says that traveller, these Guinea negroes are extremely acute in their feelings. According to the manner in which they are treated, they are lively or melancholy, laborious or slothful, friendly or hostile. When well fed and not ill-treated, they are contented; cheerful, and ready for every employment; but when ill used and oppressed, they grow sullen, and often die of melancholy. Of injuries, as well as of benefits, they are extremely sensible; and against those who injure them they bear a most implacable hatred. The very reverse of all this seems to be the temperament of the Phusalophagos. He is extremely patient under harsh usage, insensible to injuries; and is equally cheerful and ready for any employment when ill as when well treated; with the exception, however, of good feeding, which seems necessary to him in common with the Guinea men.

I have thus endeavoured to give you a particular description of the distinguishing characteristics of this species; as the accounts I could rely on, or my own observation could furnish me with. But as I know how far short any recital, how copious or exact soever, falls of an actual examination, I am not without hopes of being able to afford you an opportunity of examining a specimen of the Phusalophagi yourself, by means of some of our merchants who have opportunities of correspondence with Africa. But as the keeping of one, I am informed by Don Gabriel's maitre d'hotel, is somewhat expensive, you will be kind enough to inform me in your next, whether there is any individual naturalist who would be desirous of such a present: if your acquaintance does not furnish such a person, it may be as well that I send him, not to enrich any private collection, but to the President or Vice-President of the Royal or Antiquarian Society.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

A SPANISH NOVEL.

THERE are few things in which the ideas of mankind so greatly differ, as in those respecting love. Some yield themselves so entirely to the soft empire of Cupid, that they imagine every lady they meet ought to become the object of their wishes, and that they have an undoubted right to seek the possession of her charms: while others, on the contrary, quite insensible to this pleasing passion, seem incapable of making any distinction between beauty and deformity. Souls without the minutest sense of delicacy, who look upon women as an imperfect creation, infinitely below the dignity of man; souls deserving the epithet of hereticks in love; and who not only refuse to submit to this deity, but also laugh at his power, and turn to derision the tender expressions a lover makes use of to depicture his flame. Yet it often happens, that these very hereticks, forgetful of their former sentiments, become a thousand times more deeply enamoured than those who have been the subjects of their ridicule.

Don Carlos and Don Juan were bosom friends: they were born in the same city, brought up in the same house; and, having studied together in the same college, had contracted a sincere and ardent friendship. But though these young men were so strictly united in the bonds of amity, their humours and inclinations were diametrically opposite.

Don Juan was well made; his stature somewhat above the middle size, his air easy, and his appearance engaging. He was civil and courteous in his deportment; his temper was affable and good-humoured; he was always willing to oblige those to whom he could be of any service: his wit was ready, and rendered still more brilliant by a natural fund of good sense improved by the politest education. In short, he was in possession of numberless good qualities, which made him appear in the world with more than common lustre, and gained him admirers even among the fair-sex. Every one who was acquainted with him, charmed with his merit, testified the greatest esteem for him. He was far from insensible;

so that his tender breast soon acknowledged the soft empire of love. The charms of the fair Angelica made an impression on his heart. He lost for her a liberty otherwise so precious; and felt for her all that a tender lover can feel. His soul enkindled with a lively ardour the very first time he saw her, and his indulgence to the first emotions of his passion soon fanned the spark to a flame. However, he made no mystery of his love, but took the first opportunity of disclosing it to the fair-one who caused his smart. Angelica, enamoured with his virtue and merit, was far from being displeased with this declaration: she did not, however, let him perceive, at first, that she had any inclination for him; but, on the contrary, armed her beautiful eyes with dissembled anger and disdain, the better to make proof of his sincerity, which she found real. Satisfied, therefore, with his love and constancy, it is probable she would immediately have united her destiny to his, had not some family reasons put her under a necessity of deferring that happiness which Don Juan was so anxious to be possessed of. This delay, however, far from quenching the chaste fire that burned within their bosoms, added fresh fuel to the flame.

Let us now give the portrait of Don Carlos. He was one of the handsomest cavaliers the city of Madrid could boast, and the accomplishments of his mind were not inferior to those of his body. He not only professed an extreme indifference for the most beautiful of the other sex, but affected to treat them with the utmost disdain: he ridiculed their little foibles without mercy; and laughed heartily at those who, as he expressed it, were weak enough to become the slaves of women; in short, he imagined that he himself would always enjoy the liberty of loving, or not loving, as he thought fit.

Such were Don Carlos and Don Juan; when Don Carlos, who ridiculed the amour of his friend, and raillied him daily on the tenderness he expressed for Angelica, suddenly lost all his mirth and vivacity, became thoughtful and melancholy.

melancholy, and changed his former gay and festive companions for the more serious and solemn society of the nightingale. Don Juan, astonished at so sudden a change in his temper, was at a loss to discover the cause: he complained to his friend of so obstinate a silence, and conjured him, by the ties of their friendship, to discover the cause of his anxiety; but he could obtain no other answer than a sigh, or an *Adieu!* Don Juan, however, alarmed to see his friend buried in so deep a melancholy, was not to be put off by a slight refusal; and, judging from his conduct, that something of the last importance must have happened to cause so unaccountable a change in his temper, endeavoured to dissipate his chagrin by engaging him in every possible diversion; but Don Carlos could find no relish in pleasure, and shunned company more than ever. Don Juan finding his melancholy daily increase, pressed him again to make him the partner of his grief; but his attempt proving vain, he had recourse to stratagem. He had observed that Don Carlos often retired into a shady thicket, not far distant from the city; thither he watched him one day, in order, if possible, to collect from his soliloquy the occasion of his sorrow, and resolved to administer all the assistance in his power. Don Carlos little suspecting that his friend was so near him, after heaving a deep sigh from the bottom of his breast, and giving free course to a torrent of tears, exclaimed—*What a wretch am I!* Love has taken a severe revenge for the contempt with which I treated him. *Adieu!* to my sorrow, I am now sensible of his power. He softens my breast for the most charming object the sun ever beheld; but, at the same time, steals her bosom, and renders her inaccessible: she treats me with the utmost rigour, she disclaims my passion, she regards me only as an importor; and, under these cruel circumstances, my pride and my indifference abandon me. Love alone reigns triumphant in my breast, and compels me to sigh for her who laughs at my misery. *Adieu!* was ever misfortune equal to mine? Shall I not become the ridicule of all my friends who are acquainted with my former sentiments? Let my inhuman mistress treat me ever so cruelly, no one will pity the pangs I endure. I should esteem it some

consolation, in the midst of my moments, if my passion might remain a secret to the rest of mankind; but the cruel fair-one will feel too sensible a pleasure in publishing it to the world. O happy indifference! invaluable liberty! that I vainly imagined I could preserve for ever, why do ye not afford me your assistance? why will ye not return, and banish from my heart a passion so fatal to my quiet? But in vain do I court ye: Love, who has usurped your throne, is too powerful a potentate; and, offended that you have so long been rebellious to his dominion, takes now his ample revenge. How I envy thy happiness, dear Don Juan, whom I have so often rallied! You submitted to the soft sway of Cupid without resistance; and the little god lavishes his favours on you as a friend, while he treats me with all the rigour of an implacable enemy. O, be not offended at my silence; shamed ties up my tongue, and forbids me to disclose a secret I should blush to reveal. Let me suffer, since I deserve it: remain still ignorant of my passion, and let me enjoy the poor satisfaction of thinking you have not discovered my weakness. Don Juan, whose tender heart sympathized in the distress of his friend, now quitted his concealment, ran to embrace him, and testified the joy he experienced in finding his friend's sentiments so congenial with his own. He assured him that he shared in his affliction; and that, if he would repose confidence enough in him to disclose the name of the lady, he would do every thing in his power to bring his sorrows to a happy conclusion. He represented to him, that if he entertained for him the same friendship as formerly, he ought not to hide any secret from one who was as part of himself; nor need he blush to confess, that he had offered up his heart at the shrine of beauty. That as to the sentiments he had formerly professed, he need not fear that they would be of any prejudice to his amour; but that, on the contrary, the longer he had resisted, and the greater indifference he had testified, the more glorious would be the conquest of the fair, who would most ardently feel the highest satisfaction in subduing a heart which so many others had laid siege to in vain; and that, consequently, he could have no reason to despair of conquering, in his turn, the resistance

of the fair. He added to these so many other reasons, that he at length prevailed on Don Carlos to lay open his heart to him. The surprise that the unexpected presence of Don Juan had occasioned; the secret of his passion discovered by his friend, from whom he had so carefully concealed it; the dread of his raillery or reproaches; in short, a thousand different thoughts that crowded on his imagination, rendered him, for some time, incapable of uttering a syllable: but the kind speeches of his friend produced such an effect, that, embracing him with all the tenderness the sincerest friendship can inspire, he exclaimed—

‘ You are too generous, Don Juan; I am unworthy of this testimony of perfect friendship. Any one but yourself would have abandoned me to my sufferings, nor have taken any farther trouble about a wretch who placed so little confidence in his friend. I confess I have not acted with you as I ought to have done with a friend such as I knew you to be; but, alas! how hard a task was it for me to publish my own defeat, after having so long withstood the dominion of love! Believe me, it is no trivial mortification for a heart vainly esteeming itself lord of its liberty, and scorning the bondage of others, to find itself on a sudden enthralled in the same chains, and doomed to experience at once the sad effects of beauty and disdain. But since your generosity is great enough to apologize for him you ought rather to condemn; and, instead of doing yourself justice for my sarcasms against your passion for Angelica, you kindly offer me your assistance; I will now inform you what have been the means of producing so total a change in my heart.

‘ It is now scarcely a week since I was jesting with you on Love, and his power. You remember what bitter reflections I threw out against those who were weak enough to yield to his sway; and that you told me, among other things, to take care, for that I should be ensnared before I was aware of it. You know how I put Love to defiance, and braved the charms of the most perfect beauties: in short, you know what confidence I placed in my own strength. Alas! dear friend, that day was the last of my liberty: Love had resolved, on the mor-

row, to punish me for so blameable an indifference, and load me with chains as beautiful as cruel. I happened that day to be in company with some persons of either sex: the discourse, which at first was general, at length fell upon Love, and his power; on the charms of the fair-sex, and the ascendancy they gain over mankind. Every one spoke his sentiments on the subject. I, who placed all my glory in braving love and beauty, spoke my natural sentiments with the greatest unconcern imaginable; and gave myself no little trouble to defend my opinion. I took a pleasure in contesting with the fair the power they claim over the heart; and boldly avowed, in their presence, that it was to the weakness and pusillanimity of mankind that Love was indebted for his conquests. I leave you, who are so well acquainted with my sentiments, to imagine all that I said on this occasion. Those among the company who were strangers to me, were astonished at the peculiarity of my sentiments; and looked upon me undoubtedly as a most extraordinary personage. The moment was now approaching which was to put a period to sentiments so extravagant and unnatural, and effect a strange revolution in my breast. I was in the very heat of my argument, when a lady, most exquisitely beautiful, and such as I had never beheld before, addressed her discourse to me; and looking at me with a fixed and serious eye, asked me, if I was well persuaded of what I had said? Oh, Don Juan, what did I feel in that moment! what a conflict passed in my breast!

‘ I remained incapable of making any reply, and felt at that instant a something I had never felt before. Her beauty, heightened by a crimson blush that overspread her countenance, (perhaps, because I gazed at her with an emotion too easy to be remarked, and which it was impossible for me to hide;) the argument I had maintained; in short, love, pride, and indifference, raised such a conflict in my soul, that I knew not what I ought to reply. While I continued gazing at her in raptures, her sparkling eyes happened to meet mine, and I remained quite dazzled with their splendour. Methought they reproached me with insensibility, and that I was guilty of an injustice

"injustice in refusing them the homage
 of my heart. They soon conquered
 what little power of resistance remain-
 ed; and I was forced to confess, with
 a sigh, that Love reigned conqueror.
 I threw myself at her feet; and, in a
 trembling voice, with eyes cast down
 upon the earth, I at length replied—
 "No, Madam; and if I have hitherto
 entertained so unjust a thought, im-
 pute it not so much to my inclination,
 as to the fatal error that has misled
 me. My crime was the effect of ig-
 norance. I was never acquainted
 with the power of love; but esteem
 myself infinitely happy in owing
 my conversion to those bright eyes.
 Yes, let Heaven be witness of the
 truth of what I utter! it is you that
 have, in one moment, convinced me
 of my error; and I freely acknow-
 ledge I am not proof against your
 charms. Permit me to offer you an
 heart over which you have triumphed;
 and whose greatest happiness will
 ever consist in endeavouring to merit
 the esteem of so accomplished a lady.
 I am sensible it is unworthy your ac-
 ceptance: the only favour I dare hope
 for is, that you will receive it as the
 humblest of your slaves; too happy,
 should it's wretched condition be ca-
 pable of inspiring you with some pi-
 ty; or that you would enjoin it any
 task, to convince you of the sincerity
 of the flame that consumes it." This
 is, as near as I can recollect, the
 speech which the violence of my pas-
 sion dictated to me. I had hardly
 thrown myself at her feet, when she
 obliged me to arise; and, when I had
 done speaking, said to me, with a
 countenance expressive of her surprise
 —"Surely, Sir, you give into the most
 violent extremities. Since you have
 kept your heart so long, you are wel-
 come to keep it still." Then turning
 from me, she directed her discourse to
 a friend that sat next her, and left me
 in the greatest embarrassment in the
 world. I had not courage enough to
 attempt speaking to her any more; so
 that I took leave of the company, to
 reflect upon my adventure at leisure.
 I at first determined to lay my case
 before you; and intreat your advice in
 the name of our friendship; but when
 I called to mind what had passed be-
 tween us the preceding day upon the
 topick of love, shame denied my words

an utterance; and, fearful of incurring
 your just reproach, I resolved to keep
 my amour secret; till such time, at
 least, as my lovely, but too inhuman
 mistress, should condescend to treat
 me with less rigour. Thus, my dear
 friend, I have informed you of a secret
 which I have so long time kept hidden
 from you; and also the motives that
 engaged me to silence. I have every
 day, since this change has been wrought
 upon me, paid a visit to my mistress,
 to repeat to her the most solemn as-
 surances of my love and fidelity; but
 she only turns my passion into ridicule,
 and enjoins me a cruel silence: so that
 I have abandoned all hopes of succeed-
 ing in my amour, and consequently
 all hopes of future happiness. Her
 cruelty has not been capable of alter-
 ing my affection; and my bliss is so
 immediately dependant on her smile,
 that I feel I must be for ever wretched,
 unless the deity, so justly offended at
 the outrage offered to his divine power,
 should, in pity to my sufferings, deign
 to breathe into her breast a spark of
 love like mine." Don Juan repeated
 to his friend, that he ought not to give
 way to despair, but endeavour to com-
 fort himself in the pleasing hope that he
 might yet conquer the inflexibility of
 his fair-one by the constancy of his
 flame. He added, that it was usual with
 the ladies to treat their lovers with dis-
 dain; but that this conduct did not so
 much proceed from any dislike they had
 to receive the addresses of their admirers,
 as through a prudential motive, to make
 proof of the sincerity of their love. He
 then desired to be informed of the lady's
 name. Don Carlos told him her name
 was Lucinda, and that she was a cousin
 of Angelica's. Don Juan promised him
 to employ all the rhetoric he was master
 of, to bring his amour to a happy issue;
 and said he would make use of his in-
 terest with Angelica, who, he doubted
 not, would willingly join with him in
 the same design; whose solicitations, to-
 gether with the merit and constancy of
 the person in whose favour they would
 be made, he was very well assured could
 not fail meeting with the desired success.
 They parted upon this, having first made
 the most solemn protestations of perse-
 vering in the most perfect amity for each
 other. Don Juan waited immediately
 upon Angelica, to acquit himself of the
 promise he had made to his friends; and

that generous lady, with the greatest pleasure, took upon herself the task of inspiring her cousin with more favourable sentiments for her admirer, Don Carlos: in short, she depicted the virtues of this young gentleman in such lively colours to Lucinda, who was far from entertaining that indifference for him she had so long dissembled, that she obliged her to confess, before she left her, that her esteem for him was reciprocal; and Love, not content with one victory, caused the pride which had hitherto lorded it in her breast, to yield to more tender sentiments; and, to render the happiness of those lovers complete, obviated every obstacle that seemed to oppose their union. Don Juan obtained the consent of Angelica's relations, which had been hitherto refused him; and thus became

elevated to the highest pinnacle of felicity. Don Carlos had also the pleasure to find, that the relations of Lucinda were far from being averse to their union. The nuptials of these happy lovers were both celebrated on the same day. Don Carlos blessed the happy moment in which his beloved Lucinda had convinced him of his error, and rendered him sensible of the most perfect pleasure mortals are capable of tasting; and Don Juan, on his side, could not cease admiring so sudden a change. The ladies, too, reflected with pride on the power of their charms; and beheld themselves with pleasure united to husbands of such distinguished merit, who made all their own happiness consist in promoting the felicity of their dear connections.

THE CREDULOUS CHALDEAN.

AN ORIENTAL ANECDOTE.

BY DR. PERCIVAL.

A Chaldean peasant was conducting a goat to the city of Bagdat. He was mounted on an ass; and the goat followed him, with a bell suspended from his neck. 'I shall sell these animals,' said he to himself, 'for thirty pieces of silver. With this money I can purchase a new turban, and a rich vestment of taffety, which I will tie with a sash of purple silk. The young damself will then smile more favourably upon me, and I shall be the finest man at the mosque.'

While the peasant was thus anticipating in idea his future enjoyments, three mischievous rogues concerted a stratagem to plunder him of his treasures. As he moved slowly along, one of them slipped off the bell from the neck of the goat; and fastening it, without being perceived, to the tail of the ass, carried away his booty. The man riding upon the ass, and hearing the sound of the bell, continued to muse, without the least suspicion of the loss which he had sustained. Happening, however, a short while afterwards, to turn about his head, he discovered, with grief and

astonishment, that the animal was gone which constituted so considerable a part of his riches; and he enquired, with the utmost anxiety, after his goat, of every traveller whom he met.

The second rogue now accosted him, and said—'I have just seen, in yonder field, a man in great haste, dragging along with him a goat.' The peasant dismounted with precipitation, and requested the obliging stranger to hold his ass, that he might lose no time in overtaking the thief. He instantly began the pursuit; and, having traversed in vain the course that was pointed out to him, he came back, fatigued and breathless, to the place from which he set out; where he found neither his ass, nor the deceitful informer to whom care he had entrusted him.

As he walked pensively onwards, overwhelmed with shame, vexation, and disappointment, his attention was roused by the loud complaints and lamentations of a poor man, who sat by the side of a well. He turned out of the way to sympathize with a brother in affliction; recounted his own misfortune, and enquired

asked the cause of that violent sorrow which seemed to oppress him. 'Alas!' said the poor man, in the most piteous tone of voice, 'as I was resting here to drink, I dropped into the water a casket full of diamonds, which I was employed to carry to the Caliph at Bagdad; and I shall be put to death, on the supposition of having secreted so valuable a treasure.' 'Why don't you jump into the well, in search of the casket?' cried the peasant, astonished at the stupidity of his new acquaintance. 'Because it is deep,' replied the man, 'and I can neither dive nor swim. But will you undertake this kind office for me, and I will reward you with thirty pieces of silver?' The peasant accepted

the offer with enthusiasm; and, while he was putting off his coat, vest, and slippers, poured out his soul in thanksgivings to the holy prophet for this providential success. But, the moment he plunged into the water, in search of the pretended casket, the man, who was one of the three rogues that had concerted the plan of robbing him, seized on his garments, and bore them off in security to his comrades.

Thus, through inattention, simplicity, and credulity, was the unfortunate Chaldean duped of all his possessions; and he hastened back to his cottage, with no other covering than a wretched tattered garment, which he borrowed on the road.

SAPPHIRA.

A TALE TOO TRUE.

GAMING is a passion fatal to both sexes, when too far indulged; and, when once it takes possession of the soul, how difficult is it to stop its progress! But the love of gaming in a female breast is frequently attended with consequences peculiarly unhappy. The following narrative, I hope, will apologize for the triviality of these reflections, by confirming the truth of them.

Sapphira, I conceal her real name through tenderness to her relations, was descended from a worthy family in the Isle of Wight. She was a younger daughter; but, on the death of her sister, became an heiress with a large fortune. She was gay, generous, and good-natured; but her gaiety sometimes bordered on giddiness, her generosity was often carried to extravagance, and her good-nature was exerted with more benevolence than judgment. Add to this, that—

She was as fair as painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy, when they love.

With all her beauty, however, and all her amiable qualifications, *agremens*, and accomplishments, the very much diminished their value by her indiscretion. When I say that she was indiscreet, I mean not that her character suffered by her conduct. But Sapphira was

no economist: in relieving the distress of others, she rather considered the condition of *their* circumstances, than the situation of *her* own affairs.

At the age of eighteen, (what a dangerous period in female life!) she was constantly surrounded with admirers, and so highly flattered with adulation, that she thought she could never be neglected, and never distressed. There are many girls who think in the same manner; many girls are, therefore, disappointed. Among those who appeared in the circle of Sapphira's admirers, Lorenzo was distinguished with striking marks of her approbation.

Lorenzo had parts with which he might have made a conspicuous figure in the polite world, and with which he might have proved an honour to human nature; but he rendered himself, for want of proper exertion, the most contemptible being in the universe. He was of an amorous complexion; and of a compassionate disposition; he was friendly, and benevolent; but his love, his pity, his friendship, and his liberality, were all wantonly indulged, all carried to excess. Whatever passion attacked him, took full possession of him; for he made no resistance, nor once reflected on consequences. He was naturally inclined to act right, but was always acting wrong.

Sapphira

Sapphira had, I am willing to believe, when the first encouraged the addresses of Lorenzo, no other view than that of spending the present time agreeably in his company. But she encouraged those addresses too much for her own peace; for while *her* thoughts were employed about felicity, dissipation only engrossed *his* attention. By the imprudence of his conduct, his debts amounted to such a considerable sum, that his creditors arrested him. He at first endeavoured to conceal his situation from his mistress; but she, in a little time, having discovered the prison into which he had been thrown, instantly formed the rash resolution of silencing all his creditors, by satisfying their demands. This indiscreet exertion of her generosity so far exhausted her fortune, that she found herself in very narrow circumstances; and had the additional mortification to feel, that the disesteem of her acquaintance, which all her attractions were unable to preserve, increased in proportion to the diminution of her fortune.

Sapphira, in her reduced situation, through the beauty of her person, and the simplicity of her manners, was pressing invited to live with the well-known Lady Harmall, quite upon an agreeable footing. Sapphira thought herself honoured by the proposal, and embraced it; but very soon, by the artifices of her ladyship, who was strongly addicted to gaming, and not a little inclined to amorous connections, being drawn in to play, and stripped in a short time of her remaining fortune, she found herself altogether dependant on her ladyship's liberality; to which, however, she also found she should not be entitled without adding guilt to folly. But between poverty and prostitution there was, in *her* circumstances, no alternative. To avoid the former, therefore, she submitted to the latter.

To the payment of a debt of honour contracted by her ladyship, Sapphira's character was sacrificed to Colonel Danger, who would not be satisfied without the possession of those charms which he had, in the days of Sapphira's prosperity, unsuccessfully attacked. Lady Harmall, by the most infernal affiduities and contrivances, made her a victim to his desires. What could she do, without friends, and without money? 'She might have worked,' it will perhaps be said, 'for an honest subsistence.' She might have done so, had she been pru-

dently brought up: but her parents, not foreseeing that she would ever, through her own indiscretion, reduce herself to a state of indigence, had given her an education suitable to her fortune.

Luckily, in the midst of her distresses, the colonel was so charmed with her accomplishments, as well as her personal beauties, that he removed her from the protection of her ladyship, and lodged her very genteelly in St. James's Street. He did not, however, enjoy her company there long, for he was hurried away to America; but he left her a bank-note when he took leave of her, and parted with the strongest assurances of perpetual affection.

After the colonel's departure, Lady Harmall often called at Sapphira's lodgings; but she never would see a woman who had, under the mask of friendship and hospitality, acted the infamous parts of a sharper and a bawd. She was always denied; and, by this conduct, discovered her contrition for her past follies. Indeed, she truly repented of them; and would never, perhaps, have increased their number, had not Lorenzo, in whose favour her tender heart first felt the soft emotions of love, come accidentally in her way, after having been many years abroad to retrieve his embarrassed affairs.

Lorenzo thought the meeting fortunate, and Sapphira could not conceal her joy at it; but her transport was of short duration. They were sitting one evening, after supper, talking over past scenes, and enjoying the present moment, when a violent knock at the door alarmed Lorenzo; but it alarmed Sapphira more. She knew it was the colonel's. She knew his fiery temper, and she dreaded the consequences. She had reason to dread them. She would have secreted Lorenzo in a closet; but he had too much spirit to desert the post of love, and therefore kept his ground till the enemy arrived.

The interview may be easily imagined. The colonel, without asking a question, after having fixed his eyes full upon Sapphira, in a manner she perfectly understood, drew Lorenzo's sword, at the same instant, flew from its scabbard. She threw herself between them, in order to prevent their hostile intentions, but perished in the attempt. She received a wound from each, and dropped. The wounds were mortal, and she died!

THE

THE LIBERAL ARTIFICE.

A TALE FOR FATHERS.

MR. Richmore, the elder, had been an eminent Spanish merchant: he was a man of considerable fortune, good sense, and great benevolence. He had retreated from business in the prime of his life, in order to spend the remainder of it in a philosophical retirement, and in cultivating the talents of an only son, whom he loved with uncommon tenderness. The mother of Frederick, this favourite boy, died before he reached his tenth year; and in her last moments recommended him to the protection of his father in so affecting a manner, that the old gentleman could not refrain from bursting into tears whenever he afterwards reflected on the circumstance. After a proper preparatory education, Frederick was placed as a student in the Temple; not that he had any particular attachment to the profession of the law, but because his father had great expectations of advancing him considerably in that department, from his interest with many of the first characters among the gentlemen of the long robe.

Frederick, who at college had shewn great quickness of parts, and a singular attention to his studies, on being thrown into the dissipated company of the metropolis, after a short time made the pursuit of his pleasures his primary object: he frequented masquerades, balls, and other publick places; and, unhappily getting acquainted with a certain Irish Count, was introduced to the gaming-table; where, not being able to obtain money sufficient to repair his losses, out of the genteel income Mr. Richmore allowed him, he was reduced to apply for cash to several of his acquaintance. The unfortunate situation he had brought himself into could not be kept long a secret from his father, who remonstrated with him in very severe terms on the impropriety of his conduct. Frederick promised amendment; and his affectionate parent paid his debts, and forgot his extravagancies. But, as a young man who has once contracted bad habits cannot divest himself of them without the utmost difficulty, so Frederick quickly relapsed

into the same vices which had given his father so much uneasiness. The old gentleman communicated the cause of his sorrow, when he heard of his son's second defection, to his friend Mr. Cellbridge, who had stood sponsor to the dissipated youth. This gentleman had been bred to the bar, and had made a figure in the senate, as well as in Westminster Hall: he possessed a sound judgment, assisted by great experience and observation of the world; he had a great esteem for Mr. Richmore, and earnestly wished to reclaim his son.

Frederick, about this period, had accidentally got acquainted with an amiable young woman, Miss Fanny Finch; who, though possessed of no great fortune, had an uncommon share of merit, good-nature, and virtue. Her mother was the widow of a field-officer, and had nothing but her pension to subsist on, except the interest of two thousand pounds, which her late husband had left equally between her and his daughter. The embarrassments Frederick had involved himself in, he took great pains to keep from the knowledge of Mrs. Finch. That lady, however, soon learned the true state of his affairs; and, as he had made pretensions of a very serious nature to her daughter, prudently insisted on her breaking off all acquaintance with him: in the first place, because she could not vindicate herself in allowing Fanny to receive his addresses without the knowledge of his father; and, secondly, as she had good reason to believe he was little better than a profligate.

Affairs were in this situation when Frederick was arrested for the sum of five hundred pounds, in consequence of a bond he had given in favour of one of his rakish acquaintance, who had been obliged to leave the kingdom a short time before. He was immediately carried to a spunging-house, till he could settle the matter. From this place he dispatched Brush, a lad who had lived with him from the time he left school, to such of his acquaintance as he thought were most likely to serve him in this dilemma;

lemma; but every one to whom he applied excused himself from granting the service he requested; and convinced him how little the professions of the common run of mankind are to be depended on in the hour of distress. What, indeed, can be expected from the friendships of the present times, which, like those described by Mr. Addison—

‘—Are oft
Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure!’

Poor Bruth returned to his master with tears in his eyes, and reported the little success he had met with in his visits. Frederick did not bear this disappointment with much temper; and his chagrin was increased at finding two of his associates, of whom he had borrowed some trifling sums, had laid detainers against him for the money.

He spent two days in confinement before his father heard of his misfortune, which he at length understood from the affection bore him by his servant; who, perceiving his master's mind in a very distracted state, was alarmed for the consequences, and determined candidly to confess the whole to the old gentleman.

Mr. Cellbridge was present when Bruth brought the intelligence; and, as well as Mr. Richmore, was exceedingly troubled at what had happened. The latter was preparing to fly to the bailiffs immediately, when Mr. Cellbridge interceded him to listen to a few words in private; and, shutting the door of the library—‘I have a scheme to propose, my good friend,’ says he, ‘which I flatter myself will produce a change for the better in your unthinking boy. You have already paid a great deal of money for him; your property is chiefly in the stocks; and he is by no means certain how much it amounts to: let him suppose you are not able to assist him, but that his extravagances have greatly impaired your fortune. This behaviour, perhaps, may work a reformation. We have heard from his servant how sorry and ashamed he is for what is past; and, notwithstanding his connections with bad company, I think he has still some remains of honour and duty, and may, with proper treatment, make a good man.’

Mr. Richmore readily agreed to his friend's proposal; and Bruth immedi-

ately attended Mr. Cellbridge to the spunging-house; where that gentleman, after tenderly animadverting on Frederick's conduct, assured him of his father's incapacity to discharge the demands upon him. The young gentleman appeared thunderstruck at this information; and was but little comforted, on Mr. Cellbridge's saying he would satisfy the creditors out of his own pocket, in consequence of the great regard he had for the family. The accounts were immediately settled, and the prisoner discharged. He expressed a desire to throw himself at his father's feet, and implore his forgiveness; which Mr. Cellbridge requested he would postpone for some time, till the violence of his unhappy parent's grief and displeasure was abated. He then insisted on Frederick's receiving a twenty pound note for his present exigencies; and, after some very salutary advice, left him at his chambers. The youth no sooner entered his apartments, than he threw himself on a sofa in an agony of grief, not only for the follies he had committed, but from the assurance he had received of his father's narrow circumstances.

Poor Bruth was greatly distressed at perceiving his master so deeply affected; and, in order to soothe him, mentioned his having met Mrs. Finch's maid that morning, who enquired particularly after him, and said her young mistress much lamented that the peculiarity of her mother's disposition had obliged her to refuse his visits. This agreeable piece of information procured an interval of ease to the mind of Frederick; and he soon after dispatched an affectionate epistle to Miss Fanny, and another to Mrs. Finch, requesting, as he was determined to reform his conduct, that his visits might be permitted as usual.

By some means, the report of Mr. Richmore's bad circumstances had reached the ears of several tradesmen to whom Frederick was considerably indebted, and who pressed him very hard for the money. His inability to discharge these demands threw him into a series of reflections, which made him act like one who had lost his reason. Bruth endeavoured to comfort him, but in vain. ‘Surely,’ exclaimed the unfortunate youth, ‘there is not so miserable a wretch upon earth as myself! I love my father, and I am the cause of his ruin; and for what? For blindly giving

ing into the extravagances of a herd of fools, whom I despise; and hunting after pleasures that, in the possession, baffled my expectations, and left me a prey to remorse and disappointment, with the loss of fortune, character, and liberty!

His faithful servant began to apprehend Frederick's distresses would affect his reason; and hastened to Mr. Cellbridge, to whom he mentioned his suspicions. As that gentleman had a high opinion of the integrity and acuteness of this affectionate valet, he thought it necessary to let him into the plan he had laid in order to reclaim the young gentleman, especially as he could be a very useful instrument on this occasion. The poor lad was thrown into a paroxysm of joy on being let into the secret; and solemnly promised to do every thing in his power to accelerate the success of the plot, which Mr. Richmore and his friend had determined to bring to a period with the utmost expedition, as Frederick shewed the strongest symptoms of being a sincere penitent.

During the absence of Brush, Frederick had sent for a salesman, and sold not only his sword, watch, &c. but the greatest part of his wearing apparel; which, to the astonishment of the faithful valet, the purchaser and his men were packing up at his return to the Temple. 'Good Heaven! Sir,' said Brush, 'what is the meaning of this?'—'I am disposing of my cloaths,' replied his master, wildly, 'to satisfy, in some degree, the harpies that torment me, lest my poor father should be called on to pay them.' Brush took an opportunity to follow the salesman, who had bought the things for about a fourth part of their value, and acquainted him that his master was *non compos*, and therefore his bargain was void. Mr. Cellbridge came up in the mean time, and prevailed on the man, for a proper gratuity, to send the cloaths to his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields. He had got a list, from Brush, of Frederick's debts; had privately sent for his creditors, and discharged them all: but, instead of putting the young gentleman out of his pain, by acquainting him with this circumstance, as his fond father would have done, he determined to make him believe he was more closely beset than ever; and accordingly hired half a do-

zen ill-looking fellows to pass constantly before his windows.

Soon, after Frederick's cloaths had been carried off, he received a polite card from Mrs. Finch, requesting him to accompany her daughter and herself to Ranelagh that evening; a circumstance which he could not possibly comply with from the disposal of his wardrobe. This added so much to his distress, that he grew outrageous; and Brush having placed his father and Mr. Cellbridge in the next room, according to the instructions he had received, as Frederick had given 'undoubted proofs of the sincerity of his repentance, began to administer some relief. 'Sir,' said he, 'do not despair, Mr. Gamble, who you know ran away, and left you to pay the five hundred pounds for him,' has returned to London loaded with cash. I met him, Sir, just now, and told him how much you had suffered upon his account, on which he gave me these papers.' Here the arch lad produced six bank notes of a hundred pounds each, which had been given him by Mr. Richmore. 'Out of the latter,' says he, 'Mr. Gamble desires you will take the expences of the arrest.' It was some time before Frederick could believe he was awake. He turned the notes over and over, and at length cried—'Thank God, I now have it in my power to shew my duty to my dear father. Here, Brush, seal up these five notes directly; fly to my father's house, and give them into his own hands. They require no answer, and are the least restitution I can at present make him for the immense trouble and expence I have cost him. This supply, small as it is, may perhaps minister to his present wants.'

At this instant a loud knocking was heard at the door; which, when Brush opened, two porters entered with the apparel, &c. which Frederick imagined were disposed of to the salesman. 'What means this?' says he. 'Why, Sir,' replied Brush, 'a worthy gentleman, finding Mr. Staytape had got an excellent bargain, repurchased the property of him, and desires you will make use of it for the present. The same good man, too, Sir,' continued the lad, 'has paid all your debts, and here are receipts in full from every one of your creditors.'—'You impose

'upon me, Brush,' cried he: 'What good man do you talk of?'—'Your father, Sir! your father!' exclaimed Brush; 'and here he is,' opening the door of the room the two old gentlemen were concealed in. Mr. Richmore ran to his son, and embraced him with tears of joy; who, unable to bear such a conflict of tumultuous passions, sunk insensibly on the floor.

When he recovered, the whole plan was revealed to him; and the excess of his father's goodness overwhelmed him in such a manner, that he could hardly express his gratitude. 'You may pardon me, Sir,' says he; 'but I never can forgive myself.'—'Say no more,' my dear son,' replied Mr. Richmore; 'let what has passed be for ever buried in oblivion, and let us only think of the future happiness we shall enjoy.' There is a beautiful young lady, nearly related to our good friend Mr. Cellbridge, who, having seen you at some of the publick places, has no objection to receive your addresses.'—'Pardon me, Sir,' returned Frederick; 'my heart is already engaged, and I hope you will not insist on what it is

out of my power to comply with.'—'See the lady first,' said Mr. Cellbridge; and, if you have the smallest objection to her, I promise, on my honour, never to mention the matter again.'

Frederick was obliged to acquiesce; and they all proceeded to Lincoln's Inn Fields, where Mr. Cellbridge introduced the young gentleman to Mrs. Finch and her daughter. 'Here, my dear friend,' says he, 'ends our comedy. I have for some time been acquainted with the affection you and my kinswoman have for each other; your father agrees to your union, and I will give her a fortune equal to your own.' The situation of Frederick, at this unexpected circumstance, is easier imagined than described. Suffice it to say, that he arrived at the summit of his happiness the next day, by being married to his adorable Fanny. Honest Brush was amply rewarded for his fidelity, and still lives in the family of Frederick; who, by his unexceptionable conduct, gives continual proofs how worthy he was of his father's tenderness and liberality.

THE TOWN TRAVELLER.

BY HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

ODI PROFANUM VULGUS. HOR.

I HATE PROFANE RASCALS.

IN this very learned and enlightened age, in which authors are almost as numerous as bookfellers, I doubt not but your correspondents furnish you with a sufficient quantity of waste paper. I perhaps may add to the heap; for as men do not always know the motives of their own actions, I may possibly be induced, by the same sort of vanity as other puny authors have been, to desire to be in print. But I am very well satisfied with you for my judge; and, if you should not think proper to take any notice of the hint I have here sent you, shall conclude that I am an impertinent correspondent, but that you are a judicious and impartial critick. In my own defence, however, I must say, that I am never better pleased than when I see extraordinary abilities employed in the sup-

port of His honour and religion who has so bountifully bestowed them. It is for this reason that I wish you would take some notice of the character, or rather story, here sent you.

In my travels westward last summer, I lay at an inn in Somersetshire, remarkable for its pleasant situation, and the obliging behaviour of the landlord; who, though a downright rustick, had an aukward sort of politeness, arising from his good-nature, that was very pleasing; and, if I may be allowed the expression, was a sort of good-breeding undressed. As I intended to make a pretty long journey the next day, I rose time enough to behold that glorious luminary the sun set out on his course, which, by the bye, is one of the finest sights the eye can behold; and as it is a thing

THE TOWN IN

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. Jan'y 1. 1788.



thing seldom seen by people of fashion, unless it be at the theatre at Covent Garden, I could not help laying some stress upon it here. The kitchen in this inn was a very pleasant room; I therefore called for some tea, and sat me in the window, that I might enjoy the prospect which the country afforded; and a more beautiful one is not in the power of imagination to frame. This house was situated on the top of a hill; and, for two miles below it, meadows, enlivened with a variety of cattle, and adorned with a greater variety of flowers, first caught my sight. At the bottom of this vale ran a river, which seemed to promise coolness and refreshment to the thirsty cattle. The eye was next presented with fields of corn that made a kind of an ascent, which was terminated by a wood, at the top of which appeared a verdant hill, situate as it were in the clouds, where the sun was just arrived, and peeping over the summit, which was at that time covered with dew, gilded it over with his rays, and terminated my view in the most agreeable manner in the world. In a word, the elegant simplicity of every object round me, filled my heart with such gratitude, and furnished my mind with such pleasing meditations, as made me thank Heaven I was born. But this state of joyous tranquillity was not of long duration: I had scarce begun my breakfast, when my ears were saluted with a genteel whistle, and the noise of a pair of slippers descending the stair-case; and, soon after, I beheld a contrast to my former prospect, being a very beautiful gentleman, with a huge laced hat on, as big as Pistol's in the play; a wig somewhat dishevelled; and a face, which at once gave you a perfect idea of emptiness, assurance, and intemperance: his eyes, which before were scarce open, he fixed on me with a stare which testified surprise; and his coat was immediately thrown open, to display a very handsome second-hand gold-laced waistcoat. In one hand he had a pair of saddle-bags, and in the other a hanger of mighty size; both of which, with a graceful G—d— you, he placed on a chair: then advancing towards the landlord, who was standing by me, he said—'By G—, landlord, your wine is damnably strong!'—'I don't know,' replied the landlord; 'it is generally reckoned pretty good, for I have it all

from London.'—'Pray, who is your wine-merchant?' says the man of importance. 'A very great man,' replied the landlord, 'in his way: perhaps you may know him, Sir; his name is Kirby.'—'Ah! what honest Tom! he and I have cracked many a bottle of claret together; he is one of the most considerable merchants in the city: the dog is hellish poor, damnable poor; for I don't suppose he is worth a farthing more than a hundred thousand pounds; only a plumb, that's all! He is to be our lord-mayor next year.'—'I ask pardon, Sir, that is not the man; for our Mr. Kirby's name is not Thomas, but Richard.'—'Aye!' says the gentleman, 'that's his brother; they are partners together.'—'I believe,' says the landlord, 'you are out, Sir; for that gentleman has no brother.'—'D— your nonsense, with you and your outs!' says the beau; 'as if I should not know better than you country puts—I who have lived in London all my life-time!'—'I ask a thousand pardons,' says the landlord; 'I hope no offence, Sir?'—'No, no,' cries the other; 'we gentlemen know how to make allowance for your country-breeding.' Then stepping to the kitchen-door, with an audible voice he called the ostler; and, in a very graceful accent, said—'D—n your blood, you cock-eyed son of a bitch, bring me my boots! Did not you hear me call?' Then turning to the landlord, said—'Faith, that Mr. What-de-cillum, the exciseman, is a d—d jolly fellow!'—'Yes, Sir,' says the landlord, 'he is a merryish sort of a man.'—'But,' says the gentleman, 'as for that schoolmaster, he is the queerest bitch I ever saw; he looks as if he could not say boh to a goose.'—'I don't know, Sir,' says the landlord; 'he is reckoned to be a desperate good scollard about us, and the gentry likes him vastly; for he understands the measurement of land and timber; knows how to make dials, and such things; and, for cyphering, few can out-do'en.'—'Aye!' says the gentleman, 'he does look like a cypher, indeed; for he did not speak three words all last night.' The ostler now produced the boots; which the gentleman taking in his hand, and having placed himself in a chair, addressed in the

following speech: 'My good friends, 'Mr. Boots, I tell you plainly, that if you plague me so damnably as you did yesterday morning, by G— I'll commit you to the flames! Stab my vitals!' as my Lord Huntingdon says in the play.' He then looked full in my face, and asked the landlord if he had ever been at Drury Lane playhouse; which he answered in the negative. 'What!' says he, 'did you never hear talk of Mr. Garrick and King Richard?'—'No,' 'Sir,' says the landlord. 'By G—,' says the gentleman; 'he is the cleverest fellow in England!' He then spouted a speech out of King Richard, which begins—'Give me an horse, &c.'—'There,' says he, 'that is just like Mr. Garrick.' Having pleased himself vastly with this performance, he shook the landlord by the hand with great good-humour; and said—'By G—, you seem to be an honest fellow; and good blood; if you'll come and see me in London, I'll give you your skin-full of wine, and treat you with a play and a wench every night you stay. I'll show you how it is to live, my boy! But here, bring me some paper, my girl; come, let's have one of your love-letters to air my boots.' Upon which, the landlord presented him with a piece of an old newspaper. 'D— you,' says the gentleman, 'this is not half enough; have you never a Bible or Common Prayer-book in the house? Half a dozen chapters of Genesis, with a few prayers, make an excellent fire in a pair of boots!'—'Oh! Lord forgive you!' says the landlord; 'sure you would not burn such books as those?'—'No!' cries the spark, 'where was you born? Go into a shop in London, and buy some butter, or a quarter of tea, and then you'll see what use is made of these books.'—'Aye,' says the landlord, 'we have a saying here in our country, that "'Tis as sure as the devil is in London," and, if he was not there, they could not be so wicked as they be.'

Here a country fellow, who had been standing up in one corner of the kitchen eating of cold bacon and beans, and who, I observed, trembled at every oath this spark swore, took his dish and pot, and marched out of the kitchen, fearing, as I afterwards learnt, that the house would fall down about his ears; for he

was sure, he said, that man in the gold-laced hat was the devil. The young spark, having now displayed all his wit and humour, and exerted his talents to the utmost, thought he had sufficiently recommended himself to my favour, and convinced me he was a gentleman; he therefore, with an air, addressed himself to me, and asked the which way I was travelling; to which I gave him no answer. He then exalted his voice; but, on my continuing silent, he asked the landlord if I was deaf: upon which, the landlord told him he did not believe the gentleman was dumb, for that he talked very well just now. The man of wit whispered in the landlord's ear, and said—'I suppose he is either a parson or a fool.' He then drank a dram, observing, that a man should not cool too fast; paid sixpence more than his reckoning, called for his horse, gave the ostler a shilling, and galloped out of the inn, thoroughly satisfied that we all agreed with him in thinking him a clever fellow, and a man of great importance. The landlord, smiling, took up his money, and said he was a comical gentleman; but that it was a thousand pities he swore so much: if it was not for that, he was a very good customer, and as generous as a prince; for that, the night before, he had treated every body in the house. I then asked him if he knew that comical gentleman, as he called him. 'No, really, Sir,' said the landlord; 'though a gentleman was laying last night, that he was a sort of a rider, or rideout, to a linen-draper at London.' This I have since found to be true; for having occasion to buy some cloth, I went last week into a linen-draper's shop, in which I found a young fellow, whose decent behaviour, and plain dress, shewed he was a tradesman. Upon looking full in his face, I thought I had seen it before; nor was it long before I recollected where it was, and that this was the same beau I had met with in Somersetshire. The difference, in the same person, in London where he was known, and in the country where he was a stranger, was beyond expression; and, were it not impertinent to make observations to you, I could enlarge upon this sort of behaviour; for I am firmly of opinion, that there is neither spirit nor good sense in oaths, nor any wit or humour in blasphemy.

THE BEGGAR AND HIS DOG.

A SENTIMENTAL SKETCH.

AFTER THE MANNER OF STERNE.

TAKEN FROM THE FRENCH.

BY FRANCIS ASHMORE, ESQ.

‘MY good friend,’ said I, ‘I have nothing to give you.’ This was addressed to a poor old man in rags, who had approached the coach-door, with his red night-cap in his hand. His lips were silent; but his eyes and his attitude asked for charity. He had a dog with him; and the dumb wretch, as well as his master, kept his eyes fixed on me, and seemed to join in soliciting some relief.

‘I have nothing!’ said I, a second time.

It was a lye, and betrayed want of feeling. I blushed at having told it.

‘But,’ I consoled myself, ‘these mendicants are so troublesome!’ This one, however, was not so. ‘God preserve you!’ said he, humbly, and retired.

‘Holloa! ho! holloa! horses in a moment!’ A berlin had just driven up. The positions were all in motion. The beggar and his dog advanced; obtained no relief; and again retired without a murmur.

A man who has just acted improperly, would be sorry to see another person, in the same situation, behave better than himself. Had the travellers in the berlin bestowed any thing on the beggar, I believe it would have given me some pain. ‘After all,’ thought I, ‘these people are much richer than me; and since—Good God!’ exclaimed I, ‘is their inhumanity an excuse for mine?’ This idea set me at variance with myself. I looked after the poor man, as if I wished to call him back. He was resting himself on a stone seat; and his dog sat before him, with his head on his master’s knees, who continued to stroke his faithful companion without paying me the smallest attention.

On the same seat was a soldier, whose dusty shoes proclaimed him a traveller. He had laid his knapsack on the seat, between himself and the beggar; and,

on his knapsack, his hat and sword. He was wiping his forehead with his hand, and seemed to be taking breath, that he might proceed on his journey. His dog—for he, too, had a dog—was sitting beside him, and regarded all who passed by with a haughtiness which finely contrasted the humility of the beggar’s. He seemed conscious that he was a soldier’s dog.

This second animal made me more attentive to the first; which was an ugly little black cur, extremely bare of hair. I was astonished that the old man, reduced to such distress, should share with so ill-favoured a companion his scanty and uncertain subsistence. But the mutual kindness of their looks soon put an end to my wonder. ‘O thou! the most amiable, the fondest and most faithful of all animals!’ said I to myself; ‘thou art a companion, a friend; and a brother, to man! Thou alone continuest to love him not tho’ laid for his misfortunes; thou alone forsakest him not in his distress; and it is from thee only that the poor do not meet with disdain! Who, then, abandoned, like this beggar, by his fellow-creatures, would not wish for such a friend!’

At this instant, a window of the berlin was let down, and some remains of cold meat, on which the travellers had breakfasted, fell from the carriage. The two dogs sprung forward: the berlin drove away; and one of them was crushed beneath the wheel—It was the beggar’s dog.

The animal gave a cry—it was his last. The poor old man hastened to his assistance, overwhelmed with the deepest distress. He did not weep; alas! he could not. ‘Honest man!’ cried I. He looked sorrowfully round. I threw him a crown-piece. He suffered the crown to roll by him, as if unworthy of his attention. He only thanked me by

an affectionate inclination of his head, as he took his dog in his arms.

'My friend,' said the soldier, holding out his hand, with the money which he had picked up; 'the worthy gentleman gives you this. He is very happy; he is rich; but every body is not so! I have only a dog: you have lost yours; mine is at your service.' Saying this, he tied round his dog's neck a small cord, which he put into the old man's hand, and walked away.

'Kind and generous soldier, may

'Heaven reward thee!' cried the good and grateful beggar, on his knees, and extending his hands towards his benefactor. The soldier still went on, leaving the poor old man in a transport of gratitude.

But his blessings and mine—will follow him wherever he goes. 'Good, and gallant fellow,' said I, 'what am I, compared with thee? I have only given this unfortunate man money, but thou hast restored to him a friend!'

THE SLAVE OF SENSUALITY; OR, FATAL EFFECTS OF INDULGING THE PASSIONS. A MORAL STORY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME GENLIS.

I Wore not always the black round wig in which you see me, nor was I always subject to that absence of mind with which at present I am reproached. In my infancy I was very pretty, at least according to my mother, who pretended I was too pretty for a boy; I own, nobody else ever reproached me with this fault. Be that as it will, I was an only child; and my mother, who had reflected but little on education, humoured and spoiled me, inasmuch that at nine years old I was one of the most forward, mischievous, little boys, you have ever seen. I was idle, headstrong, turbulent, and teasing; I asked a thousand questions, and never listened to an answer; I would neither learn any thing, nor do any thing, except keep tattooing my drum, and whistling my fife. No tutor would stay with me half a year; and as I had already driven away three Abbés; my mother at last consented to send me to college.

I was then in my eleventh year, and wept much at leaving my home and my parents; for, notwithstanding my follies and tricks, I had a good heart. When I came to school, however, I was not very sorry to see myself in a fine house, and surrounded by boys who all seemed full of mirth and play; for, as it hap-

pened, I arrived just at the time when school-hours were over. I began to run and jump; and told those who brought me, I was sure I should like school exceedingly well.

I immediately conceived a friendship for a young scholar, named Sinclair, about two years older than myself, who won my heart by his open and lively temper; though I must tell you he was as rational and well informed, for his age, as I was ignorant and unthinking. The next morning I found a strange alteration in the house. I was to take my seat, and undergo an examination, to know which class I belonged to, when it was discovered I could hardly spell: immediately a general hue and cry was excited through the school; and a little boy, not ten years old, who was next me, laughed so heartily, and appeared to me so impertinent, that I could not forbear giving him a hearty box on the ear, which knocked him off his seat.

In vain did I struggle and scold; I was seized, and taken ignominiously from my place, and dragged out of school. As I passed by Sinclair, he cast a look so expressive of tenderness and pity upon me, that, in spite of my passion, I found myself affected.

They took me into a dark chamber, shut

that me up, and declared I should stay there eight days, with nothing but soup, bread and water, to live upon; after which they left me to reflect at leisure on the crime of knocking my school-fellows down.

By groping round the room, I discovered it was matted all over, and tolerably large. I then began to walk about without much apprehension of hurting myself, and to turn in my mind all the circumstances of my misfortune; I felt myself deeply degraded, and heartily repented I had not profited better by the lessons of the three Abbés I had driven from me. 'Oh, my mother!' cried I, 'were you but here, you would not suffer me to be treated with all this rigour; and yet, had you—but permitted my first master, or my second, or even my third, to inflict some gentle punishment upon me, as they desired, I should have known how to read; then, perhaps, I should not have been so apt to strike, nor have now been in a dark chamber.'

In the midst of these sorrowful reflections I remembered the look of Sinclair; I thought I saw him still, and the supposition touched me; and yet, what most vexed me was, that he had been a witness of my humiliation, my passion, and my punishment: I thought he would despise me, and that idea was insupportable.

While I was thus mournfully musing, I heard my door open suddenly, and saw Sinclair appear with a lanthorn in his hand. I threw myself upon his neck, and wept with joy at the sight. 'Come,' said he, 'follow me; your pardon is granted.'

'My pardon! I am indebted to you for it! I am sure I am! It gives me pleasure to think it was granted to your intercession.'

'They only require you to make an apology to him you have offended.'

'Make an apology! What, to that little scoffer! No!'

'He was wrong to scoff at you, I own; he was guilty of ill-manners; but you were deficient both in reason and humanity.'

'O, I have done him no great injury. Because you had not the power; and yet his arm is black with the fall.'

'His arm black! What! and has he shewed it then?'

'The master insisted upon seeing it.'

'He should not have consented! He ought not to have complained! He has proved himself of a mean, cowardly temper; and I will never ask pardon of a coward!'

'His character is not now the question; you have committed a fault of a serious nature, and you ought to make what reparation you can.'

'I would rather remain where I am than disgrace myself.'

'Pray tell me, what do you understand by disgracing yourself?'

This question disconcerted me; I knew not what to answer, and Sinclair went on—

'To disgrace yourself, is to draw down some merited censure or punishment: to act against your conscience; that is, contrary to truth and justice. In asking pardon of one you have wronged, you will do an equitable act, and equity is not disgrace.'

'But they may suppose I ask pardon only for fear of remaining in confinement.'

'And if they should, that will not disgrace you; since censure, as I have said, must be merited before it can be disgraceful. I propose a reparation strictly conformable to justice and good-breeding; and I should be sorry for him who should foolishly suppose such an act deserving of censure; the ridicule he would cast upon you would fall upon himself, in the eyes of all rational people; and it is the opinion of only of such that is worthy notice.'

'Well, well, lead me where you please, I will do whatever you desire.'

Sinclair then embraced me; led me from the dark chamber; and, after a proper apology, I was pardoned; but it was not long before I incurred fresh penance; idle, unthinking, noisy, and apt to wrangle, I soon drew down the aversion of all the masters, and many of my school-fellows; and had it not been for the protection and firm friendship of Sinclair, who was the most distinguished and best beloved of all the scholars, I should certainly have been sent home in disgrace before the end of the year.

Two years passed away, much in the same manner: at the end of which time Sinclair left college, and went into the army. Soon after I had the misfortune to lose my mother, and this completed my affliction; I wept, and remembered I had been a continual subject of vexation

"where. 'Alas!' said I, 'did the blest me with her parting breath? Could she pray for an ungrateful child, who might have been her comfort, but who was her tormentor? What dreadful remorse must I endure! To her I owe my life; she bred, she cherished, she loved me! and what have I done for her! Oh, my dear mother! is it then denied me to repair my wrongs? My mother! I have no mother! She is snatched from me! The sweet consolation of making her happy is for ever lost!'

My grief became fixed, it preyed upon my mind, and I fell into a kind of consumption, which put my life in danger. Donval, my uncle and guardian, took me from college, and went with me to his country-house in Fauche-Comté; he travelled with me all through that fine province, in order to divert my melancholy. After remaining here three years, being then seventeen, I went into the army.

I had continued my studies under the eye of my uncle; but, not having a habit of industry, I made little progress; and to learn seemed to me the most tiresome thing in the world: my temper and understanding were equally uncultivated; and what were called pranks and pettishness in childhood became the torments of my life. I was hasty and passionate, even to violence; and in these ridiculous fits of anger I was absolutely half insane; I stuttered, said a thousand extravagant and highly improper things, and was in fact capable of being hurried away into the most shameful excesses.

My uncle was the only person who could manage me; for I really both loved and respected him, and seldom forgot myself in his presence. His too great indulgence, however, suffered me to contract destructive habits, which had he used his authority to correct, would never have become so rooted and so fatal. But when any one complained of me, he would answer—'These youthful errors will wear away, for I am certain he has an excellent heart.'

I departed for my garrison with a sort of governor, to whom my uncle confided me, and who was to have remained with me a year; but in six weeks time I quarrelled irreconcilably with my Mentor; I turned away the servant my uncle had sent with me, hired a valet with-

out a character, and thought myself the happiest of mortals.

Rossignol, my valet, was young, genteel, and insinuating; he became my favourite, regulated my expences; and in less than two months brought me in bills for four thousand francs, (one hundred and sixty-six pounds) that is to say, for the full sum of my half-year's allowance. I saw then plain enough that Rossignol was a rascal! But the bills must be paid; I borrowed, became a debtor of course, and turned Rossignol away, who, at parting, robbed me of all the rings and jewels I possessed.

Some days after this adventure, I quarrelled with one of my comrades, fought, and received two wounds that made me keep my bed two months. During my confinement, I reflected often upon my thoughtless and impetuous behaviour; and began to find, that, in order to be happy, it is necessary to hear reason, repress first emotions, vanquish defects, and obtain a command over the passions.

I had lived a year in garrison, when war was declared; and I departed for Germany, where I made several campaigns, and discovered much zeal and little capacity. I was very anxious to fight battles; but not to learn the art of winning battles; for which reason my military career was not very brilliant, as will be seen:

My uncle, mean while, was active in seeking to establish me well in life: I was one-and-twenty; and, desirous of seeing me married, he chose a young lady, who, had I not been as headstrong as unjust, would have made me the happiest of men.

Julia, for that was her name, then but seventeen, added to all the bloom of youthful beauty an ingenious mind, and a countenance that was the picture of gentleness, innocence, and virtue: a calm serenity dwelt in her eyes; and never were the marks of impatience, anger, or contempt, seen upon her brow. Once seen, she was always known; her soul was all outward, it dwelt in her face and form; and that soul, that face, that form, were all angelick. Her mind was just, solid, and penetrating; her reason much superior to her age, her desires moderate, and her character prudent and firm. She spoke with the tongue of benevolence, and so unaffectedly, yet expressively, that sweetness and modesty

modesty seemed to live upon her lips; the sound of her voice went to the heart.

Such was Julia; such was the wife my uncle gave me; her perfections might have supplied the want of fortune, but she was rich. As soon as I was married, my uncle gave my estate into my own possession; and thus, at one and twenty, was I in the full enjoyment of a good fortune, and the most lovely woman upon earth: it depended only upon myself to be happy.

The winter after my marriage was spent at Paris, where I again met Sinclair, my old college friend, and we became more intimate than ever. Sinclair possessed all the eminent qualities which his early years had announced: in war he had been highly distinguished; and, at a time of life when ardour and promptitude only are generally discovered, he had given proofs of superior talents, prudence, and fortitude; his modesty and simplicity disarmed malice; and whoever should have forbore to praise his conduct and worth, would have been thought the enemy of virtue.

Julia, too, had a strict friendship for a young widow, her relation, whose name was Belinda; a person remarkable for her virtues and accomplishments.

Behold me then married to a woman whom I preferred to all the women in the world; cherished by an uncle whom I respected as a father; in friendship with a man of my own age, but who had the prudence and wisdom of a Nestor; enjoying not only the conveniences of life, but even all the imaginary blessings, or rather baubles, on which vanity sets so high a price; all the felicity which love, friendship, youth, health, and wealth, could procure! What was there wanting to compleat my happiness?—One single advantage, without which all the rest are fruitless—a good education.

The two first months of my marriage were the most fortunate and peaceable moments of my life; but my happiness quickly began to decrease: my passion for my wife, which grew daily stronger, made me guilty of the caprice and injustice which are so destructive of prudence and repose; I wished to be beloved as I loved, that is, to excess. Julia had a most true and tender affection for me; but she was too wise, and had too much command of herself, to indulge fancies, which, by inflaming the mind, might destroy her tranquillity.

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I began at first by a kind of moderate complaining, but soon became sullen, fastidious, and discontented; I felt in my heart an aversion for every body that Julia had any regard for, and especially for Belinda: I preserved, however, sufficient reason to condemn my own caprices, and carefully concealed them.

One day, when I was more out of temper than usual, I went to my wife's apartment, and was informed that she was shut up with Belinda. I opened the door suddenly, and entered: they were in earnest conversation; but, the moment they saw me, they were silent. My wife, I observed, blushed; and Belinda appeared absolutely disconcerted: these appearances were enough to throw me into the most violent agitation I had ever felt. At first I tried to contain myself, and turn my own embarrassment into a joke: I know not, indeed, what I said; but I remember I stuttered prodigiously, and was all in a tremor; which circumstances, added to the efforts I made to laugh off my suspicions, made me completely ridiculous; and so much so, that Julia, who beheld my strange emotions with surprise, could not forbear smiling.

This smile drove me beside myself; I thought it an unpardonable insult; and, losing all respect for myself, my wife, or the presence of Belinda, I uttered with volubility, and without scruple, all the extravagances which passion could inspire. Belinda, as soon as she could find an opportunity, rose, and retired.

No sooner was I alone with Julia, than I found my courage gone: I was silent; and, to conceal my anguish, walked hastily backward and forward about the room.

'I was informed of this before my marriage,' said Julia, 'but I could not conceive it possible. Poor, unhappy man!' added she, with her eyes swimming in tears, 'my heart weeps to see you suffer thus. But be comforted; the indulgence, the love, the tenderness, of your wife, will in time, I hope, cure you of this unfortunate defect.'

She pronounced these words with such sensibility and affection, that they pierced me to the heart: I deeply felt how culpable and mad I had been; and, bashed in tears, ran to the consoling angel, who held her arms out to receive me, and sobbed upon her bosom.

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As soon as I was capable of listening to an explanation, Julia informed me that, just as I entered the chamber, Belinda had been telling her a secret; 'which,' she said, 'I am sure you will not ask me to reveal, because it is confided to me without the liberty of mentioning it, though it will one day be revealed to you.'

This information, far from being satisfactory, gave me a secret vexation, which I could with difficulty hide; but as I was really humbled by the passion I had just been in, I dissembled my chagrin, and affected to appear satisfied.

In this situation, wanting somebody to complain to, I went in search of Sinclair, and told him all my griefs. He blamed me, and approved the conduct of Julia; bestowing, at the same time, the highest eulogiums on her prudence and fortitude.

'But how,' said I, 'can I support this reserve; when I have no secrets from her?'

'I know it,' answered Sinclair, smiling; 'you will tell her the secret of your most intimate friend.'

'Yes, Sinclair, I should even betray you to her; and surely she does not love her Belinda better than I love you.'

'No, but she knows her duty; you do not: you have only a virtuous heart; she has that, and solid invariable principles likewise. You have for her an extravagant passion; her love is ennobled by a sincere and virtuous friendship, which elevates the mind, and will never lead it into unreasonable follies.'

'I understand you. She will never love me as I love her. I am a foolish madman in her eyes. She has told you so.'

I said this with great emotion; and Sinclair returned no answer, except by shrugging his shoulders, turning his back, and quitting me. I remained petrified, curling love and friendship, exclaiming against myself, and all that was dear to me, and imagining myself the most unhappy of men.

Not daring again to put myself in a passion, I became sulky; but the gentle and mild manner of Julia vanquished my ill-humour, and we came to a new explanation concerning Belinda, in which she offered never to see her more, since I seemed averse to her. 'I shall ever love her,' said she; 'and nothing ever shall

make me betray the secret she has entrusted to me: but there is nothing I would not sacrifice to your peace of mind.'

I was affected by this proof of generous love, and all my dislike to Belinda vanished. I flew to her house, entreated her to forget my late behaviour, and brought her in triumph to my wife, who had not seen her since the silly scene in which I interrupted their conversation.

The short remains of the winter glided away in tolerable tranquillity; and in spring I rejoined the army. When the campaign was ended, I returned to Paris with Sinclair, who joined me on the road: his carriage waited for him a league from Paris; and his servant gave him a note, which he read with great eagerness; and quitting me, drove away in his own carriage.

However simple all this might be in appearance, I found myself involuntarily uneasy, when I considered it; for which I could assign no cause, or rather, the cause of which I was afraid to discover. Till then, I had always supposed Sinclair busied about military promotion, and the advancement of his fortune: I was now convinced the note came from a woman; he was moved while he read it; and, what was more, I remarked he was embarrassed by my presence.

He was in love; then; that was certain: and why should he make any mystery of his love to me? If there was nothing criminal in his attachment, wherefore hide it from his most intimate friend? Then followed a thousand ideas, which I vainly endeavoured to drive from my memory. I recollected the enthusiasm with which he had so often spoken of my wife, and shuddered: my brain was disturbed, and I had no longer the power to expel a doubt that racked my soul. I found a terrible kind of pleasure in yielding to the jealousy which I had vainly imagined was for ever vanquished.

With such dispositions I arrived at Paris. Julia could not come to meet me; a violent sore throat confined her to her chamber. At the sight of her all these fatal impressions vanished; and, while I looked and listened, I felt a calm serenity take possession of my heart. I reproached myself for my odious suspicions, and scarcely could conceive how they had been formed.

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I did not, however, meet Sinclair with the same pleasure in the company of my wife as formerly; not but I suffered full as much from the fear of his perceiving my dislike, as from jealousy itself; for such was my inconceivable caprice, though he inspired me with suspicions the most injurious to his honour and friendship, I yet had sufficient value for him to dread he should think me capable of suspicion. I sometimes looked upon him as a rival; but oftener as a censor, whose esteem and approbation were absolutely necessary to my happiness.

Agitations like these act powerfully upon the temper when under the impulse of passion; they influenced and infected all my thoughts, and I was in a delirium that deprived me of the use of reason. More incapable than ever of reflection, I had not only given over the idea of vanquishing my errors, but of hiding them also, and yielded to all my natural impetuosity. Punctilious, and easily offended, like all people who want education, and goaded besides by the secret thorns of jealousy, the only vice I was afraid should be seen, I was always piqued, or shocked, or angry, and nobody knew why.

In these humours, I thought the angelick mildness of Julia hypocrisy; her gentle manner of speaking appeared affected, and drove me mad. The next moment I perhaps became sensible of my injustice; would silently own it was impossible for any person to love me; and fall into fits of despair, during which I would bitterly reproach myself for making the woman I adored miserable.

Then would I remember my Julia in all her charms, see her in all the splendor of her beauty, and all the mildness of her affection, and wonder at my own cruelty. I would recollect my passions and caprices, and the thought would sting me to the heart. I called myself barbarian, madman; detested myself; shed the scalding tears of repentance over my errors; determined to subdue them; imagined myself cured; and, three days after, was guilty of the same excess.

Unhappy in my mind, and still more so because my unhappiness was all my own fault, I endeavoured by dissipation to drown my sorrows. I formed new acquaintance, went more into fashion-

able life, seldom made small parties, but invited twenty or thirty friends once or twice a week to my house; kept boxes at all the theatres; and never, during the winter, missed a masquerade, or a first representation. But in this vain research I found not the happiness that fled me, though I injured my health, and deranged my fortune.

Sinclair did not fail to remonstrate concerning my new mode of life. 'You are become a gamester, too,' said he, 'and have given yourself up to the most fatal and most inexcusable of all passions. Have you well considered what a person who plays deep must inevitably become—that he must continually endeavour to enrich himself at the expence of his friends?'

'I cannot say I have made any deep reflections on the subject; I only know men may play deep, and yet preserve their honour.'

'Yes, by always losing. I do not say merely by ruining themselves, for that is the common destiny of the lucky and unlucky gamester; the only difference is, the fate of the one is a little longer in suspense than that of the other. Neither is your bare ruin sufficient; to preserve your character unsuspected, you must never win any considerable sum.'

'Do you suppose, then, a lucky gamester cannot be thought an honourable one?'

'He will be disputed the title at least. A crowd of enemies will rise against him; a mother, in despair, will accuse him of having ruined the heir and hope of her family, and publicly call him rascal; and no father will ever mention his name in his children's presence but with contempt. He will be pursued by hatred, overwhelmed by calumny, and condemned by reason and humanity; and who, amidst this universal outcry, shall dare to take his part? His friends? Can a gamester have friends? He, who every day risks the ruin of those to whom he gives that sacred title!'

'What, Sinclair, have you never met a gamester worthy your esteem?'

'I have, I own; and yet, had not experience convinced me of it, reason never could have conceived their existence. Men, who are occupied only by dreams of enriching themselves, think all delicacy the prejudice of
F f 2 'educations

education: it is very difficult for such persons to preserve noble sentiments; their probity is strictly reduced to not steal, and such kind of probity can never confer a desirable reputation. Such is the general opinion, admitting many exceptions, concerning a certain class called monied men, who yet use none but legitimate means and calculations, which often imply great genius, to get rapidly rich; and if such a prejudice exists against these men, what must be thought of gamblers? men who constantly seek happiness in the destruction of others? Those who dedicate their lives to this most tiresome, as well as disgraceful traffick, prompted by cupidity alone, sufficiently prove the desire of winning will induce them to make any sacrifice; and that such, who will submit to any means for sordid interest, think little of fame and emulation.

'Well, let me counsel you in my turn, Sinclair, not to be so very intolerant to gamblers; it may breed you many enemies in the present age.'

'That fear shall never hinder me from speaking wholesome truths!' said he. And so ended our dialogue.

Sinclair's reasoning made some impression on my mind; but, led away by fashion and example, I forgot his advice, and weakness and idleness continued me a gambler.

My propensity to play soon brought on many new connections; I visited all those which are called open houses, because at such I was sure to find a large assembly of gamblers.

One night, after supper, at the Danish ambassador's, I won three thousand guineas of a young man, called the Marquis de Clairville. I was not acquainted with him, but his person and manners interested me in his behalf. I saw his despair at the loss of so considerable a sum; and as I was not yet gambler enough to remain insensible to every thing but money, I had a great desire he should win his guineas again: he saw my design, and, through delicacy, would play no more; but whispered me, with great emotion, I should be paid the next day. He quitted the company, and left an impression of anxiety on my mind, which was increased by the ill-fortune that attended my play the rest of the evening; during which I lost two thousand guineas, and went home at six in the morning, fatigued,

exhausted, and out of humour with myself, and the way in which I had spent my evening.

I received the three thousand guineas I had won on the morrow; and, four days after, my uncle entered my room betimes in the morning, telling me he was come to speak to me concerning a very important affair. We retired to an inner apartment, and I asked my uncle what were his commands?

'You see me grieved to the soul,' said he, 'and you are the cause.'

'I! Which way? How?'

'You know D'Elbène has been my most intimate friend for these thirty years; he has an only daughter, whom he adores, who was on the point of marriage. Authorized by the consent of her father, she loved the Marquis de Clairville, her destined husband, and each party had given their promise.'

'Well!'

'The Marquis lost three thousand guineas at play with you; and D'Elbène has withdrawn his consent; he will not give his daughter to a gambler. But this is not all: the father of the unfortunate young man, irritated at this adventure, has obtained a *lettre de cachet*; and poor Clairville is this day departed for Saumur, where he is to be confined for two years.'

'O Heavens! Unhappy youth! To lose at once his father's affection, his mistress, and his liberty! And am I the cause, the innocent cause, of all his misery! But how could I divine his situation? How might I prevent his folly?'

'When we have only a slight knowledge of those we play high with, and cannot tell whether they can pay their debts of honour without their own destruction, such horrid consequences must often follow; and thus it is, that gamblers always unite inhumanity to extravagance. To play high against a person who cannot pay is madness; and it is savage barbarity when the payment must ruin himself and family. Seldom does a gambler reflect, except in the moment of loss; he has then some glimmerings of reason; he reproaches himself, foresees his destruction, and the misery of those who depend on him; and the dreadful picture inspires a short remorse. But, did not avarice exclude all generous sentiments

“ timents from his bosom, what a multitude of cutting reflections would rise to his imagination when he wins! He would then say—“ What is the situation of the person who pays me this money? Perhaps, he has sold his estates, reduced his children to beggary, and sacrificed all the feelings of nature to honour. Perhaps this sum, which is destined by me to my pleasures, is his all! Perhaps, induced by despair, he is now meditating some terrible stroke against his own life! Perhaps—”

“ Hold! hold! my dear uncle! you freeze my blood with horror! The three thousand guineas lie on that table; I cannot bear to look on them! And yet am I to blame, for being the indirect means of this young man's affliction? I did not press him to play, and how could I refuse to take his money?”

“ But do you know that, by becoming a gamester, you must necessarily be the cause of a thousand similar events? and must not a thought like this render such a character detestable to all thinking people? Can we be said to be the indirect means of misery, when that misery is the inevitable consequence of our conduct? Saint Albin, always idle, yet always busy, a useless citizen, an insignificant courtier, driving from place to place, to fly from his own thoughts, and breaking his horses wind to give them air; Saint Albin, the other day, ran over a man in his way to Versailles, who died on the morrow. You know the noise this affair made; you know the public outcry it excited. And wherefore? Because this tragick accident was occasioned by his want of care; because he drives full speed; and because such carelessness implies as little prudence as humanity.”

“ I am convinced, my dear uncle; you have opened my eyes; I have been a gamester for a moment, because I had not made these reflections; should I continue one, I am now totally excusable.”

In fact, the misfortune of Clainville, and the expostulations of my uncle, made an impression on my mind which was not to be effaced.

I instantly went to Clainville's father, and tendered the three thousand guineas

I had had the unhappiness to win of his son; informing him, he might take whatever method he pleased for the payment, and protesting I was in no immediate want of the money. But my proposition was refused with disdain! I was even given to understand, he was well persuaded I affected a generosity I did not feel; and that I never should have made the offer, had I not been assured it would not be accepted.

Stung by an insinuation so unjust, I rose with some warmth, and said—“ Well, Sir, since nothing can prevail with you to revoke the cruel order that deprives your son of liberty; do not suppose I will put the money I detest to my own private use; I will carry it to the Conciergerie, get a list of the debtors, and, since it has thrown one man into prison, it shall make many free.”

So saying, I hastily left the room, went to the Conciergerie, did as I had said, and with the three thousand guineas gave liberty to forty prisoners.

When I renounced play, I necessarily renounced most of the new connections I had formed within the last three months. I had neglected my wife; I returned to her with transport, and she received me with tenderness, and an indulgence that made her a thousand times dearer to my heart than ever. During the first effusions of my reconciliation, I acknowledged all my wrongs, all my caprices; nor did I hide the injustice I had been guilty of in suspecting Sinclair.

Julia seemed both astonished and afflicted at this strange confession; and, dreading lest I should again relapse into the same weakness, begged of me not to bring Sinclair so often to the house as formerly; for, during the last three or four months, I had seldom seen him, and he had, of his own accord, been much less frequent in his visits.

This was very prudent advice, but I did not follow it; I supposed myself cured, and would prove I was: I haunted Sinclair, and made him every kind of advance; he loved me, and was easily persuaded I had at length become reasonable; and though he had too much penetration not to have perceived my jealousy, yet he had no certain proof of it, nor could suppose it more than a slight and momentary distemper.

In this renewal of our friendship, however, he thought it prudent to con-

like a secret to me, which unhappily produced an effect entirely opposite to what he intended. He owned he had long been in love: 'The person I love,' said he, 'made me promise not to trust the secret to any one; family reasons of the utmost importance occasion this mystery. It is only within these three days, though I have a thousand times this year past endeavoured the same thing, that I could obtain merely her permission to inform you of the situation of my heart, and she still obstinately persists that her name shall be concealed.'

Had Sinclair told me this with a natural and open air, he, perhaps, would for ever have re-established tranquillity in my soul; but, besides his wish to give me a proof of his confidence, he likewise desired to inspire me with a perfect security respecting myself; and, as he was unwilling I should discover he had ever divined my jealousy, this dissimulation gave him an air of constraint and embarrassment which did not escape my observation; and which, by being attributed to a wrong motive, again produced all my former fears.

Had he openly told me the truth, had he acknowledged he had seen my injurious suspicions, and added, that to prevent their return, he had informed me of this his secret tie, he would have spoken without embarrassment, and I should have thought he spoke truth. But from a friendly, though false delicacy, he wished to spare my shame; he feigned ignorance of my ever being capable of suspecting him; his behaviour was constrained, and his words had neither the manner nor tone of truth; his eyes avoided mine; he seemed to fear I should read his thoughts in his looks; he appeared confused, and I supposed myself deceived. Thus, by an awkward and ill-timed precaution, did he rekindle the jealousy he wished for ever to extinguish.

Criminal or not criminal artifice is always dangerous, and frequently fatal; dissimulation can hardly in any case be innocent; and plain sincerity ever was, and ever will be, the best policy. It is the natural system of capacious souls, and a certain indication of the superiority of mind and genius in those who adopt it.

I endeavoured, however, to hide what passed in my heart; but this heart was

mortally wounded; and I determined strictly to observe in future the motions and conduct of Sinclair. Vexation, and the necessity of deploring my misfortunes, made me guilty of a thousand follies; I discovered my jealousy to more than one person; and the world is apt enough to believe, that a husband has always his reasons for his suspicions, and that he knows more than he reveals.

Thus did I injuriously wound my wife's reputation, and give scandal a plausible pretext to take away her character. Silly, unreasonable, and unjust, I heaped ridicule on my own head.

As I observed Sinclair with a jaundiced eye, I daily confirmed my own suspicion. Unable to overcome the chagrin that devoured me, and knowing Sinclair's affairs would detain him some time at Paris, I took Julia to a country-house I had near Marli. My uncle went with us, and her friend Belinda followed.

So entirely was my mind occupied by passion, and so much was I altered, that I was become almost insensible to things the most interesting. I had been ardently desirous of children; and though my wife was five months advanced in her pregnancy, I scarcely felt any joy at the event; though Julia dwelt on it with rapture, and was constantly forming projects for the happiness of her child, whom she intended to suckle and bring up herself.

When we had been in the country a fortnight, I went one morning into Julia's apartment, intending to come to an explanation with her. Unfortunately she was gone with her friend Belinda into the garden. Determined to wait for her, I went into her bed-chamber, sat down on a couch, and fell into a melancholy reverie. Tired of waiting, in about a quarter of an hour I got up hastily, and, as I rose, overturned the pillow, under which lay a pocket-book. I had never seen this pocket-book in Julia's possession, and yet it was not new. This was enough to excite my curiosity, and raise a thousand confused suspicions. I seized it, put it in my pocket, and instantly retired, or rather skulked, to my own room.

As soon as I was there, I locked and bolted myself in, and sunk down in an arm-chair to take breath: I was almost suffocated, a heavy oppression lay upon my breast, and the power of respiration was nearly lost. My hands trembled;

and, unable to hold the pocket-book, I laid it upon the table, looked earnestly at it, and the tears started into my eyes.

'What am I doing!' cried I; 'am I not a wiser upon a piece of paper an impenetrable wall to a man of honour or honesty? and shall I break a lock? Oh, Heaven! fraud and violence are not more horrible! What have my passions brought me to!'

The reflection made me shudder; I considered a moment, if I should not carry it back to where I found it; but passion was too powerful; I gave way to despair, took up the pocket-book with a kind of frenzy, gave the lock a wrench, and it flew open.

'Heaven!' said I, 'what is this? A picture! a portrait!'

My blood ran cold, my heart sunk within me, my head grew giddy, and an universal trembling came over me. My eyes were fixed on the fatal picture! It was Sinclair himself! 'Wretch! Woe! man! perfidious woman!' I cried, 'thou diest!'

In the first transports of rage I quite lost all reason and recollection; I thought Julia a monster, that scarcely belonged to the same species. I burnt with a desire to dishonour, to defame her, and publish to the world her shame and my misfortunes. I began by writing a note to Sinclair: it contained the following words—

AT length I am convinced you are the falsest and vilest of men: neither suppose you ever deceived me! 'tis above a year since I learnt your perfidy. Meet me this evening behind the Chartreux; charge your pistols. I claim the choice of weapons; you have that of seconds.

I signed it, and flew from my chamber, at the door of which I met a servant. Astonished at my wild and distracted air, he stopped. I gave him the note I had just written, and ordered him to send a man and horse away with it instantly to Paris; 'after which,' added I, 'with a voice of fury, 'go to your mistress, tell her I am about to depart, that I will never see her more, and that a convent henceforth shall be her eternal residence.'

I then ordered my horses, and ran to my uncle's apartment. He was alone, and drew back with terror when he saw me. I related my story in two words; and added that, before this discovery, I had long been well assured of Julia's falsehood.

My uncle was willing still to doubt; begged of me to say nothing of the matter, nor take any step till after mature reflection. He added—'All resolutions made in the moment of anger are imprudent, and even incur repentance and regret. Besides, the strongest appearances are often false; and, the longer we live, and the more experience we have, the less do we take things upon trust.' But my uncle talked to the deaf; possessed by despair, and solely occupied by projects of terrible vengeance, I heard him not.

I was lost in a profound and dreadful reverie, when all at once the door opened, and Julia entered. 'Audacious creature!' cried I, 'be gone, or dread my fury!' My uncle, terrified, threw himself before me, seized me in his arms, and held me with little trouble, for passion had deprived me of strength.

Julia advanced; and, addressing herself to my uncle—'Let him go,' said she, 'I have nothing to fear.'

It is impossible to describe the impression these few words made on my heart; the sound of her heavenly voice pierced my very soul, and filled me with doubt and remorse: my fury was gone; I looked at her, and trembled; there was a majestic confidence and undescribable dignity in her form and behaviour, that gave additional power to her beauty, while the tranquillity of her countenance enforced the timidity I began to feel. Fixed in astonishment and distrust, I looked at her; but the power of speech was fled.

This was a moment of fearful silence. At last, Julia looked round and saw the pocket-book open, and the lock forced, which I had thrown upon the floor. She stopped, and taking it deliberately up, said—'I now see the cause of your present situation, and the outrage you have committed.'

'Ah, Julia!' cried I, 'is it possible you may be innocent! Yet why do I doubt it? your very looks have justified you!'

'Why,

'Why, then, cruel man, have you
condemned me unheard?'

'And yet, is not that the portrait of
Sinclair?'

'Yes! but it is not mine.'

'May I believe it?'

'Sinclair has been married these six
months; the pocket-book is his wife's,
'and that wife is Belinda.'



A justification so short, so clear, so
precise, left me without a doubt; it
took from jealousy all possibility of re-
maining or returning; but it covered me
with confusion so durable, and guilt so
palpable, I was no longer capable of
happiness; I could not taste the joy of
finding a wife so lovely and so virtuous,
while I felt myself so very unworthy of
her.

While my uncle wept over Julia, and
clasped her in his arms, humbled and
confounded, I remained standing im-
moveable in the same place. My repen-
tance was without tenderness, for it was
without hopes of pardon. Julia returned
the tenderness of my uncle; wiped the
tears from her eyes; and, coming to me
with a cold and serious aspect, began to
relate Belinda's story.

She informed me that Belinda had
loved Sinclair above two years; but hav-
ing little fortune, and great expecta-
tions from her uncle, who had conceived
a project of marrying her to a man of his
own name, she had determined to keep
her inclinations for Sinclair secret; but
being her own mistress, and strongly im-
portuned by Sinclair, she had at last con-
sented to marry him, on condition the
marriage should remain private till such
time as she could bring her uncle to her
opinion; which, with a little patience,
she was certain of effecting.

'In fact,' continued Julia, still ad-
dressing herself to me, 'her uncle has,
'within these two years, insensibly been
'inclining towards the wishes of Be-
'linda; and she was determined, in
'about two months, to inform him of
'every thing; that is, as soon as the man
'who governs her uncle, and who wishes
'to have Belinda himself, should be gone
'out of town; but the publick breach
'of to-day has entirely broken her mea-
'sures. She had left her pocket-book
'in my chamber; not finding it on her

'return, and hearing the message you
'sent by the servant, she easily guessed
'the truth. I know my uncle,' said
she, 'and am certain that the discovery
'just at this moment will be fatal; but
'I will not hesitate an instant to sacri-
'fice fortune to the honour and ease of
'my friend. Go, justify yourself to
'your husband; I will seek mine, and
'inform him of this event.'

Julia's last sentence instantly recalled
to my mind the note I had written to
Sinclair. It was above an hour since I
had been so occupied by my passions,
and Julia, that I had forgot the whole
universe: at length, recollecting the mor-
tal offence I had given Sinclair, I cried
out, in a sudden burst of exclamation—
'Oh, Heaven! Sinclair has by this time
'received my note!'

The thought drove me half distracted;
all the injurious expressions of this note
came to my mind, and the remembrance
heightened my confusion and remorse.
I wrote to him, however, instantly, im-
plored his indulgence, his pity; and con-
jured him to forget the sins which re-
pentance and despair in vain endeavoured
to expiate.

I received no answer that night, but
the next morning a letter from Sinclair
was brought to my bed; I trembled
while I opened it, and read as fol-
lows—

IT is true I was your friend, but you
never were mine; You! who openly
avow you have long suspected me of the
basest of all perfidy; You! who have
believed me the vilest of men; were you
ever my friend! Oh, no! I own I saw
your jealousy, but imagined your heart
disavowed the mean suspicion, and ul-
timately trusted me; I thought you sup-
posed it an involuntary passion, and
believed I deceived myself in my own
feelings; therefore I concluded your
jealousy extravagant only and caprici-
ous, but that you could not for a mo-
ment doubt the probity of your friend.
Such was the opinion I had of you; in
destroying this belief, you have for ever
destroyed the friendship of which it was
the basis. Appearances, you allege,
were so strong in this last instance. But
have you not accused me in your heart a
thousand times previous to this event?
Besides, when the honour of a wife and
a friend

a friend is in question, ought we to judge from appearances?

Being determined never to see you again, it is my duty here to clear up whatever may appear mysterious in the conduct of your wife. Her prudence would never suffer her to hear a secret from a person of my age: her friend Belinda was sufficiently acquainted with her to be certain of this; therefore, in confiding her own to Julia, she was assured I should remain a stranger to that confidence, so long as it was necessary you should be so too. On the other hand, Belinda, doubtful of your discretion, and mortally fearing I should open my heart to you, exacted a promise that I absolutely would not; and, to engage me more readily and firmly, protested she was irrevocably resolved not to confide the secret to any one person, no, not even to Julia; neither was it till yesterday that I discovered this artifice.

After this explanation, when you will understand the excess of your injustice, it is to be hoped you will feel, at the same time, how terrible it is never to see our mistakes till they are past reparation. The reasonings and counsels of friendship have been all ineffectual; experience, I hope, will bring conviction. Remember, that to distrust without ceasing those that are dearest to you, to cherish improbable and dreadful suspicions against them, is an insupportable self-punishment, and the torment of the wicked and the weak.

Farewell! you have lost a faithful friend! I, an illusion! but that illusion was too dear to me not to be ever regretted! What social moments have you foregone! what ties have you dissolved! Unhappy man! I bewail your fate. However, a new source of felicity presents itself: you will soon be a father; may you be a happy one!

As I ended the letter, my uncle entered hastily into my chamber. 'Rise instantly,' said he; 'Julia asks for you; she has passed a shocking night: yesterday's business has had an effect which, in her situation, may be fatal.' 'An effect! what effect? Good God!' cried I, 'send to Paris for help instantly.'

'I have done that already,' said my uncle; 'but, in addition to her trouble,

'she has received news from Paris which she has scarcely strength to support. Belinda has written her a note, which contains nothing very interesting; but Julia, hearing this note was brought by the valet de chambre, she would speak to him, and learnt that Belinda had seen her uncle,' declared her marriage, and he has determined never to look upon her again. The relation has mortally afflicted Julia; and the more so, for that you alone have been the cause.'

During this explanation, I dressed myself with a bleeding heart, and flew to my wife. I found her in a fever, and suffering the pangs of labour. The physician arrived, and foretold the consequences, for the same evening she miscarried. Inconsolable for the loss of her child, she could not dissemble her grief: 'See,' said she, bitterly weeping; 'see what you cost me!'

This cutting reproach, the first she ever made me, completed my distress. I held myself in horror! supposed myself detested! and, far from endeavouring to redress the wrongs I had done, I aggravated them by a gloomy despair.

As soon as my wife was capable, we returned to Paris. In vain did she endeavour to conceal her grief; she mourned over her late loss; and wept for her friend; for Sinclair, inflexible, and determined to see me no more, had taken his wife into the farthest part of Poitou: add to which, Julia had still another subject of affliction, not less severe than the former.

All Paris was acquainted with my jealousy; and the history of the pocket-book, and my behaviour, had been told a thousand different ways. The avowal of Sinclair's marriage had not justified Julia in the eyes of the multitude, who had been deceived, too, by false recitals; they concluded, from my fury, and my rupture with Sinclair, it was impossible she should be innocent. Julia immediately saw, by the manner in which she was received in the world, she had lost that consideration and respect which, till then, had ever been paid to her virtues.

With feelings too acute for consolation, and too proud to complain, she cherished in her heart a secret and cruel chagrin. I saw the injustice she suffered; I imagined her grief; I felt stronger than ever how much reason she had to

hate me, for being the sole author of all her troubles: concluding myself, therefore, the object of her resentment and aversion, I endeavoured not to console her, and attributed the gentleness with which she treated me to principle only, not love. Such reiterated fancies, by increasing my despondency, soured my impetuous temper to that degree, that I became each day more and more sullen, savage, and insupportable.

Several months passed thus; till at last, perceiving Julia's health daily decline, and that she was ready to sink under her woes, I suddenly took a resolution to part from her, and give her back her liberty. I informed her of my determination, assuring her, at the same time, it was irrevocable. I confess, however, notwithstanding my certitude, at moments, of her hatred, I secretly flattered myself that this declaration would astonish, and produce a most lively emotion in Julia; and it is certain, had I discovered the least signs of regret on her part, I should have cast myself at her feet, and abjured a resolution which pierced my very soul.

I was deceived in supposing myself hated; I was equally wrong in imagining my conduct could inspire even momentary love. Great minds are incapable of hatred; but a continued improper and bad conduct will produce indifference, as it did with Julia. I had lost her heart past recall. She heard me with tranquillity, without surprise, and without emotion, 'My reputation,' said she, 'is already injured, and this will confirm the unjust suspicions of the publick; but if my presence is an obstacle to your happiness, I am ready to depart; my innocence is still my own, and I shall have sufficient strength to submit to my fate.'

'Cruel woman!' cried I, shedding a torrent of tears, 'with what ease do you speak of parting!'

'Is it not your own proposal?'

'And is it not I who adore you, and you who hate me?'

'Of what benefit is your love to me; or what injury is what you call my hatred to you?'

'I do not hate you.'

The manner in which she pronounced this, said so positively—'I do not love you,' that I was transported beyond all bounds of patience; I became furious; yet the next instant, imagining I saw

terror in the eyes of Julia, I fell at her feet. A tear, a sigh, at that moment, had changed my future fate; but she still preserved her cold tranquillity. I got hastily up, went to the door, and stopped. 'Farewel for ever!' said I, half suffocated with passion. Julia turned pale, and rose as if to come to me; I advanced towards her, and she fell back into her chair, ready almost to faint. I interpreted this violent agitation into terror. 'What, am I become a subject of horror!' cried I; 'well, I will deliver you from this odious object.' So saying, I darted from the chamber in an agony of despair.

My uncle was absent; I no longer had a friend, no one to advise or counteract the rashness of the moment. Distracted, totally beside myself, I ran to the parents of Julia; declared my intention; added, Julia herself was desirous of a separation; and that I would give back all her fortune.

They endeavoured to reason with me, but in vain; I informed them I should go directly into the country, where I should stay three days; and, when I came back, I expected to find myself alone in my own house. I next writ to Julia, to inform her of my proceedings; and departed, as I had said I would, the same evening for the country.

My passions were too much agitated to let me perceive the extent of misery to which I condemned myself; and, what seems now inconceivable, was, that though I loved my wife dearer than ever, and was inwardly persuaded I might yet regain her affections, I found a kind of satisfaction in making our rupture thus ridiculously publick. I never could have determined on a separation from Julia with that coolness and propriety which such things, when absolutely necessary, demand. I wanted to astonish, to agitate, to rouse her from her state of indifference, which to me was more dreadful even than her hatred. I flattered myself that, hearing me, she had doubted my sincerity, and supposed me incapable of finally parting from her.

I likewise imagined that event would rekindle in her heart all her former affection; and this hope alone was enough to confirm me in the execution of my project. I took pleasure in supposing her incertitude, astonishment, and distress: my fancy represented her when reading my letters; beheld her, conduct-

ed by her relations, pale and trembling, descend the stairs; saw her stop and sigh as she passed the door of my apartment, and weep as she stepped into the carriage.

I had left a trusty person at Paris, with orders to observe her as carefully as possible; to watch her, follow her, question her women, and inform me of all she said or did at this critical moment: but the relation was not long; Julia continued secluded in her chamber, received her friends without a witness, and departed by a private staircase, unseen of any one.

The same afternoon that she left my house, she wrote me a note, which contained nearly these words—

I Have followed your orders, and departed from a place whither I shall always be ready to return whenever your heart shall recall me. As to your proposal of giving back a fortune too considerable for my present situation, I dare expect, as a proof of your esteem, it will not be insisted upon: so to do is now the only remaining thing that can add to my uneasiness. Condescend, therefore, to accept the half of an income, which can give me no pleasure if you do not partake it with me.

This billet, which I washed with my tears, gave birth to a crowd of reflections. The contrast of behaviour between me and Julia forcibly struck me; and I saw by the effects how much affection, founded upon duty, is preferable to passion. ‘I adore Julia,’ said I, ‘and yet am become her tormentor; have determined to proceed even to a separation; she loved me without passion, and was constantly endeavouring to make me happy; ever ready to sacrifice her opinions, wishes, and will, and continually pardoning real offences, while I have been imputing to her imaginary ones: and, at last, when my excessive folly and injustice have lost her heart, her forgiveness and generosity have yet survived her tenderness, and she thinks and acts the most noble and affecting duties towards an object she once loved. O yes! I now perceive true affection to be that which reason approves, and virtue strengthens.’

Overwhelmed by such reflections, the most bitter repentance widened every wound of my bleeding heart. I shudder when I remember the publick manner in

which I had put away my wife; and, in this fearful state of mind, I had doubtless gone and cast myself at Julia’s feet, acknowledged all my wrongs, and declared I could not live without her, had I not been prevented by scruples, which for once were but too well founded.

I had been a prodigal and a gamester; and, what was still worse, had a steward who possessed, in a superior degree, the art of confusing his accounts, which indubitably proves such a person to want either honesty or capacity. Instead of at first discharging him, I only begged he would not trouble me with his bills and papers; which order with him needed no repetition, for it was not unintentionally that he had been so obscure and diffuse.

About six months, however, before the period I at present speak of, he had several times demanded an audience, to shew me the declining state of my affairs. At the moment, this made little impression upon me; but, after reading Julia’s note, it came into my mind, and before I would think of obtaining my pardon, I resolved to learn my real situation.

Unhappily for me, my conduct had been such, that I had no right to depend on my wife’s esteem; and, if ruined, how could I ask her to return and forget what was passed? Would not she ascribe that to interest, which love alone had inspired? The idea was insupportable; and I would rather even never behold Julia more, than to be liable to be so suspected.

With such fears I returned hastily to Paris. But what were my sensations at entering a house which Julia no longer inhabited, and whence I myself had had the madness and folly to banish her! Attacked by a thousand afflicting thoughts, overwhelmed with grief and regret, I had only one hope, which was, that by economy and care, I might again re-establish my affairs, and afterwards obtain forgiveness, and be reconciled to Julia.

I sent for my steward, and began by declaring, the first step I should take would be to return my wife’s fortune. He seemed astonished at this, and wanted to dissuade me, by saying he did not think it possible I could make this restitution without absolute ruin being the consequence. I saw by this, my affairs were even much worse than I had imagined.

This discovery threw me into the

most dreadful despair ; for to lose my fortune was, according to my principles, to lose Julia eternally!

Before I searched my situation to the bottom, I restored Julia's whole portion : I then paid my debts ; and, these affairs finished, I found myself so completely ruined, that, in order to live, I was obliged to purchase a trifling life-annuity with what remained of a large fortune. My estates, horses, houses, all were sold ; and I hired a small apartment near the Luxembourg, about three months after my separation from my wife. My uncle was not rich ; he had little to live on, except a pension from government, though he offered me assistance, which I refused.

Julia, in the mean time, had retired into a convent. On the very day I had quitted my house, I received a letter from her in the following terms.

SINCE you have forced me to receive what you call mine ; since you treat me like a stranger, I think myself justified in doing the same. When I left your house, the fear of offending you, in appearing to despise your gifts, occasioned me to take with me the diamonds and jewels which you had presented to me : it was your request, your command, that I should do so, and I held obedience my duty. But since you shew me you will not act with the same delicacy, I have determined to part with these useless ornaments, which never were valuable but as coming from you. I found a favourable opportunity of selling them advantageously for twenty-four thousand livres, (a thousand pounds) which I have sent to your attorney, as a sum I was indebted to you, and which you cannot oblige me to take back, since it is not mine.

I have been in the convent of **** for these two months past, where I intend to remain for some weeks at least, unless you take me hence. We have a fine estate in Flanders ; they say it is a charming country. Speak but a word, and I am ready to go with you, to live with you, to die with you.

How shall I describe my feelings at reading this letter ! ' Oh, Julia ! ' cried I, ' lovely, adorable woman ! Is it possible ! Oh, God ! Can it be, that I have accused you of perfidy ! have done every

thing in my power to dishonour you ! have abandoned you ! What ! a heart so delicate, so noble, did I once possess, and have I lost it ! Oh, misery ! I might have been the happiest of men ; I am the most wretched. And can I, in my present circumstances, accept the generous pardon thou offerest ! Oh, no ! Better die than so debase myself ! No, Julia, though thou mayest truly accuse me of extravagance and injustice, thou never shalt have reason to suspect me of meanness.'

Streams of tears ran down my cheeks, while I reasoned thus. I wrote twenty answers and tore them all ; at last I sent the following.

I Admire the noble manner of your proceeding, the sublimity of your mind ; and yet this excess of generosity is not incomprehensible to me. Yes, I conceive all the self-satisfaction of saying, all which the most tender love can inspire, virtue alone shall make me perform.—But I will not take advantage of it's empire over you. Live free ; be happy, forget me. Adieu, Julia ; you have indisputably all the superiority of reason over passion—and yet I have a heart, perhaps, not unworthy of yours.

With this letter I returned the twenty-four thousand livres ; ordering it to be told her, that the diamonds having been given at her marriage, were undoubtedly hers ; and having once received, she had no right to force them back upon me.

I had now made a sacrifice the most painful ; Julia had offered to consecrate her life to me, and I had renounced a happiness without which there was neither happiness nor peace on earth for me. My grief, however, was rather profound than violent : I had offered up felicity at the altar of honour ; and that idea, in some measure, supported me. Besides, I did not doubt but my letter would prove to Julia that, notwithstanding all my errors, I yet was worthy her esteem. The hope of exciting her pity, and especially her regret at parting from me, again animated my heart : I supposed her relenting and grieved, and the supposition gave me a little ease.

I had lived about a fortnight retired in my lodging near the Luxembourg, when I received an order to depart immediately,

mediately, and join my regiment. Peace had been declared near a year, and my regiment was in a garrison two hundred leagues from Paris. I was one of the most ignorant colonels in Europe; besides that I still secretly cherished the fond hope Julia was not lost to me forever: though I perfectly felt I could not recede, nor could she make any farther advances, yet still I flattered myself. Some unforeseen event would again confer a blessing on me which I had never sincerely renounced.

In fact, I could not resolve to quit Paris, and put the intolerable space of two hundred leagues between me and Julia: I wrote therefore to the minister, to obtain leave of absence; which was refused me, and I instantly threw up my commission.

Thus did I quit the service at five and twenty; and thus did passion and folly direct my conduct in all the most important events of life.

This last act of extravagance was the cause of great vexation to me; it increased and completed the difference between me and my uncle, who was previously very angry with me for rashly separating from my wife: so that I now found myself absolutely forsaken by every person in the world whom I loved.

At first, indeed, I did not feel all the horror of my situation, being solely occupied by one idea which swallowed up all the rest. I wished to see Julia once more. I imagined, if I could but find any means of appearing suddenly and unexpectedly before her, I should revive some part of the affection she formerly had for me. But I could not ask for her at the convent; for what had I to say? She never went out, and her apartment was in the interior part of the house; how then could I come to the sight of her?

I had a valet, who happened to be acquainted with a cousin of one of the *Tourieres*. I spoke to this man, and got him to give me a letter for his cousin the *Touriere*; in which I was announced as one of his friends, and steward to a country lady who wanted to send her daughter to a convent.

Accordingly, at twilight, I wrapped myself up in a great coat, put on an old slouched hat, and went to the convent. The *Touriere* was exactly such a person as I wished; that is, she was exceedingly talkative and communicative. At

first I put some vague questions to her; and afterwards said, my mistress was not absolutely determined to send her daughter to a convent; whence I took occasion to ask if they had many boarders?

'O yes,' replied she, 'and married women too, I assure you.' Here my heart beat violently; and she, with a whisper, a smile, and an air of secrecy, added—'You must know, Sir, it is this very convent that incloses the beautiful Madame de la Palinière, of whom you have certainly heard so much.'

'Yes, yes, I have: she is a charming woman!'

'Charming! Oh, beautiful to a degree! It is a great pity—— But it is to be hoped God will grant her the gift of repentance.'

'Repent! of what?'

'Sir!——Yes, yes, Sir; it is plain enough you are just come from the country, or you could not ask such a question. So you don't know?'

'I have heard she had a capricious, unjust husband; but——'

'O yes! That to be sure she had: every body talks of his folly and brutality; but that will not excise her conduct. I hear every thing, and can assure you she is here much against her inclination; nay, she would not have come, had she not dreaded an order for imprisonment.'

'Imprisonment! O Heavens!'

'Not for her good behaviour, as you may suppose. Why, she is neither suffered to go out, nor see any person whatever, except her nearest relations.'

'Oh! she leads a very melancholy life! You may well think, our nuns will not have any communication with a wife false to her husband's bed. The very boarders will not look at her; every body avoids her as they would infection. God forgive her! she must do penance yet; but, instead of that, she is playing upon the harpichord all day long; is as fresh as a rose, and looks better every day. She must be stubborn in sin.'

'And does not she seem sorrowful?'

'Not at all: her woman says she never saw her so contented. For my own part, I am charitable; and hope she may yet be reclaimed, for she has not a bad heart: she is generous and charitable; and yet she has insisted upon having all her fortune restored, and

and has left her husband in absolute want. You will tell me he is mad and foolish, has ruined himself nobody knows how, and has just suffered the disgrace of being degraded in the army. I own they have taken away his commission: yes, he has lost his regiment; but yet, I say, a husband is a husband. The poor man wrote to her about a month since, to beg her assistance; but no: she told him plainly, "No!" It is very hard, though. I have all these things from the best authority: I don't talk by hearsay: I have been fifteen years in this house; and, I thank my God, nobody could ever say I was a tattler, or a vender of scandal.

The Touriere continued, at her own ease, praising herself. I had not the power of interruption left. She was loudly called for, kept talking all the way she went, and in a few minutes returned.

'It was the relation of a young novice, who takes the veil to-morrow, that wanted me,' said she. 'Ah! now; there! there is a true convert! A call of grace! Gives fifty thousand francs (two thousand and eighty-three pounds) to the convent! You ought to see the ceremony: our boarders will all be there, and you can take a peep through the church window.'

'At what o'clock will it begin?'

'Three in the afternoon. The novice is as beautiful as an angel, and is only twenty. Had she not lost her lover and her father in the same year, she would never have attended to the blessed inspirations of the Spirit. How good Providence is to us! Her father died first; and her lover, who was imprisoned at Saumur, about five months after, of a broken heart, as it is thought.'

'What was his name?' cried I, in an agony not to be described.

'The Marquis of Clairville,' replied the Touriere; 'and our novice is called Mademoiselle D'Ebene.'

This last sentence went with inexpressible torture to my heart. I rose suddenly, and ran out, with an exclamation that threw the Touriere into astonishment and terror.

Arrived at my lodgings, I threw myself on a sofa, penetrated, torn, and confounded, at all I had heard. The veil was rent away, the illusion past:

I knew at length the extent of my misery; saw to what a pitch my extravagant conduct had stained my wife's reputation; felt how impossible it was for this innocent victim of my distraction truly to pardon the injury I had done her, by destroying the most precious thing a woman possesses; and owned, that the unjust contempt with which the world treated her ought incessantly to reanimate her resentment against me its author. To her virtue alone could I now attribute her generous manner of acting.

In fact, from the account given by the Touriere, it was evident that Julia, consoled by the testimony of a good conscience, was resigned to her fate, and lived at peace; which she could not continue to do, but by burying my memory in eternal oblivion.

'God of mercies!' cried I, 'into what a frightful abyss have my passions plunged me! Had I subdued jealousy, had I overcome my natural impetuosity, my idleness, and inclination for play, I should have enjoyed a considerable fortune; should not have borne the inward and dreadful reproach of effecting the death of a worthy young man, nor of being the primary cause of the sacrifice which his unhappy mistress will make to-morrow: I should have been the delight of a benefactor, an uncle, who at present justly thinks me ungrateful and incorrigible; and should not cowardly, at five and twenty, have renounced the duty of serving my king and country. Far from being an object of contempt and public censure, I should have been universally beloved; and, in possession of the gentlest, most charming, and most virtuous of women; should have had the most faithful and amiable of friends; and, moreover, should have been a father! Wretch! of what inestimable treasures hast thou deprived thyself! Now thou mayest wander for ever, lonely and desolate, over the peopled earth!' So saying, I cast my despairing eyes around, terrified, as it were, at my own comfortless and solitary situation.

Buried in these reflections, my attention was roused by the sound of hasty footsteps upon the stairs. My door suddenly opened: a man appeared, and

ran towards me; I rose instinctively, advanced, and in an instant found myself in the arms of Sinclair!

While he pressed me to his bosom, I could not restrain my tears; his flowed plentifully. A thousand contending emotions were struggling in my heart; but excessive confusion and shame were most prevalent, and kept me silent.

'I was at the farther part of Poitou, my friend,' said Sinclair; 'and knew not till lately how necessary the consolations of friendship were become: besides, I wanted six months for my own affairs, that I might afterwards devote myself to you. I am just come from Fontainebleau, have obtained leave of absence, and you may now dispose of me as you please.'

'Oh, Sinclair!' cried I, 'unworthy the title of your friend, I no longer deserve, no more can enjoy, the precious consolations which friendship so pure and thus generously offers! I am past help, past hope!'

'Not so,' said he, again embracing me; 'I know thy heart, thy native sensibility, and noble mind. Had I nothing but compassion to offer, certainly I could not comfort, I should have wept for and assisted thee in secret; but thou wouldst not have seen me here; no, friendship inspires and brings me hither, with a happy assurance I shall soften thy anguish.'

Sinclair's discourse not only awakened the most lively gratitude, but raised me in my own esteem. In giving me back his friendship, he gave me hopes of myself. I immediately opened my whole heart to him, and found a satisfaction of which I had long been deprived, that of speaking without disguise of all my faults and all my sorrows. The melancholy tale was often interrupted by my tears; and Sinclair, after hearing me with as much attention as tenderness, raised his eyes to heaven, and gave a deep sigh.

'Of what use,' said he, 'are wit, sensibility of soul, or virtuous dispositions, without those solid, those invariable principles, which education or experience alone can give! He who has never profited by the lessons of others, can never grow wise but at his own expence, and is only to be taught by his errors and misfortunes.'

Sinclair then conjured me to leave Paris for a time, and travel; adding, that he would go with me; and pressed

me to depart without delay for Italy. 'I give myself up entirely to your guidance,' said I; 'dispose of a wretch who without your aid must sink beneath his load of misery.' Profiting accordingly by the temper in which he found me, he made me give my word to set off in two days.

The evening before my departure, I wished once more to revisit the place where I had first beheld my Julia. It was in the gardens of the Palais Royal; but, ashamed of appearing in publick, I waited till it was dark. There was much folk there that evening, and a great concourse of people; so hiding myself in the most obscure part of the great alley, I sat down behind a large tree.

I had not sat long, before two men came and placed themselves on the other side of the tree. I instantly knew one of them, by the sound of his voice, to be Dainval; a young coxcomb, without wit, breeding, or principles; joining to a ridiculous affectation of perpetual irony a pretension to think philosophically; laughing at every thing; deciding with self-sufficiency; at once pedantick and superficial; speaking with contempt of the best men and the most virtuous actions; believing himself profound by calumniating goodness.

Such was Dainval; a man whom I had believed my friend till the moment of my ruin, and whose pernicious example and advice I had too often followed. I was going to rise and remove, when the sound of my own name awaked my curiosity, and I heard the following dialogue began by Dainval—

'Oh, yes; it is very certain he sets off to-morrow morning with Sinclair for Italy.'

'How! is he reconciled to Sinclair!'

'The best friends on earth! Generosity on one side, repentance on the other; mutual tenderness, tears, and tortures; prayers, pardons, and pacifications. The scene was truly pathetic.'

'So there is not a word of truth in all the late town-talk?'

'What, of their being rivals? Why should you think so?'

'Why, how is it possible that Sinclair should be so interested about a man he had betrayed?'

'Ha! ha!—I do not pique myself much for finding reasons for other men's actions, though I do a little for

'the faculty of seeing things as they are. Sinclair, still fond of Julia, would reconcile her to her husband, in order to get her out of a convent again. The thing is evident enough.'

'But wherefore, then, go to Italy?'

'To give the town time to forget the history of the picture and the pocket-book.'

'And yet there are many people who pretend the pocket-book was Belinda's.'

'A fable invented at leisure! The fact is, poor La Palinière knew well enough, previous to that discovery, how matters went, and had told what he knew above a year before to whoever would listen.'

'Is he amiable, pray? What sort of a man is he?'

'Who? La Palinière?—A poor creature! talents excessively confined; half stupid; no imagination; no resource; no character. At his first coming into life, he threw himself in my way, and I took him under my tuition: but I soon saw it was labour in vain; could never make any figure; a head ill-turned; Gothick notions; trifling views; scarce common sense; a prodigal, that gaped with confusion at the sight of a creditor; a gamester, that prided himself on generosity and greatness of soul with a dice-box in his hand; any man's dupe; ruining himself without enjoyment, and without éclat.'

'Have you seen him since his clash?'

'No, but I burnt all our accounts; he'll never hear of them more.'

'Did he owe you many play-debts?'

'Numberless. I have destroyed his notes: not that I brag of such things, nor should I mention this to any body else. It is a thing of course, you know, with a man of spirit; though I would not have you speak of it.'

'I could contain myself no longer at this falsehood. "Liar!" cried I, "behold me ready to pay all I owe you! Retire from this place, and I hope to acquit myself."

'Faith,' said Dainval, with a forced smile, 'I did not expect you just now, I must confess. As to your cut-throat proposal, it is natural enough from you; you have nothing to lose, but I must take another year to compleat my ruin: therefore, when you return from

'Italy, or thereabouts, why we shall fight on equal terms.'

So saying, he ran off, without waiting for a reply; and left me with too much contempt for his cowardice to think of pursuit.

'This, then, is the man,' said I to myself, 'whom I once thought amiable, by whose counsels I have been often guided! What a depth of depravity! What a vile and corrupted heart! Oh, how hideous is vice when seen without a veil! It never seduces but when concealed; and, having ever a greater proportion of impudence than of artifice, it soon or late will break the brittle mask with which its true face is covered.'

This last adventure furnished me with more than one subject for reflection; it taught me how carefully those who prize their reputation ought to avoid making themselves the topic of publick conversation, in which the sarcasms of scandal are always most prevalent. The malicious add and invent; and the foolish and the idle hear and repeat: truth is obscured; and the deceived publick condemn without appeal.

In the midst of these thoughts, there was one more afflicting than all the rest: I was arrived at that height of misery, that my greatest misfortune was not that of being ever separated from Julia; no, I had another still more insupportable. The most virtuous and innocent of women, the ornament and glory of her sex, groaned beneath the opprobrious burden of the world's contempt; and I alone was the cause of this cruel injustice: the remembrance of this distracted me, and made me almost insensible to the consolations of friendship. 'Yes,' said I to Sinclair, 'I could suffer singly for my errors, and support my punishment perhaps with fortitude. Time, I know, destroys passion and regret; but it never can enfeeble the remorse of a feeling heart, born to the practice of virtue. The day may come, when Julia will no longer live in my imagination with all those seductive charms I now continually behold; but she will ever remain there the innocent sacrifice of folly and distraction; and the remembrance of that will be the torment of my life.'

In effect, neither the tender cares of Sinclair, nor the dissipation of a long voyage, could weaken my chagrin.

When

When we returned to Paris, Sinclair was obliged to leave me, and rejoin his regiment; and I departed almost immediately for Holland; where, six months after, Sinclair came to me. He suggested an idea of my undertaking some kind of commerce, and lent me money necessary to make a beginning.

Fortune seconded this new project; and I foresaw the possibility of regaining the happiness I had lost. The desire of laying the fruits of my travels at the feet of my Julia, gave me as much industry as perseverance: I vanquished my natural indolence; and the tiresome disgust with which this new species of employment at first inspired me; and read and reflected during the time that business did not call my attention.

Study soon ceased to appear painful: I acquired a passionate love for reading; my mind was insensibly enlightened, my ideas were enlarged, and my heart became calm. Industry, reading, and thinking, recovered me, by degrees, from the soporiferous draught of indolence; religion likewise gave fortitude to reason, elevated my soul, and released me from the tyrannical empire of passion.

This revolution in my temper and sentiments did not at all change my projects. It is true, I had no longer that excessive and silly passion for Julia which had made us both so unhappy: I loved with less violence, with less self-interest, but with more certainty. Passion is always blind, selfish, and seeking it's own satisfaction: friendship is founded on esteem, owes all it's power to virtue, is more affectionate, and the more affectionate it is, the more it is equitable and generous.

I passed five years in Holland; during which time I was constantly fortunate in the business in which I was engaged: and at length, by extreme economy and unwearied assiduity, entirely re-established my fortune. I then thought of nothing but of once more visiting my own country. I imagined, with the most tender delight, the happiness I was going to regain; when, falling at the feet of Julia, I might say to her—'I return worthy of you; I return to consecrate my life to your happiness.'

Thus, occupied by the most delightful of ideas, I departed from Holland; far, alas! from suspecting the blow I was about to receive.

I had written to Sinclair, desiring him to inform Julia of my journey; and re-

ceived an answer at Brussels, by which I learned Julia had had a fever; but, at the same time, the letter assured me she had not been dangerously ill, and was almost recovered. The explanations which accompanied that letter prevented all uneasiness; and I continued my route with no other fear than that of seeing Julia more surprized than affected at my resolutions and return.

I drew nearer and nearer to Paris; and at last, when within twenty leagues, I met Sinclair, who stopped my carriage, and descended from his own. I opened my door, and flew to embrace him; but, as soon as my eyes met his, I shuddered: astonishment and terror rendered me speechless. Sinclair opened his arms to me; but his face was bathed in tears. I durst not ask the reason; and he had not the power to tell me. I expected the worst; and, from that moment, faithless, fleeting joys, for ever forsook my heart!

Sinclair dragged me towards my carriage without speaking a single word; and the postillions instantly quitted the road for Paris. 'Whither are you taking me?' cried I, distractedly. 'Tell me; I will know!'

'Ah, unhappy man!'

'Go on!—continue!—strike me to the heart!'

Sinclair answered not; but wept, and embraced me. 'Tell me,' continued I, 'what is my fate? Is it her hatred, or her loss, thou wouldst announce?'

Sinclair's lips opened to answer, and my heart sunk within me: I wanted the courage to hear him pronounce my sentence. 'Oh, my friend!' added I, 'my life this moment is in thy hands!'

The supplicating tone with which I spoke these words, sufficiently expressed my feelings. Sinclair looked at me with compassion in his eyes. 'I can be silent,' said he; 'but dare not deceive.' He stopped: I asked no more; and, the rest of the route, we both kept a profound silence, which was only interrupted by my sobs and sighs.

Sinclair conducted me to a country-house, where I at length received a confirmation of my misery. Alas! all was lost! Julia existed no more! Her death not only deprived me of all felicity, but took from me the means of repairing my faults, of expiating my past errors, except by regret, repentance, and by daily pouring out my silent griefs before an elegant mausoleum, which the

H b generous

generous friendship of Sinclair had kindly caused to be erected to her memory in the neighbourhood of his country-house.

The remainder of my history has nothing interesting. Consoled by time and religion, I consecrated the rest of my career to friendship, study, and the offices of humanity: I obtained my uncle's pardon; the care of making him happy became my greatest delight; and I fulfilled, without effort, and in their whole extent, those sacred duties which nature and gratitude required. Though my uncle was far advanced in years, Heaven still permitted him to remain with me ten years; after which, I had the misfortune to lose him. I purchased his estate, and retired thither

for the rest of my days. Sinclair promised to come and see me once a year; and, though fifteen are now passed since that event, we have never been eighteen months without seeing each other.

Sinclair, at present in his fifty-eighth year, has run a career the most brilliant and the most fortunate: a happy father, a successful warrior, covered with glory, loaded with Fortune's favours, he enjoys a felicity and fate the more transcendent, in that they only could be procured by virtue united to genius.

As for myself, I might yet, in my obscure mediocrity, find happiness, were it not for the mournful, the bitter remembrance, of the evils which others have suffered through the errors of my youth.

THE

HISTORY OF CECILIA WEBSTER.

THE variety of situations into which we are all occasionally thrown, whether our sphere in life be splendid or obscure, calls loudly for the constant exertion of every virtue; and there are few, if any, who in the time of adversity summon reason and reflection to their aid, that do not, however great their misfortunes, experience the cheering condolence of an invisible good monitor. By acting up to the dictates of an untainted conscience, we may welcome calamity with a smile, and serenely view the ineffectual attacks of malevolence; whose loathsome darts, unable to penetrate the virtuous bosom, direct their disappointed force against a less powerful adversary: but it is difficult to repel those evils which originate from the impurity of our hearts, that being the source of their existence. The only hope is, that this circumstance, instead of precipitating the unhappy victim to perdition, may remind him of the pre-eminence of virtue, once nearer his reach; and stimulate him gradually to labour for the attainment of it's delightful and advantageous summit. Virtue has undoubtedly sometimes received temptations almost too powerful; but how conspicuously do we often see it rewarded by the timely intervention of Providence! and with what additional lustre, with what divine refulgence, does

it on such occasions shine on the soul, adding new charms to it's original brightness, and setting every officious innovation at defiance! To record the ignominious fate of vice is certainly laudable; but to paint the distresses of misguided innocence, and it's splendid reward for the preservation of it's brightest gem, through the unbounded path of temptation, cannot fail of reminding the wanderer, that—

“Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
“As, to be hated, needs but to be seen.”

A town bounded by the sea, delightfully situated in a remote western county, gave birth to Mr. Webster, whose father was a respectable attorney, and bred his son to the same profession.

On the death of the old gentleman, which happened in Mr. Webster's twenty-fifth year, he pursued the exemplary conduct of his regretted parent, with a perseverance and zeal which would have graced any station. To complete the felicity that on all sides presented itself, from the universal esteem which his known probity never failed to secure, he paid his addresses to the daughter of an eminent physician of the same place; and soon obtained her hand, with the entire possession of her heart, though unaccompanied by any very considerable fortune.

fortune. Mr. Webster's knowledge was by no means confined to the law; having a liberal and capacious mind, he acquired a degree of excellence in every accomplishment requisite to form the complete gentleman, the intelligent and agreeable companion: nor was Mrs. Webster less successful in cultivating the various graces which constitute the accomplished gentlewoman. Happy in the possession of each other, and blessed with numerous friends, their years rolled on through scenes of perpetual delight. Two children, a son and a daughter, completed their felicity, Cecilia, the eldest, was instructed principally under their own care; and her brother, a very promising youth, was placed at a distant boarding-school, where he remained till his thirteenth year. Cecilia was the darling of Mrs. Webster, whose perpetual study was to ennoble her immature ideas, and place her in the indubitable path of rectitude and honour. Harry and his sister were indeed the delight of both their parents. The former having acquired an unusually early knowledge of navigation, solicited his father to countenance his propensity for the sea; a request with which he at length reluctantly complied. A brave commander, who afterwards lost his life in the West Indies, having at this time a summer residence in the neighbourhood, and whose affairs Mr. Webster had long conducted with fidelity and satisfaction, cheerfully undertook to become his patron, and rated him as a midshipman immediately on the commencement of the war. Cecilia every day furnished new proofs of an enlarged and a susceptible mind; she not only excelled in musick and dancing, but gave evident tokens of a taste for literature, which her parents cheerfully encouraged. She abhorred the disgusting affectation which too frequently results from a consciousness of possessing uncommon personal charms; which she very probably regarded only as important appendages to those who possess no other qualification. She had now attained her seventeenth year, when the female mind is susceptible of every tender impulse; and, if not powerfully protected by reason, as well as duty, often proves unequal to the task of repelling the dangerous attacks of worthless insignificants, who boast of favours never conferred, and of connections noble only in words. Among the va-

rious admirers who presented themselves, there was not a single one whom Cecilia ever presumed to favour without first consulting Mrs. Webster; who being the most indulgent of parents, never refused her sanction to any of those innocent recreations among the youth of both sexes, which must naturally tend to inform and delight the mind, where the young people are all alike amiable.

Mr. Webster had been engaged in a successful cause against Sir Thomas Benson, of the adjoining town; who being exasperated at the decision of the jury against him, determined to consign the final investigation to a superior court. Mr. Webster, finding his presence would be necessary in the metropolis on this occasion, expressed a desire to be accompanied by Mrs. Webster and her daughter; whose residence being so exceedingly remote, they might otherwise never have an opportunity of enjoying the variety of it's entertainments, and beholding it's outward grandeur and magnificence. The young lady received the news with the utmost joy; as much from the kindness of her father in making the offer, as from the desire of gratifying her own curiosity. But Mrs. Webster begged to decline the proposal, as they hourly expected the arrival of their son Harry from a long cruise, whose ship had been in several engagements. This consideration had also much weight with the young lady; but, from the recollection of the known kindness of his captain, who, it was suggested, would let him remain till their return, she cheerfully prepared to accompany her father.

But how slender is the foundation on which we are too apt to build our greatest hopes! Three days after the departure of Mr. Webster and his daughter, the affectionate parent received the melancholy information that her son had been ordered on board a prize, to proceed to the first English port; but that, on their passage, they were attacked and captured by an American privateer, after a gallant resistance, and it was not certain that he had survived the misfortune. The absence of her husband and beloved daughter aggravated the calamity; and Mrs. Webster experienced anguish too poignant for her delicate frame. However, before she could collect sufficient fortitude to transmit the unhappy intelligence to her husband, a letter from Harry's captain arrived, regretting the

accident, and promising in a few days to inform them of their son's real fate, which he apprehended was far from being so unfortunate as had been reported. Under this suspense, she determined to wait the event, before she communicated the mournful information to her absent family.

Mr. Webster and Cecilia arrived safe in the metropolis; and the former having satisfactorily concluded his professional engagement, they proceeded, in the company of a young lady, whose father had complimented them with apartments in his house, to visit the most popular places of publick entertainment.

The ostentation of a fashionable life had considerable influence on Cecilia, who began to cherish a partiality for pleasures at which she could only be entitled to glance. The simplicity of her former amusements began to appear dull and insipid; and she prevailed on her father to protract his departure much longer than he had originally proposed. Mr. Webster, in the mean time, little suspected that his daughter's mind was alternately agitated with her duty to her parents, and her love for a specious gallant; whose eyes having encountered those of the fair Cecilia in the boxes at Drury Lane theatre, she blushing received the impression, and by her evident confusion discovered the innocence of her heart. This adventurer soon found out the place of her residence; and having acquired favourable intimations of her family and connections, he immediately urged his suit by the private conveyance of a letter, containing the most ardent professions of the fervour of his passion; and represented himself as the son of a gentleman of extensive fortune, in the county of Devon. He pointed out the means for procuring an interview; in an hour of infatuation she consented to meet him, and was accordingly entangled. Dormer, her lover, urged Cecilia to elope from the eye of a father, who could not be expected to close with proposals of so important a nature, without such explanations as might probably prove fatal to their union.

Mr. Webster had for some days noticed in his daughter's countenance the appearances of a disturbed mind, and had tenderly enquired the cause; but, as

she acknowledged a slight indisposition, he consoled himself that her native air, and the company of her friends, would soon re-establish her usual vivacity.

The day of their departure was now absolutely fixed. This circumstance alarmed Dormer, who determined to urge his addresses with redoubled ardour; and, being informed by the young lady, in answer to a pressing solicitation for an interview, that her father was that day to visit an eminent counsellor, he embraced the opportunity of seeing her in his absence, and too successfully pleaded the violence of his passion against all the arguments which Cecilia for a long time adduced respecting the propriety of securing the approbation of her parents. Dormer, who possessed all the powerful arts of dissimulation, represented the danger of submitting the disposal of her eternal happiness to the capricious decision of a father; declaring, that the irresistible impulse of his passion was strengthened and directed by motives of the purest affection, and of the most undissembled love; and, insisting that her father would soon relent, when he should not only honourably avow himself the husband of his Cecilia, but be found worthy of adding to the family-honour, by the dignity and affluence of his own connections, he urged her, with all the eloquence of a real passion, to put herself under his protection that night. The deluded fair-one at length, though reluctantly, consented; and Dormer hastened to provide a post-chaise for their conveyance to his own country habitation. The midnight hour covered their design: she escaped from her apartment unheard, and unsuspected; and the next day found herself united in a bond the most solemn of her life.

Mr. Webster, on his return in the evening, had received a letter from his wife, containing a confirmation of their son's melancholy fate, replete with the most piercing effusions of parental affection; and enjoining his immediate return, that the only consolation might not longer be denied her, of softening her pangs by the presence of their remaining child. This was an affliction too heavy for the fond father to sustain; he returned to his chamber, and gave way to the fullness of his heart. Mr. Webster could not think of communicating to his daughter the mournful contents of her mother's

mother's epistle, till he was himself fortified with sufficient resolution to prepare her youthful heart against the consequences of so severe a shock to her impaired health: but his concern was too visible to remain long concealed; and, after a night of anxiety and torture, he concluded on unfolding to Cecilia the mournful occasion of his regret. But if distraction can be aggravated, and horror extended beyond what the unhappy parent felt on this occasion, their utmost torture undoubtedly pervaded the soul of Mr. Webster, when he was informed that his daughter had eloped during the night, and was not any where to be found. He instantly dispatched messengers several ways; but every effort proved ineffectual. The violence of despair had now exhausted its force; and Mr. Webster was filled with more calm, though severer reflections. In this distressful situation, no remedy presenting itself, he concluded on returning home; where, as soon as he arrived, he disclosed to Mrs. Webster the circumstance which occasioned Cecilia's absence; a communication which, though made with the utmost delicacy, instantaneously deprived her of her reason, apparently beyond the power of remedy. Thus she continued several weeks; lamenting, at intervals, the disobedience of her daughter, and the unhappy fate of her son.

Cecilia, notwithstanding the round of delight in which she was for a short time incessantly engaged, was unable entirely to eradicate the invader of her ease, who whispered the turpitude of the measure she had taken in accents too strong for her happiness. She had hitherto supposed herself with the relations of her husband, who flattered her with compliments on the honour their family had received from the alliance; but she soon experienced the fallacy of this idea. Dormer began now to think of claiming the fortune to which he apprehended she was entitled in consequence of the will of a deceased uncle on her mother's side; a circumstance which she had in an unguarded moment disclosed to him, without adding, that it was subject to the will of her father. On his communicating his intention, she perceived but too plainly the extent of her guilt; and expressing a hope that her offended parents would pardon the rashness of her conduct, he received the first intimation

that Mr. Webster's consent was absolutely necessary to be solicited, before he could possibly obtain possession of those charms which had originally given birth to his very violent regards. His affection, therefore, being only a secondary consideration, and the urgency of his affairs rendering some immediate step unavoidable, he began to think the slender hope of a reconciliation with a family he had so materially injured too weak a security for deluded creditors, who had only waited the event of this last expedient; and, as the human mind, however habituated to difficulties, cannot always be serene and calm under embarrassments, he determined to develop his true situation to Cecilia. He approached her with a melancholy aspect, assuring her that she had the entire possession of his heart; and declaring, that he would gladly have comprized all his future wishes in a mere competency with her, had not his previous misfortunes excited him to a desperation, the first progress of which had been directed to rob her of the affection of her fond parents, with a view, which he now found delusive, of retrieving himself by her portion. He had, indeed, he said, once enjoyed a considerable fortune, on the death of his father, who had always lived in a state of independence; and, confiding in the good principles he had from childhood blended with his son's education, left his entire patrimony at his own discretion: having, however, been prevailed on to advance a person in London, enjoying a considerable share of apparent commercial interest and property, ten thousand pounds, much the greatest part of his legacy, he with the remainder for some time genteelly supported himself; till at length, increasing his expences by the addition of fashionable acquaintances, he found it necessary to call in the bulk of his fortune. On his arrival in the metropolis for this purpose, he was informed that the merchant, in whom he had so greatly confided, had very lately quitted the kingdom, under charges of the most atrocious nature. This surprised and dejected him; but, as his finances were not wholly exhausted, he abandoned himself to pleasurable pursuits, till he not only found himself destitute of the conveniences of life, but had actually incurred several considerable debts, which the report

port of his being possessed of a valuable estate in the country had but too well enabled him to contract: but the true state of his circumstances was about to disclose itself, when the beauty of Cecilia captivated his heart, and her supposed independent fortune attracted his attention.

Cecilia was now no longer a stranger to the distresses of her Dormer; but she could neither lessen his sorrow, nor her own. In this sad extremity, he informed her, that the very house, where they had apparently enjoyed the friendship of relations, was only engaged by him to assist his ungenerous designs; that his resources were beginning to fail; and, as his last effort, he would cheerfully advance every farthing he possessed, to assist in obtaining a conveyance to the deserted abode of her disconsolate parents.

Cecilia must have sunk under the weight of her affliction, had not the reflection, that it originated in her own misconduct, suppressed, in some degree, the severe anguish of her mind.

Dormer, unable longer to sustain the difficulties of his situation, took an affectionate leave of his injured Cecilia, with a determination to quit a kingdom, which could only serve to remind him of his imprudence and misfortunes. Cecilia, agitated by reiterated calamity, now collected sufficient resolution to pen a letter of contrition to her father, imploring his protection and forgiveness. She was at this time pregnant; and, as the immovable displeasure of her justly-incensed parents could not possibly exceed the prospect of wretchedness which lay before her, she concluded on applying to that resource, though it by no means flattered her expectations; and accordingly directed her attention to the forsaken spot where she had left substantial for imaginary happiness.

Mr. Webster was become a melancholy shadow of the cheerful companion he was once studious to represent: the loss of a darling son, and the supposed infamy of a lovely daughter, added to the distraction of Mrs. Webster, rendered existence the smallest of his concerns. He could obtain no other intelligence of the fate of his Cecilia, than that she was drawn from his protection under the specious pretence of marriage; and was afterwards abandoned to the last stage of infamy. In this situation of mind,

Mr. Webster received his daughter's letter, filled with repeated protestations of the innocence of her intentions, recapitulating and describing the hardships she had sustained, and the wretchedness to which she was now reduced. This darted a ray of light on his benighted soul, and even kindled all the effects of returning parental fondness in the breast of his unhappy lady. Immediately, Mr. Webster, impatient to see his repentant daughter, and to be fully satisfied that she had with becoming fortitude and honour sustained the sad consequences of her fatal imprudence, resolved to set out immediately, that he might meet her on the road, and the sooner present her to his afflicted wife, as the benign support of their declining years. Having reached a considerable town, fifty miles east of his residence, he found it necessary to remain a day inactive, that he might recover from the fatigue which his diminished health rendered him incapable of otherwise sustaining. Returning to his inn, in the evening, he was accosted, opposite a tattered habitation, by a female, in unemboldened address, to confer his benevolence on a wretched woman; from whom he was indignantly turning, in abhorrence of a vice which he supposed was intended as the price of his bounty, when she exclaimed, in piercing accents—"My father!" and fell to all appearance lifeless at his feet. The recollected voice of his Cecilia, added to the sudden discovery, for some moments deprived him of reflection, which returned only to strengthen his bursting vengeance on a creature who manifestly appeared in a situation of all others the most obnoxious to parental feelings. Cecilia soon awakened to a trial, apparently more awful than the most pungent of her past difficulties. She, however, implored her father to suspend his indignation, till she could, though faintly, do some justice to the occasion of the deplorable situation in which he found her.

After labouring with almost insurmountable difficulties, she had arrived thus far; when, finding her resources entirely exhausted, she was unable to proceed, and accidentally stopped at a house which was more celebrated for vice than hospitality.

This providential meeting opened a prospect of future bliss to both their views.

views. The good parent embraced with redoubled ardour, and increased affection, his reclaimed daughter; and, instead of reproving with the austerity of offended power, he tenderly sympathized in her distresses, and kindly endeavoured to tranquillize her agitated bosom.

Mr. Webster now returned with his daughter, under the influence of a pleasure to which he had long been a stranger; and Cecilia, on their arrival, fell prostrate at the feet of her mother, and implored her to accept the utmost contrition and sorrow as an atonement for the anxiety which a departure from her duty must have given to the most indulgent of parents. Acknowledgement of error, however reprehensible that error may have been, will overcome and disarm an insulted superior; while a perseverance in folly can only serve to strengthen the resentments which it's enormity demands. If any thing could disturb the renewed joy which re-animates the heart of Mrs. Webster, it was the recollection of her lamented Harry, whose features strongly presented themselves in the person of Cecilia, who began now to assume that cheerfulness which had long been obscured by a succession of gloomy clouds, uniting their efforts to shade the bright luminary they encircled, as envious of it's unquestionable pre-eminence. Cecilia related to her admiring parents every circumstance respecting her marriage, together with the departure of her husband, whose misfortunes she regretted, and whose fate she deplored; in a few weeks, her felicity was extended, in beholding herself the mother and guardian of a lovely son.

Harry, though lost to his parents, was not lost to the world: inheriting a spirit of undaunted bravery, he excited his captive companions to resistance, retook the prize, and carried her into the first convenient port in the West Indies; where his gallantry soon reaching the commander in chief, he was promoted to a lieutenantancy. In this station he eminently distinguished himself till he received a slight wound, and was permitted to visit England. As soon as he arrived, he flew on the wings of expectation to his astonished parents, who

were incapable of expressing their unbounded gratitude to the Supreme Disposer of Events for the preservation of a son whom they had long considered as dead, none of his letters having ever reached them. The worthiest of parents, thus blessed in the restoration of their beloved children, re-assumed their wonted cheerfulness. The manly, noble, yet respectful deportment of their Harry, initiated by precept, and matured by experience, wholly divested of the vulgar and unjust characteristic of a profession the most important to this country, strengthened and enriched the harmony of their lives: and the dissident consciousness of betrayed virtue, manifested in the conduct of their Cecilia, assured them that her sincere contrition was at least pardonable, if not meritorious.

Harry, being perfectly recovered, found his propensity for actual service again revive; and intimated his wishes in the most tender and respectful manner to his friends; adding, that he had invited a young gentleman, every way worthy of his confidence and their esteem, to partake with him in a month's pleasure at their house; at the expiration of which time, they meant again to pursue their fortunes together in a bond of reciprocal friendship. But, what was the surprize of Cecilia; what the astonishment of Mr. Webster, his wife, and their Harry; what the joy of the long-lost Dormer; when, in the friend of his adventures, he beheld the brother of his wife; and she, in the visitor of her brother, the acknowledged possessor of her whole heart! The mutual congratulations which succeeded, buried the recollection of past misfortunes, and every expression was rapture and delight. He recounted the events which introduced him to the friendship of Cecilia's brother, through whose means he had obtained a respectable rank in the service. His share of prize-money amounted to three thousand pounds; with which, and the fortune left Cecilia, by the will of her uncle, they retired to a neat little villa in the neighbourhood, where they live an example worthy the imitation of every virtuous and disinterested mind.

ALCANZOR AND ZAYDA.

A MOORISH TALE.

BY THE REVEREND MR. MAVOR.

THE purity of love has been supposed to influence only those breasts where the ties of religion and the injunctions of policy have restrained the passion to a single object; and to exist solely in temperate climates, and among polished nations. Under tropick suns, and among barbarous tribes, Love has always been depicted in aspects too fierce to melt, too ungoverned to allure. The Mahometan, indulged with his four wives, and as many concubines as he can maintain; and the Pagan, possessed of beauty by purchase, by force, or fraud; have been denied all pretensions to the tender emotions arising from singular and undivided regard, and degraded from the distinctions allowed to delicate passions and warm sensibility. That general reflection is always illiberal, and often unjust, has frequently been seen; and the short history of Alcanzor and Zayda will give an additional proof, as well as a new force, to the remark.

The parents of Alcanzor and Zayda were both of the first rank in Morocco, but of very unequal fortunes. Those of Zayda were as rich as they were noble: those of Alcanzor, by falling under the displeasure of the despotick emperor of that country, were glad to purchase life by a sacrifice of half their possessions. But, though contracted in the splendor of their appearance, they did not abate of their dignity nor their pride; and an inveteracy, which had subsisted between the families for two centuries, was not diminished by this reverse of fortune in one of them: on the contrary, the friends of Zayda insulted over the misfortunes of those of Alcanzor; and pride, in it's greatest humiliation, will always be able to resent such unmanly treatment, and to rekindle it's rage against such unfeeling exultation.

But Love had resolved; in vengeance to the parents, to unite their offspring. Alcanzor, in returning one day from hunting, saw Zayda coming out of the mosque, where she had been offering up

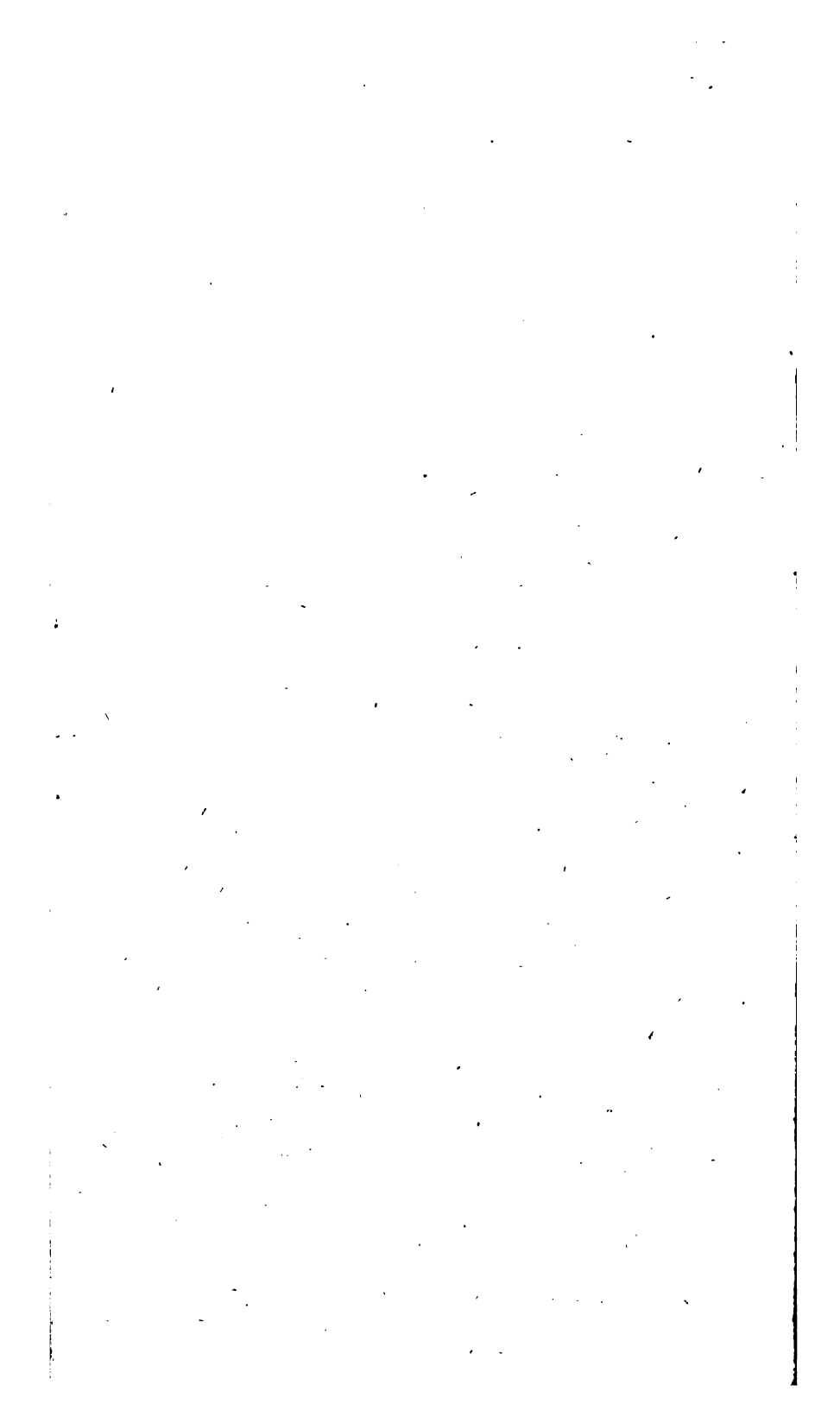
her devotion to the Prophet; and being unveiled, he had an opportunity of feasting his eyes on beauty such as he had never seen before. His own appearance was equally prepossessing; and they interchanged glances, expressive of the mutual pleasure they felt in this fortuitous interview. They were soon known to each other; and the enmity of their fathers, which they knew would be a bar to their future union, was considered by both as a stronger incentive to set themselves above it. When a rising passion experiences no difficulties, and contends with no opposition, it frequently becomes languid, and dies away for want of fuel to increase and continue the blaze. Those, who imagine they love each other, when every eye beams consent, and every voice adds congratulation, will often find their passion too low for exquisite happiness, or ardent attachment. It is the remembrance of the storms he has met at sea that endears the shore to the mariner; and the lover receives half the pleasure of his conquest from the recollection of the toils he has undergone for the possession of his mistress.

In all countries, he who truly loves will contrive means to make his situation known to the person beloved. Neither the jealousy of the Spaniard, nor the guards of the Moor, the barricaded windows, nor the bolted door, can prevent the progress of passion, and the interchange of soft emotions. Alcanzor had frequent opportunities of seeing his Zayda; and Zayda never felt real bliss but in the presence of Alcanzor. Their love was as warm as the sun that rolled his chariot over their genial clime, and as pure as the untouched rose that breathes it's sweets on the desert air. They were both young and ingenuous, elegant in their sentiments, and patterns of delicacy, in a land that, in general, has but small pretensions to refinement. Alcanzor, if he gained his Zayda, had no ambition to engross more beauty; and, notwithstanding she knew the indulgence



ALCANZOR and ZAYDA.

Published as the Act directs by Harrison & Co Nov 7 1807.



gence of Alla to his male disciples, Zayda would have shuddered at the reflection of being only one of the happy females that was destined to share the caresses of Alcanzor.

Suspicion had not even opened her eyes to guess at this attachment, and the lovers felt themselves too blest with present felicity to anticipate future ills. Days and months rolled away in one uniform tenor of joy; for the gay prospects of youthful delights are seldom shaded with the gloom of reflection. The picture of life, indeed, is at first composed only of attractive colours; but as years come on, the shades become deeper and deeper, till, at last, the fairest tints are lost in one undistinguished mass of sombre touches. The happiest only preserve the original colours longer unsullied: the event is nearly the same to all, except for the distinctions that virtue or vice occasion, which can cheer the blackest colourings, or obscure the brightest hues.

Alcanzor and Zayda were among those numerous candidates for lasting bliss, who find the cup of joy withdrawn before it can reach their lips. The parents of the lady, stimulated by avarice, and fired with ambition, had, without her concurrence or knowledge, promised their daughter to the chief minister of the emperor's court; who, though advanced to those years that love must shrink from with scorn, had seen and admired Zayda, and made overtures which the cool prudence of unimpassioned age could not listen to without approbation. He had lately lost one of his wives; and with him the indulgent permission of the Prophet was equivalent to a command: he always kept up the number of his conjugal ties; and, not satisfied with that, maintained a numerous train of beauties, to gratify his vanity rather than to satisfy his desires.

Such was the destined husband of Zayda: to a man of this description she was to resign her liberty; and for him she was to violate the strongest and purest affections of nature. In a few hours Mulley Imloc, she was abruptly informed, would arrive, and honour her with his hand. She heard the news with evident terror; but she had fortitude enough to disguise the violence and the cause of the agitations that passed in her breast, while under the prying eye of parental inquisition. She retired to her apartment almost bereft of her senses: she burst into

tears; she fainted; she recovered; she paused; she prayed and wept by turns; and, in the agony of her grief, she vented invectives against Mahomet for the impurity of his matrimonial creed. 'Alla!' exclaimed the lovely maid, 'is it possible that he whom we worship could receive his mission from Heaven, when by his dispensation the two sexes that compose the human race are treated with such flagrant inequality! To mine, the privilege of a rational soul is denied; to the other, criminal gratifications are allowed; gratifications that add to the misery of those who indulge in them, and afford the strongest proof that unerring Wisdom and infinite Power had nothing to do in their concession, since the great Father of all, to whom Mahomet is only a servant, could never dispense indulgences which would render his creatures miserable.'

In such terms raved the wretched maid, till the hour of her assignation with Alcanzor. The sound of every breeze alarmed her throbbing heart, lest Imloc should arrive before she could communicate her melancholy tale to ears that were formed to listen to it with pity and regard. The pale moon shed her silver rays through the window where Zayda watched and wept. Her family were busy in preparations for the reception of their intended son-in-law; and Alcanzor approached the well-known spot where he had often been indulged with the sight and conversation of his fair without molestation and without surprize. 'Speak, my dearest Zayda,' cries the enraptured lover; 'will you congratulate me on my good fortune in recovering a considerable share of my patrimony which was lost, and will you deign to share it with me? I hope now I may presume to apply to the parents of my charmer with greater claims to their favourable attention than I ever yet possessed. Will Zayda join in the petition? — May Alla shower every blessing on Alcanzor! but he must forget there is such a wretch as Zayda. This night, perhaps this hour, I am to be devoted to another. I am unable to explain the heart-rending news; but, in short, I am destined for the cruel, the aged Imloc.' — 'Zayda, Zayda, this arm shall defend thee; I dare the united rage of Imloc and your parents: only trust yourself with me, and I will protect you. Fly, fly with me!

'We love like Christians, and I will soon convey you where such love will be no reproach.'—'Alla, guide me!' cries the hesitating fair. 'What would Alcanzor have me do? How can I descend unperceived? How can you convey me hence without incurring the danger of losing a life dearer to me than my own?'—'Trust me, trust me, Zayda! I hear the approach of horsemen, and we must not linger.'

With a spring, the distracted fair-one threw herself from the window into the arms of Alcanzor, and fear added swiftness to their feet. But, alas! Fortune did not favour their escape: it was Imloc himself that was approaching, and some of his attendants were already arrived. A servant was dispatched to apprize Zayda of this circumstance: her window was found open, and she was gone. It unfortunately happened, that one of Imloc's train, taking a different road from the rest, had met the flying lovers, without suspecting who they were. The alarm was soon spread; and the parents of Zayda, with her destined husband, pursued the route that was pointed out by

the attendant. Alcanzor and Zayda were speedily overtaken. He drew his sabre on his brutal pursuers. Imloc first encountered him; and, his horse being wounded, he was soon brought to the ground, and felt the superior vigour of Alcanzor's arm; but, as he was giving the last blow to his rival, two of his attendants sprung to the relief of their master, and each aimed a mortal blow against Alcanzor. Zayda, become desperate at this sight, rushed between the assailants: she received a sabre through her heart, which was directed against Alcanzor; but a hunting-spear, in the hand of the other servant, pierced his breast just as he was withdrawing his sabre from the stroke that had severed Imloc's head from his body.

Thus at once fell the pursuer and the pursued. Imloc was little pitied, because he was never loved; but the tear of compassion has often flowed at the recital of Alcanzor and Zayda's fate: and when the youthful breast in Morocco gives way to ingenuous passions, it is said to resemble the love that Alcanzor felt for Zayda.

THE SELFISH PEASANT.

AN ANECDOTE IN HUMBLE LIFE.

IT would be well for the peace of society, and for the domestick felicity of individuals in general, if the controul of parents over the inclinations of their children, in the grand article of marriage, were not carried to such a height of despotick rigour. Love! the pure love, at least, which Hymen justifies, spurs at every restraint which flows not spontaneously from the emotions of a virtuous sensibility; and though old people may, on such occasions, gravely reason from the impulses of avarice, ambition, or convenience, yet young people will still feel, and think themselves entitled to give a loose to their feelings. Where the heart is concerned, one soft whisper of nature shall overturn in a moment all that self-interest can preach up for months, in the language of prudence, of which, for the most part, it is only the precious image.

But, alas! the obstacles to matrimonial felicity are no longer confined to the cruel imposition of parents. The parties themselves have become accessory

to their own undoing; nor need we wonder that there should be so few happy matches, when we consider that, in these days, the laws of love are sacrilegiously, though avowedly, trampled upon by both sexes; at an age, too, when sensibility might be presumed to triumph with the most relentless sway in the human bosom.

In short, dissipation, that accursed dissipation which accompanies the luxury inseparable from great cities, seems at length to have extinguished every spark of sentiment among our young people. Thus, in the preliminary arrangement of nuptial concerns, it matters not whether Master or Miss be born to move in the splendid circle of St. James's, or in the filthy purlieus of Wapping; for still the object of both is, not, whether, delighted with each other, they shall be happy at home? but whether, exempted from parental restraints, they shall be more at ease in the pursuit of separate pleasures abroad?

Celadon and I are old friends. We are

were both of a philosophick turn; but with this difference, that he pretends, and perhaps with truth, to know more of the world than I. In moralizing with him, as above, one day, in one of our unfashionable tête-à-têtes, I could not help expressing a wish, that it had not been my lot to be shocked with a view of the depravity of manners which seems so universally to pervade the metropolis; and, at the same time, I scrupled not to give it as my firm opinion, that real love is known no where but in the country.

'Nor in the country either,' interrupted Celadon, smiling at what he was pleased to term my simplicity. 'Real love, my friend,' added he, 'is a real phantom every where; and, as a proof of my assertion, I will relate to you an anecdote in rustick low-life; that life you seem to think so happy, of which I witnessed myself some of the particulars, last summer, in the course of a tour I had occasion to make through the north.'

'Happening,' continued he, 'to halt for a day or two at a village, in which, from a superficial view of it, one might have concluded that innocence and content had fixed their abode, if an abode they could be supposed to have on earth, I found the whole conversation of the place engrossed with different opinions—all of them, however, strongly seasoned with scandal—concerning the conduct of a young fellow who had lately deserted a beautiful girl, the pride of the parish, whom he had courted assiduously for above a twelvemonth, and from whom he had received every endearing acknowledgment of a mutual flame which virgin modesty would permit.'

'The father of Maria—for that, I think, was the name of the young woman—had at length given his sanction to their union; and, in order to forward them in the world, it was settled, that the portion of the bride should be twenty pounds, with a small assortment of necessaries, as furniture for the cottage they were to occupy. The banns were accordingly published; the ring and the wedding-garments were purchased; and the following Sunday was fixed for their appearance in bridal array at the altar.'

'The article Maria seemed now to have reached the very summit of her

wishes—but how, in the mean time, was her enamorado employed? Not in figuring to himself scenes of happiness in the arms of a deserving girl, who was herself a treasure, but in forming schemes to obtain a paltry addition to her little fortune, which in fact he needed not, and which was destined to be, eventually, a source of misery to a whole family for life.'

'The father, he had observed, was possessed of three cows; and the demon of mischief whispering into the ear of the rapacious clown, that he had a good right to at least one of them, he resolved to claim it as *his* *pro quâ non* of the bargain. He accordingly went to the old man, and, unacquainted with the refined language which a courtier would have used on a similar occasion, bluntly declared, "No cow, no wife!"

'Nay, stare not!' continued Celadon, (for, in truth, I did stare and smile too,) 'A cow, my friend,' added he, 'is to an humble peasant, what we may suppose ten thousand guineas to be to a proud lord. The father, therefore, demurred; and the lover, determined not to recede from his demand, withdrew in anger.'

'Recollecting, however, the next morning, that Maria had a sister, of whom the father would be glad to get rid, at any rate, he repeated his visit; and, under an express agreement that he should have the cow, offered to take her for his wife: leaving the other, as he himself significantly expressed it, to make her market as she might elsewhere.'

'In this proposal there was too much worldly convenience for the old man, to suppose him capable of resisting it. Hardly, indeed, could he conceal his joy on the occasion; and the young booby, regardless of the tears of his quondam sweetheart, espoused in her stead a creature who was more than ten years older, and whose temper was as perverse as her person was deformed.'

At this recital, I could not help exclaiming, with uplifted hands—'*O tempora! O mores!*'

'Psha!' exclaimed Celadon, in his turn, 'your adage, true in itself, is perfectly ridiculous in the application. You have no occasion to vilify the present times and manners. Human nature

'nature is the same in all ages; and vice and folly, as they appear in town and in the country, differ but in the degree. In both, we find the sordid gratification of self the predominant passion; and if in the latter there be less dissipation, it is because there is less opportunity to dissipate.'

'But, after all,' (for, anxious to hear the conclusion of the story, I was in no humour to argue the point with him) 'after all,' cried I, 'what became of poor Maria? Did the hapless girl survive this heavy stroke?'

'Survive it!—Why, she got another husband directly.'

'Another husband!—directly too!—and after having already experienced such usage from man!'

Such, I confess, were my ejaculations, and silly enough will they probably be thought by some people.

'Even so,' resumed Celadon. 'Injured innocence can boast of as few friends in the bosom of a village as in the bosom of a court. Maria, instead of becoming an object of either pity or respect, now found herself pointed at with the finger of ridicule and scorn; and being the acknowledged beauty of the place, there was not a woman within ten miles, whether young or old, who did not exultingly cry out—"Yes, yes, I thought what it would come to! I always said she would be left in the lurch at last. This comes of your fine faces! For my part, I could never see more about the hussy than about other people; and, after all, to run away with a recruiting sergeant!"'

'Here,' continued he, 'they spoke a melancholy truth. Deprived of the man who had seduced her into a belief that she was to be his wife, and unable to bear the envenomed taunts she daily experienced from a malignant neighbourhood, to which she was a credit, she eloped, the week after the nuptials of her sister, with a military adventurer of the above description, nor has she since been heard of. It was a measure of necessity, not of choice. Where, then, is her peace of mind; and where that felicity which fancy had fondly pictured to her while yet in her virgin state? Forced from her situation to associate with the profligate and abandoned, avails it that she has left behind her a wretched father, who purchased his own misery by vainly attempting to establish the happiness of one child at the expence of another; and is already doomed to have that child returned on his hands, plundered of her all by a husband who, in the truest sense of the words, had married her for what he could get?—No; circumstances like these can never impart comfort to Maria; though they may in time teach her to detect her mercenary deluder as much as it is possible she once loved him. And, ah! may the tears of Maria soften the heart of every father, and of every lover, whether in high life or in low life, who shall be inclined, like the father and the lover of this hapless villager, to sacrifice a permanent felicity to the visionary idea of a momentary accommodation!'

THE GREEN COAT, AND THE BROWN COAT.

A TALE FROM MODERN POLITE LIFE.

'**L** EAD them to Piccadilly Gate!' said a young man in Green to his servant, as he came out of a house in Grosvenor Street. The servant was holding two horses, and the master was equipped by Hyde Park. 'Go to Piccadilly Gate, I shall be there in less than an hour.' The servant mounted his nag; and, taking the bridle of the other in his hand, walked him off through Bond Street.

The gentleman in Green walked through Bond Street too. He stooped at Gray's—admired some filigree plate—

said he would consider about the watch for Harriet ***, and gave twelve guineas for a pair of buckles.

In St. James's Street he went into a fruit-shop, eat half a dozen peaches, yawned, complained that the town was empty, and the street full of dust. Sat silent, pinched a kitten, said it squalled like Signor ***. Wondered why the Prince went so often to the Lilliput painter in Pall Mall; eat another peach; said *How d'ye?* seventeen times to as many separate persons; thought Lady G. looked better in white than in pink; set his

his watch by St. James's dial; and then, after some reflection, determined to see who was at Brookes's.

In the club room he found only one member—they agreed on *trick-track*. The gentleman in Green was unlucky, played an hour, and lost fifty guineas; then tossed up for double or quits, lost another fifty, gave a draft on Mr. Hammersley for an hundred, and walked out with an air of composure.

At the door he seized the arm of a gentleman in Brown—'Will you ride this morning?'—'No; I have an engagement,' said Brown. 'An *assignation*,' retorted Green. 'Yes,' replied the other, 'and with a sweet creature—will you go?'—'Go! what, to *your* sweet creature!'—'Yes, to *my* sweet creature. Do not deliberate, but come along.'

He in Brown carelessly slung his arm through his in Green, and they walked off. At Charing Cross Brown Coat stepped into a coach, ordered where to drive, and Green Coat seated himself by his side. 'An odd street you ordered the fellow to drive to! but I suppose you are able to prevail on your favourites to live cheap.'—'Yes, faith! I cannot complain; the girl we are going to now, has cost me but two guineas a week since I have known her, all expences included.'—'You are a lucky fellow,' said Green; 'I wonder where you find such moderate damsels.'—'Oh, they are to be found in every parish, if you won't shut your eyes!'

The friends soon arrived at a low house, in a dirty street. They ascended two pair of stairs; Brown Coat tapped gently at a chamber door, and a little girl about five opened it. Her long ringlets were flaxen, and her eyes were blue. A smile of delight, when she beheld the visitor, fevered her sweet lips, and revealed a set of pearls that were worthy of them. 'Ah!' said she, 'how happy my mamma will be, that you are come!' The gentleman took her hand in silence; and, followed by the other, entered the apartment. A beautiful spectre sat in a chair opposite the door, and endeavoured to rise as they approached. The gentleman immediately prevented her, by seating himself with a respectful air at her side; whilst his friend, looking all astonishment, was obliged to find *his* seat on the feet of the bed.

'And how are you, Madam?'—'Oh, Sir, better—much better! Something has happened, since yesterday, that will lengthen my life, at least a week.'—'Many weeks, I hope,' replied her friend, 'and months, and years. But pray tell it.'—'My husband's relations,' replied the invalid, 'at length relent—they think my sufferings have been sufficient; they invite me to the country to die with them, and have promised to provide for my child. Oh! my little Fanny,' clasping her to her heart, 'thou art preserved from ruin! when I have seen thee in the arms of thy natural protectors, I shall breathe my last sigh with joy; but for ever remember, that it was this gentleman who preserved thee from the grave, when thy poor famished mother—' The gentleman stooped her, and made his congratulations on the change of her prospects. He enquired when she began her journey, and how she wished to be accommodated. 'Ah; Sir!' she said, 'your generous cares are concluded. See, presenting a bank-note of ten pounds, 'what they have sent me! and, besides this, the rector of the parish is in town, and will protect us on our journey: he calls on me to-morrow in a post-chaise. But oh, Sir! whilst I have mind to form a prayer, and strength to articulate it, you will be its object. My gratitude, my—'

'My dear Madam, I must stop you; your feelings overvalue those acts of duty which I have been happy enough to find an opportunity of performing. Believe me, I feel the obligation to be all on my side; and, amongst my happiest hours, I shall always account that which made me known to you. You have now some preparations to make for the morning, and I will therefore shorten my visit; but I shall wait on you before the hour of your departure, and see you and your sweet daughter in the protection of the clergyman who is to escort you.'

He bowed to the mother; and, kissing Fanny, left the apartment, followed by the half-petrified Green Coat, whose eyes were the only organs of speech he had found since they entered it. They, indeed, had very volubly expressed curiosity, wonder, and a sort of half-uneasiness, as though he felt himself taken in. The frolick was not of *his* sort.

After

After they had walked about ten yards, he exclaimed—'Why, what the devil is all this, Harry?'—'Why, as the devil would have it,' replied the other, 'the amiable creature you have seen, made what is called a love-match—that is, tempted by the brilliancy of the adventure, she left her guardian's one dark night, and went into a post-chaise with a cockaded young fellow, who had sworn she was the prettiest girl he had seen since he served in America, where he had been desperately in love with a young lady, her very counterpart. They returned full of spirits from Gretna Green, and in about seven months received her fortune, on the day the law pronounced her to be discreet and wise. The fortune was no more than two thousand pounds, and our married couple were persons of taste. The youth's relations having provided him an old woman with twenty thousand, thought the election he had made a very silly one, and refused to have any communication with him. The youth began to take up the same opinion, and treated his wife with neglect and brutality. He had, at length, the kindness to relieve her from his persecutions, by quitting England; leaving her independent, with a fortune of seven pounds and a few shillings. The poor girl, then a mother, applied to her relations—they were at first kind, then civil, then cold, then rude, and finally hoped to be troubled with her no more—advised her to send the child to the parish, and to take in needle-work. In the last article she obeyed them; and, by unremitting industry, and the most exact frugality, supported herself and infant for four years. But the constant wearing of grief at length subdued her constitution, and a rapid decline ensued. Her landlady having observed that the sewing business was at an end, and having received no money for several weeks, thought such idle hussies a disgrace to her house, and ought to be made an example of. She accordingly sent for a bailiff; who, as he found his prisoner in bed, was so humane as to allow her to put her cloaths on—then, taking her arm, helped her down stairs, pale and speechless, followed by the shrieking Fanny. At this instant I happened to pass the door—it is not necessary to add what

ensued. As I found her too ill to be removed, I was obliged to suffer her to return to the beldame's apartment. Having in repeated visits learned her story, and the name of her husband's friends, I wrote to my sister, whose country-house is happily in their neighbourhood. She represented the distress and the merits of the amiable sufferer, and had influence with them, being a lady, (for they are mean, though rich) to prevail that she might be received as the wife of their unworthy kinsman. An uncle said, *if she was a sober body* she should not want encouragement; and a maiden aunt, that girls ought not to be countenanced to run away with young fellows, but that if she was really dying she might come down; and if she behaved well, should have the honour of being buried in the family-vault. It is in consequence of my application, of which she was not apprised, that those good people have sent for her; and I am persuaded, when her mind is at peace, she will have a chance to send aunt Griffl to the family-vault before her. You now know all that I can tell you, in answer to you—*what the devil!*

Green Coat remained silent. He began to feel that there were other methods to get rid of superfluous money in a morning, besides trick-track; and that rides in the Park might now and then be interdicted with a walk to the distressed. But just afterwards he began to gape—thought all such melancholy subjects ought to be avoided; they were absolutely hurtful to the spirits, how could a man enjoy life, who was perpetually poking into scenes of distress—and then, really, one's health—At that thought, he turned suddenly round, with a 'Good morning, Harry!' and was darting across the way. 'Hold,' said his friend, 'here is a person, a few doors off, whom I cannot avoid calling on; and, as you have begun my morning circle with me—' My horses are waiting for me,' said Green Coat. 'So are mine,' answered Brown. 'I dine to-day twenty miles from town; my visit, therefore, will not be a long one.' At this instant he knocked at the door of a house, of an appearance much like that they had quitted.

'This is very particular,' said Green Coat, with an air of half pet: he thought it, however, not expedient to take

take to his heels, and there seemed no other possible method of getting quit of his leader. When an Italian countess, in the court of *Mary de Medicis*, was tried for having bewitched her royal mistress, she told her judges and accusers, that she never had employed any supernatural means to govern the mind of the queen; nor had possessed any other ascendant over it, than that which a strong mind must naturally have over a weak one. This sort of witchcraft Brown Coat practised in such a degree, that there were few of his intimate companions who were ever hardy enough to maintain an opinion opposite to his own; but they not only did not *maintain* a contradictory opinion, they insensibly *changed* their own, their sentiments, and their wishes: seeming emulous to be, as nearly as possible, what he *was*; whose understanding was of the first order, whose heart was pure, and who was, notwithstanding, so far from being puritanical, that his taste lent grace to fashion, and was aided by a passion for expence, which could only be corrected by his still stronger passion for independence.

Such was he who now entered the confined unwholesome chamber of an old man approaching fast to dissolution. The curtains of the bed were open, and disclosed the venerable object, supported by his nurse. His hand was running low: the pallid hue of death had already taken possession of his cheek, and the living lustre of the eye began to be dimmed by the deep shade of its approaching night. His faculties, however, seemed yet awake, and the voice of his benefactor called a faint flush, which struggled a moment in his pale face, and then subsided for ever!

'Ah, Sir!' he said, 'you, whose soul is so full of benevolence! you, to whom the tear which steals from your eye in pity, is dearer than that which gushes there from rapture—to you this moment will be not unwelcome! I speak not of myself; for the hour is arrived, in which I shall cease to mourn, in which this wearied heart will render up its last sigh to him who gave the agonizing nerve. Another child of sorrow is at hand! This long, sad night, in which my soul has been struggling to meet its God, the inhabitant of the next melancholy chamber has had the power to arrest its flight—

'her voice has penetrated through the darkness of the night; chained down my spirit, and kept my languid pulse still beating.'

The person to whom this was addressed turned towards the nurse for information: all he could learn was, that, by the patient's order, she had been several times in the adjacent room to offer consolation and assistance to a person who seemed resolved to accept of neither. 'But you, perhaps, Sir,' added she, 'may be able to speak comfort to the poor young thing.'

A voice now issued from the apartment; for the partition was so thin, and its apertures so frequent, that every word was distinctly heard. 'Whoever you are,' said the voice, 'come and receive my sad tale whilst I have breath to utter it: in a few moments my lips will close for ever!' This was articulated in a tone so faint, that there could be no doubt that the person who uttered it was indeed expiring; and the two friends, in awful silence, entered her apartment. A curtain prevented the fair mourner's seeing them, which the gentleman in Brown gently touched, to inform her that they were present, and it was immediately opened. But the youth in Green, who thought he had had quite enough of dying faces for one morning, turned from the bed, and endeavoured to find more agreeable ones in the street, into which the solitary window looked.

The young woman found herself addressed in the softest accents; and every argument of consolation was poured forth before her. 'Alas!' said she, 'it is all, all too late! and the only comfort I can now taste, is the certainty that I *cannot* live to profit by your goodness.—But burden your memory with my woes; that if, in your journey through life, you should meet with the author of them, he may know the fate of her who once reigned the mistress of his.'

'I am by birth an American; the only child of parents far advanced in life; consequently I was the blessing of their existence. My father was a planter, respected for his riches, and beloved for his goodness!—Oh, he was all goodness! How unworthy have I been of such a parent!—My youth was passed beneath his eye, in which period I was instructed in all the

'the accomplishments which are supposed to give force to beauty. Of beauty, too, I had my share; and was an object of envy to some of my own sex, whose charms I could not help thinking were superior to my own.

'At the age of seventeen, my father gave me in marriage to a young gentleman of amiable manners, who loved me to distraction. I, alas! was not sensible of passion in the degree in which my husband felt it; but I loved no other, and my innocence made me believe I felt for him all the tenderness my heart was capable of feeling—Oh, why was I ever awakened from the happy error!

'My father and my husband were both of the Loyalists party, and consequently the British officers were treated in *their* houses with particular attention and favour. A few months after our marriage, towards the close of the war, a young soldier, who was said to be of fashion and of great fortune in England, found admittance to our table. His manners were so engaging, that, after a few visits, my husband requested him to reside with us entirely. The invitation was gracefully accepted, and he became one of our family. Oh, how did the hours glide in his society! Without, all was anarchy, distress, and war; but within our walls, all was elegance, and taste, and pleasure! My husband was never wearied of praising his guest; and my heart, unconscious of its error, fluttered with delight, at hearing those praises.

'Alas, Sir! how shall I add the rest? By degrees that heart became sensible to its situation, and knew it loved—knew that it madly loved! My husband was often absent; at those periods, our guest never. It cannot be, that I should now go through all the scenes of seduction and guilt—for seduction and guilt did indeed follow; and I became abandoned to my lover!

Here tears and groans interrupted the dying penitent; who, at length, with many interruptions, continued—'Think not that I became at *once* dead to honour, and to every consideration of duty! Slow, though *sure*, was my progress in the road of iniquity. Many were my self-upbraidings, numberless my resolutions; but at last the

voice of duty was dead in my heart, and love reigned there a ruining conqueror! I had retired one afternoon to a summer-house in the farthest part of the garden. My lover unexpectedly appeared there—I say, unexpectedly. The suddenness of his approach, and the joy which accompanied my surprize, made me neglectful of every thing but him: I abandoned myself to the ardour of his caresses; and, whilst I was reclining on his bosom, and encircled by his arms, my much injured husband entered the apartment.

'A cry of horror was the first intimation we received of his presence. He viewed us without speaking, whilst we remained absolutely motionless on the spot where he first beheld us. His first action was towards his sword; but pausing, and viewing us awhile with mingled rage and grief, he uttered another cry, and fled through the garden with incredible quickness. This was the last moment in which I ever saw my husband!

'We remained long in the fatal summer-house, not knowing what steps to pursue. The sense of my guilt overpowered me, and I felt that happiness was fled from me for ever. At length, I ventured to return to the house: I asked the servants, with my eyes, what was become of their master—but, with my lips, I dared not articulate his name. The servants did not seem to be conscious that any extraordinary event had happened, and all things appeared in their usual state of composure. Thus, the night passed, and three succeeding days and nights, in all which time I heard neither of my husband, nor of the man who had usurped his rights. This frightful calm was at length broken in upon—and by a tempest!

'On the fourth morning my father, my dear father! entered my apartment, with a countenance which expressed unusual sorrow. He took my hand, however, with the utmost tenderness; and, by the softness of his tones, removed the terror which had seized me on his appearance. He told me, he had a deep affliction to prepare me for; and endeavoured to fortify my mind with every argument of religion and submission, before he revealed it. In this dreadful suspense I uttered not a word;

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my mind was stretched with horrid expectation!

At length the millstone crushed me. He informed me, that three days before, my husband had joined the rebel army; that an engagement had taken place, and that he was amongst the first victims of the battle. The effect this intelligence had on me was scarcely short of madness—I did not weep, but I grew furious; I called myself my husband's murderer, demanded justice on myself, and talked of circumstances which, though true, passed on those about me as the effect of sudden phrenzy. Those violent perturbations ended in a fever, from which it was my punishment to recover. With shame I acknowledge, that as my health returned, my passion revived. I now considered myself at liberty, and had no doubt but my tender, passionate lover, panted for the hour in which he could throw himself at my feet, and recompense all my sufferings by uniting himself to me for ever. The days and weeks wore on, and he appeared not. At first, I considered him as sacrificing to decorum; but at the end of two months I could no longer resist enquiring of a lady, who visited in my chamber, when she had seen the object of all my thought. She answered, with great unconcern, that he had hardly been seen at all for the last month; for that he was so devoted to Mrs. Iliff, whose husband was in England, that he never spent an hour out of her house; that he boasted every where of his passion, and of his happiness; and had told his friends he doated on her to such distraction, that, for her sake, he had half resolved to give up his country and his profession, and become an American planter.

How long my friend might have continued in this interesting detail I know not, had not my suddenly falling senseless at her feet shocked her into silence. She had discernment, and perhaps guessed, in some measure, the cause of so strong an emotion. Urged, therefore, either by her prudence or her curiosity, she called no assistance, but endeavoured to recal me to the recollection of my miseries by the common methods. On awakening from the fainting, I found my head reposed on her bosom, and her

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tears bedewing my face. This tenderness unlocked my whole soul—my woes were too poignant to admit of concealment, and they were all poured out before her.

My failing spirits, said the sad narrator, will not permit me to continue in a thread—I must pass over many events to tell you that this friend prevailed on me to accompany her to England. Her husband was a Loyalist; mine had been so, and the rebels made this a pretext to rob me of all my possessions—too light a punishment for crimes so deep! I left America without daring to mention such a design to my father—I could not bear to stab him with the intelligence; and I could bear still less to remain on a spot where every object kept my dishonour and wretchedness alive: yet I wrote to him from the first port, and confessed all my criminality; with a view to make his mind yield to the propriety of my absence, and to lessen his regrets for the loss of a child whom he could no longer think worthy of his love.

On our arrival in England, my friends carried me to a northern county, where I resided with them almost two years in tolerable tranquillity. My tears were frequently poured before the Almighty for my past offences; but they were tears which always left me more peaceful and serene. This quiet state was at length interrupted by the passion of the man in whose protection I lived. My friend had unwisely informed her husband of my former guilt, and he received the intelligence with malicious pleasure—he considered now, that I had no right to defend myself from his addresses on principles of honour, having once outraged them, and had the cruelty to inform me so. On my expressing horror at such a declaration, he had the brutality to add, that my affected niceness was an ill return to his benevolence in having so long supported me; and that, if I chose to cherish such ungrateful sentiments, it must be under some other roof.

His roof I instantly quitted, though a stranger in the kingdom, and known to no human being in it out of the little village in which we resided; but to remain there, would have been as though I did not wish to fly from the enemy

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enemy who pursued me; and I surely owed it to his wife, to leave a situation in which I was every hour exposed to the danger of his visits.

A rage, which passed at the instant of these cogitations, offered me relief: it was in winter, and there was not a creature in it; which gloomy circumstance was to me a desirable one—for it gave me the leisure of two hundred miles to ponder over my sorrows, and to consider of my future fate. The bitterness of these reflections so overpowered me, that when the coach arrived in London, I was so ill as to seem to the people of the inn in a dying state—I bled Heaven they were right! The coachman recommended me to this house, kept by his relation, as he informed me. I delivered my purse to the mistress of it, who for a fortnight gave me some attendance; but since that period she has kindly left me a prey to my disorder, which will presently—

‘D—d unfeeling wretch!’ exclaimed the youth, who had till now seemed attentive only to what passed in the street though the restlessness of his motions and now and then a heavy sigh, gave his friend room to suspect him of more tenderness and compassion than was thought to belong to his character. The sudden force of this execration had a visible effect on the dying lady—but neither she, nor the gentlemen who had been listening to her melancholy tale, had time to notice it; for the door instantaneously opened, and divulged the venerable patient whom they had first visited. The nurse tottered beneath his weight, whilst with ghastful eyes he surveyed the lovely creature, already on the threshold of death. He stretched his arms towards her, uttered a deep cry, and falling on the bed, expired!

‘My father, my father!’ exclaimed the lady, clasping her hands with a wild

air, and bending over the corpse: ‘but I shall join thee—my woes are at an end!’

‘Yes, thy woes are over,’ said the youth, who now turned from the window, ‘thy woes are over! But, oh! Caroline, where will end the anguish which now seizes my soul! Behold the author of all thy afflictions—thy husband’s murderer, thy murderer, and the murderer of thy father!’ The lady started from her father’s corpse; she fixed her eyes on him for a moment with the most dreadful expression, and essayed to speak—but death had already rendered rigid the organs of speech—his chill hand was on her heart—she struggled a moment; and then, without having uttered a sound, sunk dead on her pillow!

Pause here, and behold the two friends! Both young, both equally the favourites of health and of fortune. They had arisen in the morning fresh as the sun, when through the portals of the East he first elances his golden beams! The day was before them—their actions were to be chosen. One of them passed it’s opening hours in indolence, in folly, in vapidity, and expence—the hour of noon beholds him a conscious murderer; an accumulator of crimes; a wretch bowed down with the sense of his iniquities. The other begun his day like a favourite son of Heaven: his heart was filled with benevolence; wherever he trod, his steps, like the steps of the Spring, gave hope, and joy, and consolation. Having feasted his mind with it’s own beneficence, he retires from the woes he had contributed to lessen; he is prepared to *taste* the pleasures which lay before him, to *refuse* them, and to *possess* them with a zest of which the palled libertine can form no idea. *He* is, indeed, an epicure—a voluptuary of the first order!

Ye sons of Pleasure, copy the portrait!

THE TEST OF MAGNANIMITY.

BY MR. WILLIAMS.

‘I should think this same island of Great Britain,’ said Monsieur de Champignon the other day, accom-

panying his remark by gracefully brandishing a pinch of rappee, ‘the most favoured country under heaven, ex-

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cepting France, for the advantages of human society, were the climate more constant, and the inhabitants more refined.'

'That sentiment is perfectly characteristic in a Frenchman,' replied I.

'*Pardonnez moi!*' rejoined he, with some warmth. '*Je suis citoyen du monde*; I am a member of the human species, and speak of mankind as I find them, untinged by the prejudices of custom or illiberality.'

'But, after all, Monsieur,' added I, 'you were born in France.'

'*He bien, certainement*,' replied the astonished son of Gallia; 'but what of that!'

'Oh, Monsieur, the consequences are infinite!' said I. 'The circumstance of being born in France, is one of those causes from whence the effect is invariable: the natives of that sportive soil would as soon resign the idea of it's pre-eminence over every other spot in the creation, as a primitive Quaker would the tenets of his faith, or a British sailor the dominion of the seas; they are both too strongly interwoven in the natural system by the prevalence of habit, to be entirely removed by the simple exertions of reason. But the prejudice, taken in the most unfavourable point of view, has it's amiable points, and should be forgiven.'

'*Ma foi*, prejudice!' replied he, with evident tokens of amazement: *excusez moi, Monsieur*, but I have no prejudices. The *fierté* or pride of Britons has been proverbial from the earliest ages: your indelible contempt of every country but your own, has betrayed even the most enlightened of your members into acts of personal rudeness that are totally unknown in France; whereas the influence of refinement would teach you not only to govern the passions, but meliorate the heart.'

'Excuse me, Sir,' rejoined I, 'for interrupting you; but I flatter myself that the heart of an Englishman is the seat of every manly virtue; and, speaking in a collective sense, superior to amendment: I admit that refinement may soften the manners; but, constituted as we are, even refinement may be prejudicial.'

'*Sacre Dieu!*' exclaimed the champion of *la politesse*; 'refinement prejudicial!'

'Most certainly,' added I; 'if car-

ried to an extreme, it too often tacitly apologizes for our infamy, and makes those vices general in the community, which, for our own well-being, should be unknown by any. The undistinguished emotions of the heart are, perhaps, nowhere so immediately discovered as in a free country; but particularly in England, the natives of which appear to value themselves so much upon the sincerity of expression, that in a free-born Englishman you may trace all the qualities of his mind in the muscles of his countenance: and it is a doubt with me, whether the numerous benefits that arise from his constant attachment to truth, are not more than sufficient to counterbalance the evils that may originate in his violation of good-breeding. I consider the antipathies of John Bull as the best palladium of his privileges; and if ever he departs from the old-fashioned prejudices of his ancestors, he will certainly become as servile an animal as the most contemptible of his neighbours. But, to remove any unfavourable impressions that you may entertain to the disadvantage of Englishmen, I will relate an inconsiderable adventure; by the issue of which, I hope you will admit that their virtues are more conspicuous than their weaknesses; and that all the malignant influence of their supposed negligence of refinement cannot tinge for a single moment the divine suggestions of pity and benevolence.'

'Invited by the attractions of a fine evening, I wandered forth, in the latter end of May, to partake of those salubrious breezes which the rosy-fingered Hygeia wafts through the avenues of St. James's Park; and after sauntering up and down the Mall till I was fatigued, I approached to take possession of the corner of a bench that had been pre-occupied by an elderly gentleman, who held a beautiful spaniel under her arm, and who I perceived had arisen from the seat, on which remained two persons, with apparent marks of disdain. The word *brute*, which she pronounced with particular emphasis as she arose from her companions, sufficiently denoted that the passion on her part was disgust. I had scarcely seated myself a minute in my new situation, when I discovered that my associates were warmly engaged in

a political controversy; and naturally concluded, that the acrimony of their discourse had been the cause of the lady's departure. They maintained the unprofitable colloquy on both sides with more zeal than discretion. The gentleman that sat next me was dressed in a thread-bare blue coat, with brass buttons; his waistcoat and breeches retained sufficient evidence of their original texture to enable me to assert that they had been once white; he wore likewise an old hat, embellished with a shabby ribbon, that was meant to serve as an apology for a cockade, and which covered a countenance that seemed to have been weather-beaten, and torn by the iron hand of distress; and the muscles of his visage were contracted into a frown that bordered upon the terrific. The other disputant, though a member of the same species of animals, was apparently cast in a mould of greater delicacy than his rough-hewn associate; his clay had been tempered by the amiable offices of urbanity; he wore a cockade as well as his opponent; but it was disposed with a degree of elegance, which tacitly implied that he thought an attention to the decorations of his person among the indispensable duties of a man's existence. I soon discovered the professions of my companions; and found that the former was a lieutenant in the navy upon half pay; and the latter a subaltern in a regiment that had done considerable services, and signalized itself in a particular manner during the unhappy contest with America, but had been since broke up, on the establishment of peace. The bone of contention that had been disturbing the harmony of these gallant children of Bellona had originated in a dispute equally puerile and ridiculous; namely, Which profession was of the most real advantage to their country, the army or the navy? A variety of arguments were produced on both sides, to prove the superiority of each other's claim to national gratitude; but their assertions were conceived in such a spirit of uncharitableness, and their zeal for the credit and honour of their distinct professions had betrayed them into so many violations of propriety, that I was under some serious apprehensions lest a dispute so vigorously supported should have a serious

termination; when an accident occurred, that very fortunately turned the tide of their rising animosity into the calm channel of philanthropy; and, by touching the master-key of the human heart, led them both to be volunteers in a cause that reflected the highest dignity on the propensities of their nature. A young woman, habited in the robes of misery, with a sickly infant at her bosom, approached the seat at the very moment when these champions of Britannia had arrived at the paroxysm of professional inveteracy, and were in the act of treading on the precincts of personal rudeness. When this emaciated being had crawled within a few paces of the bench, she dropped a curtsy to the company, that indicated the most abject humiliation of mind, yet the woe-worn suppliant uttered not a word; but that language which her tongue denied, was most abundantly supplied by the eloquence of her faded eyes, from each of which issued a stream of tears, that wetted the poor fondling which clung to her withered bosom. She had scarcely presented herself as an object of charity, when the brave tar, totally unmindful of the dispute, and absorbed in the generous emotions of godlike pity, pulled out a leather purse from his breeches pocket, with a sort of involuntary impulse, and offering it to the squalid daughter of affliction, with great tenderness, while a tear stole into his eye, accosted her thus—"Here, my lass, take this trifle; mayhap it will help to bear you into the port of comfort. You seem to me to have had a cursed rough voyage through life; and are now driving before a heavy gale, with bare poles, without either rudder or compass.—But what of that! Have a good heart, and cheer up, my girl; who knows what may be in the wind yet? If it's foul weather to-day, d'ye see, why it may be fair to-morrow. So take this, get a fresh store of provisions in the hold, and new-rigged. Beware of the lee-shores of extravagance, and thank God that the vessel has not been quite bulged upon the rocks of inhumanity!"—"Aye, Heaven reward your goodness!" replied the poor wretch, lifting up her eyes, almost drowned in tears of gratitude, "and teach me and my fatherless infant to supplicate eternal blessings on the head
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“ of our benefactor.”—Are you a native of Great Britain?” rejoined the subaltern. “No, Sir,” replied the sorrowing female, in tones of meekness and dejection: “I was born in New York, and educated with care and tenderness, till I became marriageable, when my fate so ordered, that I should be united in wedlock to the most amiable of mankind. We loved each other with the most inviolable affection, and passed two years in the fond interchange of mutual tendernesses; and in all probability we might have been still happy, had not the dissensions of the province put a final period to our domestic felicity. As it became necessary, at that period, for the safety of every person, to attach himself either to the services of his king or the leaders of the rebellion, my poor William,” continued the poor outcast, wiping her eyes, “thought it most honourable to enter into the service of the former. To be brief, he was killed, with many more brave men, in repelling an excursion of the enemy; and I, unhappy wretch! was left behind, in a state of pregnancy, to wander upon the face of the creation, woe-worn, friendless, and deplorable!” Here another shower of tears put a stop to the continuation of her narrative; at the ceasing of which, the

gallant votary of Mars pulled out his money with great trepidation; and, with a countenance high-fraught with the majesty of compassion, and the divine effusions of a patriot and a Christian, shared his stinted pittance with the miserable widow of a loyal soldier.

The parties now separated from each other. The lieutenant, pulling up his breeches, crossed the path with hasty strides; and the philanthropick soldier, after surveying the poor claimant with particular concern, enfolded his arms, and resting his chin upon his breast with seeming melancholy, walked down the Mall with a kind of sullen discontent, that very plainly indicated his astonishment at the seeming inconcileable dispensations of the Almighty. For my part, after contributing my mite towards the relief of the indigent woman, I indulged myself in the happiest reflections on the adventures of the evening; and could not avoid congratulating myself upon being an inconsiderable member of that community which by sea and land is defended by a race of Britons, who are not more distinguished in battle for their heroism, than in the calm retirements of peace for their humanity.

WENTWORTH;

OR,

THE MANLY MOURNER.

A Very amiable and much-respected friend of mine, whose real name I shall conceal under that of Wentworth, had lately the misfortune of losing a wife, who was not only peculiarly beautiful, but whose soul was the mansion of every virtue, and of every elegant accomplishment. She was suddenly cut off in the flower of her age, after having lived twelve years with the best and most affectionate of husbands. A perfect similarity of temper and disposition, a kindred delicacy of taste and sentiment, had linked their hearts together in early youth, and each succeeding year seemed but to add new strength to their affection. Though possessed of an affluent fortune, they preferred the tran-

quillity of the country to all the gay pleasures of the capital. In the cultivation of their estate, in cherishing the virtuous industry of its inhabitants, in ornamenting a beautiful seat, in the society of one another, in the innocent prattle of their little children, and in the company of a few friends, Mr. Wentworth and his Amelia found every wish gratified, and their happiness compleat.

My readers will judge, then, what must have been Mr. Wentworth's feelings, when Amelia was thus suddenly torn from him; in the very prime of her life, and in the midst of her felicity. I dreaded the effects of it on a mind of his nice and delicate sensibility; and receiving a letter from his brother, requesting

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me to come to them, I hastened thither, to endeavour, by my presence, to assuage his grief, and prevent those fatal consequences of which I was so apprehensive.

As I approached the house, the sight of all the well-known scenes brought fresh into my mind the remembrance of Amelia; and I felt myself but ill qualified to act the part of a comforter. When my carriage stopped at the gate, I trembled, and would have given the world to go back. A heart-felt sorrow sat on the countenance of every servant; and I walked into the house, without a word being uttered. In the hall I was met by the old butler, who was grown grey-headed in the family; and he hastened to conduct me up stairs. As I walked up, I commanded firmness enough to say—'Well, William, how is Mr. Wentworth?' The old man, turning about, with a look that pierced my heart, said—'Oh, Sir, our excellent lady——' Here his grief overwhelmed him; and it was with difficulty he was able to open to me the door of the apartment.

Mr. Wentworth ran and embraced me with the warmest affection; and, after a few moments, assumed a firmness, and even an ease, that surprised me. His brother, with a sister of Amelia's, and some other friends that were in the room, appeared more overpowered than my friend himself, who, by the fortitude of his behaviour, seemed rather to moderate the grief of those around him, than to demand their compassion for himself. By his gentle and kind attentions, he seemed anxious to relieve their sorrow; and, by a sort of concerted tranquillity, strove to prevent their discovering any symptoms of the bitter anguish which preyed on his mind. His countenance was pale, and his eyes betrayed that his heart was ill at ease; but it was that silent and majestic sorrow which commands our reverence and admiration.

Next morning, after breakfast, I chanced to take up a volume of Metastasio, that lay amongst other books on a table; and, as I was turning over the leaves, a slip of paper, with something written on it, dropped on the floor. Mr. Wentworth picked it up; and, as he looked at it, I saw the tears start into his eyes; and, fetching a deep sigh, he

uttered, in a low and broken voice—'My poor Amelia!' It was the translation of a favourite passage which she had been attempting, but had left unfinished. As if uneasy lest I had perceived his emotion, he carelessly threw his arm over my shoulder; and, reading aloud a few lines of the page which I held open in my hand, he went into some remarks on the poetry of that elegant author. Some time after, I observed him take up the book; and, carefully replacing the slip of paper where it had been, put the volume in his pocket.

Mr. Wentworth proposed that we should walk out, and that he himself would accompany us. As we stepped through the hail, one of my friend's youngest boys came running up; and, catching his papa by the hand, cried out with joy, that mama's Rover was returned. This was a spaniel, who had been the favourite of Amelia, and had followed her in all her walks; but, after her death, had been sent to the house of a villager, to be out of the immediate sight of the family. Having somehow made it's escape from thence, the dog had that morning found his way home; and, as soon as he saw Mr. Wentworth, leaped on him with an excess of fondness. I saw my friend's lips and cheeks quiver: he caught his little Frank in his arms, and for a few moments hid his face in his neck.

As we traversed his delightful grounds, many different scenes naturally recalled the remembrance of Amelia. My friend, indeed, in order to avoid some of her favourite walks, had conducted us an unusual road; but what corner could be found that did not bear the traces of her hand? Her elegant taste had marked the peculiar beauty of each different scene, and had brought it forth to view with such a happy delicacy of art, as to make it seem the work of nature alone. As we crossed certain paths in the wood, and passed by some rustic buildings, I could sometimes discern an emotion in my friend's countenance; but he instantly stifled it with a firmness and dignity that made me careful not to seem to observe it.

Towards night, Mr. Wentworth having stolen out of the room, his brother and I stepped out to a terrace behind the house:

house. It was the dusk of the evening; the air was mild and serene, and the moon was rising in all her brightness from the cloud of the east. The fineness of the night made us extend our walk; and we strayed into a hollow valley, whose sides are covered with trees overhanging a brook that pours itself along over broken rocks. We approached a rustic grotto placed in a sequestered corner under a half-impending rock. My companion stopped. 'This,' said he, 'was one of Amelia's walks, and that grotto was her favourite evening retreat. The last night she ever walked out, and the very evening she caught that fatal fever. I was with my brother and her, while we sat and read to each other in that very place.' While he spoke, we perceived a man steal out of the grotto; and, avoiding us, take his way by a path through a thicket of trees on the other side. 'It is my brother,' said young Wentworth; 'he has been here in his Amelia's favourite grove, indulging that grief he so carefully conceals from us.'

We returned to the house, and found Mr. Wentworth with the rest of the company. He forced on some conversation, and even affected a degree of gentle pleasantry during the whole evening.

Such, in short, is the noble deportment of my friend, that, in place of finding it necessary to temper and moderate his grief, I must avoid seeming to perceive it, and dare scarcely appear even to think of the heavy calamity which has befallen him. I too well know what he feels; but the more I know this, the more does the dignity of his recollection and fortitude excite my admiration, and command my silent attention and respect.

How very different is this dignified and reserved sorrow from that weak and teasing grief which disgusts by it's sighs, and tears, and clamorous lamentations! How much does such noble fortitude of deportment call forth our regard and reverence! How much is a character, in other respects estimable, degraded by a contrary demerit! How much does

the excessive, the importunate, and unmanly grief of Cicero, diminish the very high respect which we should otherwise entertain for the exalted character of that illustrious Roman!

Writers on practical morality have described and analyzed the passion of grief, and have pretended to prescribe remedies for restoring the mind to tranquillity; but, I believe, little benefit has been derived from any thing they have advised. To tell a person in grief that time will relieve him, is truly applying no remedy; and to bid him reflect how many others there may be who are more wretched, is a very inefficacious one. The truth is, that the excess of this, as well as of other passions, must be prevented rather than cured. It must be obviated, by our attaining that evenness and equality of temper which can arise only from an improved understanding, and an habitual intercourse with refined society. These will not, indeed, exempt us from the pangs of sorrow, but will enable us to bear them with a noble grace and propriety, and will render the presence of our friends, which is the only remedy, a very effectual cure.

This is well explained by a philosopher who is no less eloquent than he is profound. He justly observes, that we naturally, on all occasions, endeavour to bring down our own passions to that pitch which those about us can correspond with. We view ourselves in the light in which we think they view us, and seek to suit our behaviour to what we think their feelings can go along with. With an intimate friend, acquainted with every circumstance of our situation, we can, in some measure, give way to our grief, but are more calm than when by ourselves. Before a common acquaintance, we assume a greater sedateness; before a mixed assembly, we affect a still more considerable degree of composure. Thus, by the company of our friends at first, and afterwards by mingling with society, we come to suit our deportment to what we think they will approve of; we gradually abate the violence of our passion, and restore our mind to it's wonted tranquillity.

PORTRAIT OF A COUNTRY DOWAGER.

BY MR. MACKENZIE.

I Have long cultivated a talent very fortunate for a man of my disposition, that of travelling in my easy-chair; of transporting myself, without stirring from my parlour, to distant places, and to absent friends; of drawing scenes in my mind's eye, and of peopling them with the groupes of fancy, or the society of remembrance. When, in the summer season, I have felt the dreariness of the town, deserted by my acquaintance; when I have returned from the coffee-house where the boxes were unoccupied, and strolled out from my accustomed walk, which even the lame beggar had left; I was fain to shut myself up in my room, order a dish of my best tea, (for there is a sort of melancholy which disposes one to make much of one's self;) and calling up the powers of memory and imagination, leave the solitary town for a solitude more interesting, which my younger days enjoyed in the country, which I think, and if I am wrong I do not wish to be undeceived, was the most elysian spot in the world.

'Twas at an old lady's, a relation and god-mother of mine, where a particular incident occasioned my being left during the vacation of two successive seasons. Her house was formed out of the remains of an old Gothick castle, of which one tower was still almost entire: it was tenanted by kindly daws and swallows. Beneath, in a modernized part of the building, resided the mistress of the mansion. The house was skirted with a few majestick elms and beeches, and the stumps of several others shewed that they had once been more numerous. To the west a clump of firs covered a rugged rocky dell, where the rooks claimed a prescriptive seignory. Through this a dashing rivulet forced its way, which afterwards grew quiet in its progress; and gurgling gently through a piece of downy meadow-ground, crossed the bottom of the garden, where a little rustick paling inclosed a washing-green, and a wicker-seat fronting the south was placed for the accommodation of the old lady, whose lesser tour, when

her fields did not require a visit, used to terminate in this spot. Here, too, were ranged the hives for her bees, whose hum, in a still, warm sunshine, soothed the good old lady's indolence, while their proverbial industry was sometimes quoted for the instruction of her washers. The brook ran brawling through some underwood on the outside of the garden, and soon after formed a little cascade, which fell into the river that winded through a valley in front of the house. When hay-making or harvest was going on, my godmother took her long stick in her hand, and overlooked the labours of the mowers or reapers; though I believe there was little thrill in the superintendency, as the visit generally cost her a draught of beer or a dram, to encourage their diligence.

Within doors she had so able an assistant, that her labour was little. In that department an old man-servant was her minister, the father of my Peter, who serves me not the less faithfully that we have gathered nuts together in my godmother's hazel-bank. This old butler (I call him by his title of honour, though in truth he had many subordinate offices) had originally enlisted with her husband, who went into the army a youth, though he afterwards married and became a country gentleman, had been his servant abroad, and attended him during his last illness at home. His best hat, which he wore a-Sundays, with a scarlet waistcoat of his master's, had still a cockade in it.

Her husband's books were in a room at the top of a screw stair-case, which had scarce been opened since his death; but her own library for Sabbath or rainy days, was ranged in a little book-press in the parlour. It consisted, as far as I can remember, of several volumes of sermons, a Concordance, Thomas a Kempis, Antoninus's Meditations, the works of the author of the Whole Duty of Man, and a translation of Boethius; the original editions of the Spectator and Guardian, Cowley's Poems, Dryden's Works, (of which I

had

had lost a volume soon after I first came about her house) Baker's Chronicle, Burnet's History of his own Times, Lamb's Royal Cookery, Abercromby's Scots Warriors, and Nisbet's Heraldry.

The subject of the last-mentioned book was my godmother's strong ground; and she could disentangle a point of genealogy beyond any body I ever knew. She had an excellent memory for anecdote, and her stories, though sometimes long, were never tiresome; for she had been a woman of great beauty and accomplishment in her youth, and had kept such company as made the drama of her stories respectable and interesting. She spoke frequently of such of her own family as she remembered when a child, but scarcely ever of those she had lost, though one could see the thought of them often. She had buried a beloved husband and four children. Her youngest, Edward, 'her beautiful, her brave,' fell in Flanders, and was not entombed with his ancestors. His picture, done when a child, an artless red and white portrait, smelling at a nosegay, but very like withal, hung at her bedside, and his sword and gorget were crossed under it. When she spoke of a soldier, it was in a style above her usual simplicity; there was a sort of swell in her language, which sometimes a tear (for her age had not lost the privilege of tears) made still more eloquent. She kept her sorrows, like the devotions that solaced them, sacred to herself: they threw nothing of gloom over her deportment; a gentle shade only, like the flecked clouds of summer, that increase, not diminish, the benignity of the season.

She had few neighbours, and still fewer visitors; but her reception of such as did visit her was cordial in the extreme. She pressed a little too much, perhaps; but there was so much heart and good-will in her importunity, as made her good things seem better than those of any other table. Nor was her attention confined only to the good fare of her guests, though it might have flattered her vanity more than that of most exhibitors of good dinners, because the cookery was generally directed by herself. Their servants lived as well in her hall, and their horses in her stable. She looked after the airing of their sheets,

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and saw their fires mended if the night was cold. Her old butler, who rose betimes, would never suffer any body to mount his horse fasting.

The parson of the parish was her guest every Sunday, and said prayers in the evening. To say truth, he was no great genius, nor much a scholar. I believe my grandmother knew rather more of divinity than he did; but she received from him information of another sort; he told her who were the poor, the sick, the dying of the parish, and she had some assistance, some comfort, for them all.

I could draw the old lady at this moment!—dressed in grey, with a clean white hood nicely plaited, (for she was somewhat finical about the neatness of her person) sitting in her straight-backed elbow-chair, which stood in a large window scooped out of the thickness of the ancient wall. The middle panes of the window were of painted glass, the story of Joseph and his Brethren. On the outside waved a honeysuckle tree, which often threw its shade across her book, or her work; but she would not allow it to be cut down. 'It has stood there many a day,' said she; 'and we old other.' Methinks I see her thus seated, her spectacles on, but raised a little on her brow for a pause of explanation, their shagreen-case laid between the leaves of a silver-clasped family Bible. On one side, her bell and snuff box; on the other, her knitting apparatus in a blue damask bag. Between her and the fire an old Spanish pointer, that had formerly been her son Edward's, teased, but not teased out of his gravity, by a little terrier of mine. All this is before me, and I am a hundred miles from town, it's inhabitants, and it's business. In town I may have seen such a figure; but the country scenery around, like the tasteful frame of an excellent picture, gives it a heightening, a relief, which it would lose in any other situation.

Some of my readers, perhaps, will look with little relish on the portrait. I know it is an egotism in me to talk of it's value; but over this dish of tea, and in such a temper of mind, one is given to egotism. It will be only adding another to say, that when I recal the rural

L I

scene

scene of the good old lady's abode, her simple, her innocent, her useful employments, the afflictions she sustained in this world, the comforts she drew from

another; I feel a serenity of soul, a benignity of affections, which I am sure confer happiness, and I think must promote virtue.

THE EXCESS OF SENSIBILITY;

OR,

CHARLES FLEETWOOD.

A CHARACTER.

REFINEMENT, and delicacy of taste, are the productions of advanced society. They open to the mind of persons possessed of them a field of elegant enjoyment; but they may be pushed to a dangerous extreme. By that excess of sensibility to which they lead; by that vanity which they flatter; that idea of superiority which they nourish; they may unfit their possessor for the common and ordinary enjoyments of life; and, by that over-niceness which they are apt to create, they may mingle somewhat of disgust and uneasiness, even in the highest and finest pleasures. A person of such a mind will often miss happiness where Nature intended it should be found, and seek for it where it is not to be met with. Disgust and chagrin will frequently be his companions, while less cultivated minds are enjoying pleasure unmixed and unalloyed.

I have ever considered my friend Charles Fleetwood to be a remarkable instance of such a character. Mr. Fleetwood has been endowed by nature with a most feeling and tender heart. Educated to no particular profession, his natural sensibility has been increased by a life of inactivity, chiefly employed in reading, and the study of the polite arts, which has given him that excess of refinement I have described above, that injures while it captivates.

Last summer I accompanied him in an excursion into the country. Our object was partly air and exercise, and partly to pay a visit to some of our friends.

Our first visit was to a college-acquaintance, remarkable for that old-fashioned hospitality which still prevails in some parts of the country, and which too often degenerates into excess. Unfortunately for us, we found with our friend a number of his jovial companions, whose object of entertainment

was very different from ours. Instead of wishing to enjoy the pleasures of the country, they expressed their satisfaction at the meeting of so many old acquaintance; because, they said, it would add to the mirth and sociality of the party. Accordingly, after a long and somewhat noisy dinner, the table was covered with bottles and glasses. The mirth of the company rose higher at every new toast; and, though their drinking did not proceed quite the length of intoxication, the convivial festivity was drawn out, with very little intermission, till it was time to go to bed. Mr. Fleetwood's politeness prevented him from leaving the company; but I, who knew him, saw he was inwardly fretted at the manner in which his time was spent, during a fine evening, in one of the most beautiful parts of the country. The mirth of the company, which was at least innocent, was lost upon him; their jokes hardly produced a smile, or, if they did, it was a forced one: even the good-humour of those around him, instead of awakening his benevolence, and giving him a philanthropical pleasure, increased his chagrin; and the louder the company laughed, the graver did I think Mr. Fleetwood's countenance become.

After having remained here two days, our time being spent pretty much in the manner I have described, we went to the house of another gentleman in the neighbourhood. A natural soberness of mind, accompanied with a habit of industry, and great attention to the management of his farm, would save us, we knew, from any thing like riot or intemperance in his family. But even here I found Mr. Fleetwood not a whit more at his ease than in the last house. Our landlord's ideas of politeness made him think it would be want of respect to his guests if he did not give them constant attendance.

ance. Breakfast, therefore, was no sooner removed, than, as he wished to visit his farm, he proposed a walk. We set out accordingly; and our whole morning was spent in crossing dirty fields, leaping ditches and hedges, and hearing our landlord discourse on *drilling and horse-hoeing*; of *broad-cast and summer fallow*; of *mowing, plowing, draining, &c.* Mr. Fleetwood, who had scarcely ever read a theoretical book upon *farming*, and was totally ignorant of the practice, was teased to death with this conversation, and returned home, covered with dirt, and worn out with fatigue. After dinner, the family-economy did not allow the least approach to a debauch; and, as our landlord had exhausted his utmost stock of knowledge and conversation in remarks upon his farm, while we were not at all desirous of repeating the entertainment of the morning, we passed a tasteless, lifeless, yawning afternoon; and I believe Mr. Fleetwood would have willingly exchanged the dulness of his present company for the boisterous mirth of the last he had been in.

Our next visit was to a gentleman of a liberal education and elegant manners, who, in the earlier part of his life, had been much in the polite world. Here Mr. Fleetwood expected to find pleasure and enjoyment sufficient to atone for the disagreeable occurrences in his two former visits; but here, too, he was disappointed: Mr. Selby, for that was our friend's name, had been several years married; his family increasing, he had retired to the country; and, renouncing the bustle of the world, had given himself up to domestick enjoyments: his time and attention were devoted chiefly to the care of his children. The pleasure which himself felt in humouring all their little fancies, made him forget how troublesome that indulgence might be to others. The first morning we were at his house, when Mr. Fleetwood came into the parlour to breakfast, all the places at table were occupied by the children. It was necessary that one of them should be displaced to make room for him; and, in the disturbance which this occasioned, a tea-cup was overturned, and scalded the finger of Mr. Selby's eldest daughter, a child about seven years old, whose whimpering and complaining attracted the whole attention during breakfast. That being over, the eldest boy came forward with

a book in his hand, and Mr. Selby asked Mr. Fleetwood to hear him read his lesson. Mrs. Selby joined in the request, though both looked as if they were rather conferring a favour on their guest. The eldest had no sooner finished, than the youngest boy presented himself; upon which his father observed, that it would be doing injustice to Will not to hear him, as well as his elder brother Jack; and in this way was my friend obliged to spend the morning, in performing the office of a schoolmaster to the children in succession.

Mr. Fleetwood liked a game at whist, and promised himself a party in the evening, free from interruption. Cards were accordingly proposed; but Mrs. Selby observed, that her little daughter, who still complained of her scalded finger, needed amusement as much as any of the company. In place of cards, Miss Harriet insisted on the *game of the goose*. Down to it we sat; and to a stranger it would have been not unamusing to see Mr. Fleetwood, in his sorrowful countenance, at the *royal and pleasant game of the goose*, with a child of seven years old. It is unnecessary to dwell longer on particulars. During all the time we were at Mr. Selby's, the delighted parents were indulging their fondness, while Mr. Fleetwood was repining and fretting in secret.

Having finished our intended round of visits, we turned our course homewards, and, at the first inn on our road, were joined by one Mr. Johnson, with whom I was slightly acquainted. Politeness would not allow me to reject the offer of his company, especially as I knew him to be a good-natured, inoffensive man. Our road lay through a *glens*, romantick and picturesque, which we reached soon after sun-set, in a mild and still evening. On each side were stupendous mountains; their height, the rude and projecting rocks of which some of them were composed; the gloomy caverns they seemed to contain, and the appearance of desolation, occasioned by traces of cataraacts falling from their tops, presented to our view a scene truly sublime. Mr. Fleetwood felt an unusual elevation of spirit. His soul rose within him, and was swelled with that silent awe so well suited to his contemplative mind. In the words of the poet, he could have said—

——— 'Welcome, kindred glooms;
' Congenial horrors, hail!'

——— 'Be these my theme,
' These that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
' And heavenly musing!'

Our silence had now continued for about a quarter of an hour; and an unusual stillness prevailed around us, interrupted only by the tread of our horses, which, returning at stated intervals, assisted by the echo of the mountains, formed a hollow sound, which increased the solemnity of the scene. Mr. Johnson, tiring of this silence, and not having the least comprehension of its cause, all at once, and without warning, lifted up his voice, and began the song of—' *Psalm about the jorum.*' Mr. Fleetwood's soul was then wound up to its utmost height. At the sound of Mr. Johnson's voice he started, and viewed him with a look of horror mixed with contempt. During the rest of our journey, I could hardly prevail on my friend to be civil to him; and, though he is, in every respect, a worthy and a good-natured man, and though Mr. Fleetwood and he have often met since, the former has never been able to look upon him without disgust.

Mr. Fleetwood's entertainment in this short tour has produced in my mind many reflections, in which I doubt not I shall be anticipated by most readers.

There are few situations in life, from which a man who has confined his turn for enjoyment within the bounds pointed out by nature, will not receive satisfaction; but if we once transgress those bounds, and, seeking after too much refinement, indulge a false and mistaken delicacy, there is hardly a situation in which we will not be exposed to disappointment and disgust.

Had it not been for this false, this dangerous delicacy, Mr. Fleetwood, instead of uneasiness, would have received pleasure from every visit we made, from every incident we met with.

At the first house to which we went, it was not necessary that he should have preferred the bottle to the enjoyment of

a fine evening in the country; but that not being the sentiments of the company, had he, without repining, given up his taste to theirs, instead of feeling disgust at what appeared to him coarse in their enjoyments, he would have felt pleasure at the mirth and good-humour which prevailed around him; and the very reflection, that different employments gave amusement to different men, would have afforded a lively and philanthropical satisfaction.

It was scarcely to be expected that the barrenness and dryness of the conversation at our second visit could fill up or entirely satisfy the delicate and improved mind of Mr. Fleetwood; but, had he not laid it down almost as a rule, not to be pleased with any thing except what suited his own idea of enjoyment, he might and ought to have received pleasure from the sight of a worthy family, spending their time innocently, happily, and usefully;—usefully, both to themselves and to their country.

It was owing to the same false sensibility, that he was so much chagrined in the family of Mr. Selby. The fond indulgence of the parents did, perhaps, carry their attention to their children beyond the rules of propriety; but, had it not been for this finicalness of mind in Mr. Fleetwood, had he given the natural benevolence of his heart its play, he would have received a pleasure from witnessing the happiness of two virtuous parents in their rising offspring, that would have much over-balanced any uneasiness arising from the errors in their conduct.

Neither, but for this excessive refinement, would Mr. Fleetwood have been hurt by the behaviour of Mr. Johnson. Though he might not have considered him as a man of taste, he would, nevertheless, have regarded him as a good and inoffensive man; and he would have received pleasure from the reflection, that neither goodness nor happiness are confined to those minds which are fitted for feeling and enjoying all the pleasures of nature or of art.

THE
MAD GIRL OF ST. JOSEPH'S.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF THE CHEVALIER DE GRAVE.

IT was two in the morning; the expiring lamp in the court-yard afforded but a glimmering light; and I was retiring to my apartment; when a noise at the foot of the stair-case alarmed me. I called out—'Who's there?' 'What do you do here?' And was answered by a soft and affecting voice—'It is me: don't you see that I am waiting for him?' As I was not the person expected, I was walking away; when the same voice called to me—'Pray, come here; but don't make a noise!' I approached; and near the last step, behind the pillar, perceived a young woman dressed in white, with a black sash, and with her hair falling in disorder on her shoulders. 'I never did you harm,' said she; 'pray, do not hurt me. I have touched nothing; I am here in a corner, where I cannot be seen: this injures nobody. But don't say any thing about it; don't mention it to him. He'll come down presently: I shall see him; and then I'll go away.'

My surprize increased at every word; and I tried, in vain, to recollect this unfortunate creature. Her voice was perfectly unknown to me, as well as whatever I could discover of her person. She continued to speak; but her tears became so confused, that I could discover nothing but the disorder of her head, and the distress of her heart.

I interrupted her, and endeavoured to bring back her attention to our situation. 'If somebody else,' said I, 'had seen you before I did at the foot of the stair-case——' 'Ah!' said she, 'I see very well that you do not know all. He alone is somebody; and when he goes away, he does not, like you, listen to all he hears; he only hears her who is above. Formerly, it was I; now, it is she.—But it will not last; Oh! no, no, it will not last!'

At these words, she took a medallion from her bosom, and seemed to examine it with much attention.

A moment after, we heard a door open; and a servant, holding a light at the top of the balustrade, enabled me to distinguish a young man, who tripped lightly down stairs.

As he passed, his hapless victim was seized with an universal trembling; and scarcely had he disappeared, when the rest of her strength forsook her, and she fell on the lower step, behind the pillar that concealed us. I was going to call for assistance, but the fear of exposing her prevented me; and I took the poor creature, senseless, in my arms. The shutting of the door above was then heard: she started at the noise, and seemed to revive a little. I held her hands in one of mine, and with the other supported her head. She tried to speak; but the sounds she endeavoured to utter were stifled by her grief. We remained some time in a silence which I did not dare to interrupt; when, at last, having entirely recovered the use of her senses, she said to me, in a soft and faltering voice—'Ah! I see very well I ought to have warned you. The accident that has just happened to me, must have made you uneasy, for you are good and kind. You must have been afraid, and I am not surprized at it: I was like you. I was afraid, too, when I found myself in this situation; I thought I was going to die: and I feared it; for that would have deprived me of the only means of seeing him, which is all that I have left. But I have found out—yes, I have found out that I cannot die. Just now, when he passed by, I left myself, to go to him: if he died, I should die too; but, without that, it is impossible. We only die where we live; and it is not in myself, but in him, that I exist.'

'Some time ago, I was mad! Oh!—yes, very mad indeed! and that will not surprize you, as it was in the beginning of his going up this stair-case. My reason is now returned: every thing goes and comes; and so does that. This medallion, which you

see,

'see, restored it to me: it is a portrait, but it is not that of my friend. What good would that do? He is very well-afforded; he has no occasion to improve; he has nothing to alter. If you did but know whose portrait it is! It is the wicked woman's above stairs. The cruel creature! what trouble has she given me since she approached my heart! It was so content, so happy; but she has deranged and destroyed all! One day—I recollect it very well—I happened to go alone into my friend's room: alas! he was no longer there! I found this portrait on his table: I took it; ran away with it; and since that I am better.' After saying this, she began to laugh; talked of the public walks, of phaetons, and of horses; and I once more perceived a total confusion in her ideas.

Some moments after, when she left off speaking, I drew nearer to her; and asked why she preserved, with so much care, the portrait of the *wicked woman above stairs*.

'How!' answered she; 'what, do you not know? Why, it is my only hope: I take it every day, put it by the side of my looking-glass, and arrange my features like hers. I begin already to be a little like her; and, by taking pains, I shall resemble her exactly. I will then go and see my friend: he will be satisfied with me, and will no longer be obliged to go to her above stairs; for, except *that*, I am sure he likes me best. Only think on what trifles our happiness depends—on some features which he found no longer disposed to his liking! Why did he not say so? I would have done then what I do now; and he would not have been obliged to apply to a stranger: Nothing was more easy, and it would

have saved us both a great deal of trouble; but, without doubt, he did not think of it.

'Every evening I wait at the foot of the stair-case: he never comes down before the convent bell has struck two; and then, as I can't see, I count the beatings of my poor heart. Since I have been in possession of the portrait, I count every day some pulsations less.—But it is late, and I must go from hence. Adieu!' I accompanied her to the street-door. As soon as without, she turned to the left; and I walked on some paces with her. She then suddenly fixed her eyes on the stream of light which the lamps formed before us. 'You see all these lamps,' said she; 'they are agitated by every breath of air: it is the same with my heart; it burns like them; but they consume, and I burn for ever!'

I continued to follow her. 'Stop,' said she again; 'return home: I carry away with me a part of your sleep, and I am to blame; for sleep is very sweet; it is even so to me; I see in it what is past.'

I feared to afflict her by insisting any longer, and left her. However, my fear that some accident might happen to her made me follow her with my eyes, as I walked on gently behind. She soon stopped at a little door, went in, and shut it after her. I then returned home, my mind and heart equally agitated, and this unfortunate creature continually before my eyes. I reflected on the cause of her misfortune; and some regret, and the remembrance of some past circumstances, were mingled with my tears. I was too much affected to hope for rest; and, while waiting for day-light, wrote down the scene to which I had been witness.

STORY OF ALBERT BANE.

BY MR. MACKENZIE.

IN treating of the moral duties which I apply to the different relations of life, men of humanity and feeling have not forgotten to mention those which are due from Masters to Servants. Nothing indeed can be more natural than the attachment and regard to which the

faithful services of our domesticks are entitled; the connection grows up, like all other family-charities, in early life, and is only extinguished by those corruptions which blunt the others, by pride, by folly, by dissipation, or by vice.

* The lamps, in Paris, are suspended on lines across the streets.

I hold

I hold it indeed as the sure sign of a mind not poised as it ought to be, if it is insensible to the pleasures of home, to the little joys and endearments of a family, to the affection of relations, to the fidelity of domesticks. Next to being well with his own conscience, the friendship and attachment of a man's family and dependents seems to me one of the most comfortable circumstances in his lot. His situation, with regard to either, forms that sort of bosom comfort or disquiet that sticks close to him at all times and seasons, and which, though he may now and then forget it amidst the bustle of publick, or the hurry of active life, will resume it's place in his thoughts, and it's permanent effects on his happiness, at every pause of ambition or of business.

In situations and with dispositions such as mine, there is perhaps less merit in feeling the benevolent attachment to which I allude, than in those of persons of more bustling lives, and more dissipated attentions. To the loungee, the home which receives him from the indifference of the circles in which he sometimes loiters his time, is naturally felt as a place of comfort and protection; and an elderly man-servant, whom I think I govern quietly and gently, but who, perhaps, quietly and gently governs me, I naturally regard as a tried and valuable friend. Few people will, perhaps, perfectly understand the feeling I experience when I knock at my door, after any occasional absence, and hear the hurried step of Peter on the stairs; when I see the glad face with which he receives me, and the look of honest joy with which he pats Cæsar, (a Pomeranian dog who attends me in all my excursions) on the head, as if to mark his kind reception of him too: when he tells me he knew my rap; makes his modest enquiries after my health; opens the door of my room, which he has arranged for my reception; places my slippers before the fire, and draws my elbow-chair to it's usual stand; I confess I sit down in it with a self-complacency, which I am vain enough to think a bad man were incapable of feeling.

It appears to me a very pernicious mistake, which I have sometimes seen parents guilty of in the education of their children, to encourage and excite

in them a haughty and despotick behaviour to their servants; to teach them an early conceit of the difference of their conditions; to accustom them to consider the services of their attendants as perfectly compensated by the wages they receive, and as unworthy of any return of kindness, attention, or complacency. Something of this kind must indeed necessarily happen in the great and fluctuating establishments of fashionable life; but I am sorry to see it of late gaining ground in the country of Scotland, where, from particular circumstances, the virtues and fidelity of a great man's household were wont to be conspicuous, and exertions of friendship and magnanimity in the cause of a master used to be cited among the traditional *memorabilia* of most old families.

When I was last autumn at my friend Colonel Caustic's in the country, I saw there, on a visit to Miss Caustic, a young gentleman and his sister, children of a neighbour of the colonel's, with whole appearance and manner I was peculiarly pleased. 'The history of their parents,' said my friend, 'is somewhat particular; and I love to tell it, as I do every thing that is to the honour of our nature. Man is so poor a thing, taken in the gross, that when I meet with an instance of nobleness in detail, I am fain to rest upon it long, and to recal it often; as, in coming hither over our barren hills, you would look with double delight on a spot of cultivation or of beauty.'

'The father of those young folks, whose looks you were struck with, was a gentleman of considerable domains and extensive influence on the northern frontier of our country. In his youth he lived, as it was then more the fashion than it is now, at the seat of his ancestors, surrounded with Gothick grandeur, and compassed with feudal followers and dependents, all of whom could trace their connection, at a period more or less remote, with the family of their chief. Every domestick in his house bore the family-name, and looked on himself as in a certain degree partaking of it's dignity, and sharing it's fortunes. Of these, one was, in a particular manner, the favourite of his master. Albert Bane, (the surname, you know, is generally lost, in a name descriptive

of the individual) had been his companion from his infancy. Of an age so much more advanced as to enable him to be a sort of tutor to his youthful lord, Albert had early taught him the rural exercises and rural amusements in which himself was eminently skilful; he had attended him in the course of his education at home, of his travels abroad, and was still the constant companion of his excursions, and the associate of his sports.

On one of those latter occasions, a favourite dog of Albert's, whom he had trained himself, and of whose qualities he was proud, happened to mar the sport which his master expected; who, irritated at the disappointment, and having his gun ready cocked in his hand, fired at the animal, which, however, in the hurry of his repentment, he missed. Albert, to whom Oscar was as a child, remonstrated against the rashness of the deed, in a manner rather too warm for his master, ruffled as he was with the accident, and conscious of being in the wrong, to hear. In his passion he struck his faithful attendant; who suffered the indignity in silence, and retiring, rather in grief than in anger, left his native country that very night; and, when he reached the nearest town, enlisted with a recruiting party of a regiment, then on foreign service. It was in the beginning of the war with France which broke out in 1744, rendered remarkable for the rebellion which the policy of the French court excited, in which some of the first families of the Highlands were unfortunately engaged. Among those who joined the standard of Charles, was the master of Albert.

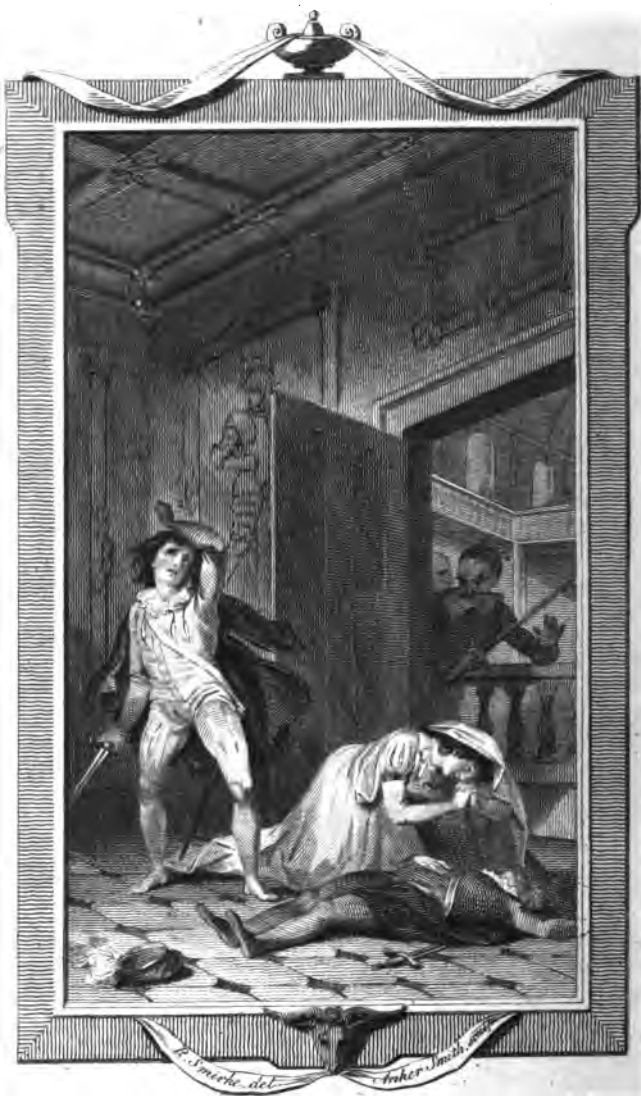
After the battle of Culloden, so fatal to that party, this gentleman, along with others who had escaped the slaughter of the field, sheltered themselves from the rage of the unsparing soldiery among the distant recesses of their country. To him his native mountains offered an asylum; and thither he naturally fled for protection. Acquainted, in the pursuits of the chase, with every secret path and unworn track, he lived for a considerable time, like the deer of his forest, close hid all the day, and only venturing down at the fall of evening, to obtain from some

of his cottagers, whose fidelity he could trust, a scanty and precarious support. I have often heard him, for he is one of my oldest acquaintances, describe the scene of his hiding place, at a later period, when he could recollect it in it's sublimity, without it's horror. "At times," said he, "when I ventured to the edge of the wood, among some of those inaccessible crags which you remember a few miles from my house, I have heard in the pauses of the breeze which rolled solemn through the pines beneath me, the distant voices of the soldiers, shouting in answer to one another, amidst their inhuman search. I have heard their shots re-echoed from cliff to cliff, and seen reflected from the deep still lake below the gleam of those fires which consumed the cottages of my people. Sometimes shame and indignation well nigh overcame my fear; and I have prepared to rush down the steep, unarmed as I was, and to die at once by the swords of my enemies; but the instinctive love of life prevailed, and starting as the foe bounded by me, I have again shrunk back to the shelter I had left.

"One day," continued he, "the noise was nearer than usual; and at last, from the cave in which I lay, I heard the parties immediately below so close upon me, that I could distinguish the words they spoke. After some time of horrible suspense, the voices grew weaker and more distant; and at last I heard them die away at the farther end of the wood. I rose, and stole to the mouth of the cave; when suddenly a dog met me, and gave that short quick bark by which they indicate their prey. Amidst the terror of the circumstance, I was yet master enough of myself to discover that the dog was Oscar; and I own to you I felt his appearance like the retribution of Justice and of Heaven.—"Stand!" cried a threatening voice, and a soldier pressed through the thicket, with his bayonet charged. It was Albert! Shame, confusion, and remorse, stopped my utterance, and I stood motionless before him. "My master!" said he, with the stifled voice of wonder and of fear, and threw himself at my feet. I had recovered my recollec-

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THE COUNT DE COMMINGE.

Published as the Act directs by Harrison & C^o March 1. 1788.

“tion. “You are avenged,” said I, “and I am your prisoner.”—“Revenge! Alas! you have judged too hardly of me; I have not had one happy day since that fatal one on which I left my master; but I have lived, I hope, to save him. The party to which I belong are passed; for I lingered behind them among those woods and rocks which I remembered so well in happier days. There is, however, no time to be lost. In a few hours this wood will blaze, though they do not suspect that it shelters you. Take my dress, which may help your escape; and I will endeavour to dispose of yours. On the coast, to the westward, we have learned there is a small party of your friends, which, by following the river’s track till dusk and then striking over the shoulder of the hill, you may join without much danger of discovery.” I felt the disgrace of owing so much to him I had injured, and remonstrated against exposing him to such imminent danger of it’s being known that he had favoured my escape, which, from the temper of his commander, I knew would be instant death. Albert, in an agony of fear and distress, besought me to think only of my own safety. “Save us both,” said he; “for if you die, I cannot live. Perhaps we may meet again; but whatever becomes of Albert, may the blessing of God be with his master!”

Albert’s prayer was heard. His master, by the exercise of talents, which, though he had always possessed,

adversity only taught him to use, acquired abroad a station of equal honour and emolument; and when the proscriptions of party had ceased, returned home to his own country, where he found Albert advanced to the rank of a lieutenant in the army, to which his valour and merit had raised him; married to a lady by whom he had got some little fortune; and the father of an only daughter, for whom nature had done much, and to whose native endowments it was the chief study and delight of her parents to add every thing that art could bestow. The gratitude of the chief was only equalled by the happiness of his follower, whose honest pride was, not long after, gratified by his daughter’s becoming the wife of that master whom his generous fidelity had saved. That master, by the clemency of more indulgent and liberal times, was again restored to the domain of his ancestors, and had the satisfaction of seeing the grandson of Albert enjoy the hereditary birthright of his race. I accompanied Colonel Caustick on a visit to this gentleman’s house; and was delighted to observe his grateful attention to his father-in-law, as well as the unassuming happiness of the good old man, conscious of the perfect reward which his former fidelity had met with. Nor did it escape my notice, that the sweet boy and girl, who had been our guests at the colonel’s, had a favourite brown and white spaniel, whom they caressed much after dinner, whose name was Oscar.

THE

HISTORY OF THE COUNT DE COMMINGE.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY MRS. LENNOX.

THE house of Comminge, from which I am descended, is one of the most ancient and illustrious in the kingdom. My great-grandfather, who had two sons, was so extremely fond of the youngest, that he settled some very con-

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siderable estates upon him, in prejudice to the rights of his elder brother; and gave him the title of Marquis of Lussan. The partiality of my ancestor did not weaken the friendship between his two sons, which increased with their years.

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They would have their children brought up together; but, by giving them their education in common, instead of uniting them by stricter ties than those of blood, which was their sole view in it, they rendered them enemies almost from their birth.

My father, who was always excelled in his exercises by the young Marquis of Luffan, conceived a jealousy at it, which soon degenerated into a fixed aversion. They often quarrelled; and my father being always the aggressor, it was he who was always punished.

One day, when he complained of this treatment to the steward of our family, 'Know,' said the man to him, 'that you will have it in your power to repress the pride of the Marquis of Luffan; all the estates he possesses are entailed upon you, and your grandfather could not dispose of them: when you are the master,' continued he, 'it will not be difficult for you to recover your right.'

This intimation convincing my father that he had it in his power to be revenged of his cousin, made him set no bounds to his resentment. Their quarrels became so frequent, and so violent; that there was a necessity for separating them. They were many years without seeing each other, during which they were both married. The Marquis of Luffan had only a daughter by his wife; and my father only a son by his, which was myself.

As soon as my father came to the possession of his hereditary estates, by the death of his grandfather, he determined to follow the advice that had been given him while he was yet a youth, and which he had never lost sight of: he omitted nothing that could render his claim unquestionable; and rejecting several proposals for an accommodation, commenced a law-suit with the Marquis of Luffan, which could not but terminate in the despoiling him of all his estates.

An unhappy rencontre, which they had one day in a hunting-match; rendered them for ever irreconcilable. My father, whose vowed revenge was never out of his thoughts, said several cruel things to the Marquis of Luffan, upon the despicable condition to which he expected soon to reduce him. The Marquis, though naturally mild, could not

help answering with some haughtiness. They had recourse to their swords: fortune declared in favour of Monsieur de Luffan; he disarmed my father, and bade him ask his life.

'I should hate it,' answered my father fiercely, 'if I owed it to thee.'—'Yet, spite of thyself, thou shalt owe it to me,' said the Marquis of Luffan, throwing him his sword: after which he instantly left him.

This generous action did not move my father in his favour; on the contrary, the double victory his enemy gained over him increased his hatred; and he carried on the suit against the Marquis of Luffan more vigorously than before. However, when his hopes were highest, he received some accounts from his lawyers which effectually destroyed them. This disappointment threw him into such transports of rage and grief, as brought on a dangerous fever, under which he languished a long time; and in this state I found him at my return from my travels, upon which I had been sent immediately after my studies were finished.

A few days after my arrival, the Abbot de R—, a kinsman of my mother's; sent notice to my father, that the writings which alone were able to prove his just claim to the estates possessed by the Marquis of Luffan were in the archives of the Abbey of R—, to which place many of the papers belonging to our family had been carried during the civil wars. My father was desirous by the abbot to keep this information secret, and to come himself for those writings; or send a person for them on whose fidelity he could have an absolute dependence.

The bad state of his health not permitting him to go himself, he charged me with this commission, after many times representing to me the great importance of it. 'You,' said he to me, 'are more concerned in the recovery of those papers than I am. The estates will probably soon be yours; but, if you had no interest in them, I think well enough of you to believe that you share my resentment, and are eager to revenge the injuries I have received.' After giving some other necessary instructions, it was resolved that I should take the title of Marquis of Longaunois, that my business in the ab-

bey

they might not be suspected, Madame de Luffan having several relations there.

I set out, accompanied only by an old servant of my father's, and my own valet-de-chambre. My journey proved successful: I found in the archives of the abbey the writings which proved incontestably the entail. I wrote to my father, and gave him an account of all that I had done; and, as I was only at a small distance from —, I desired he would permit me to stay there during the season for drinking the waters. My father was so pleased with the success of my journey, that he readily complied with my request.

I still appeared under the borrowed title of the Marquis of Langaunois: my equipage was too inconsiderable to support the grandeur of that of Comminge. The day after my arrival, I went to the fountain: in these places ceremony is laid aside, and an easy, polite freedom, better supplies its place. From the first day of my appearance at the baths, I was admitted into all parties of pleasure, and introduced at the house of the Marquis de la Valette, who that day gave a grand entertainment to the ladies.

I found several of them whom I had seen at the fountain already come, and said some tender things to them, as I then thought myself obliged to do to all women. I was engaged in a particular conversation with one of them, when a lady of a good presence entered the room, followed by a girl of surprising beauty: her charms fixed my attention immediately; her graceful modesty won my esteem; I loved her from that moment, and that moment decided the destiny of my whole life. Insensibly my former gaiety vanished; I could do nothing but gaze on her, and follow her every where: she perceived it, and blushed. A walk was proposed, and I had the good fortune to lead her. We were at a sufficient distance from the rest of the company to give me an opportunity of talking to her upon a subject by which my whole thoughts were engrossed; but I, who a few moments before was not able to remove my eyes from her face, had now, when we were alone, not courage enough to look upon her. Till then I had always talked of love to women for whom I felt nothing but indifference; but, as soon as my heart was really subdued, I found it impossible to speak.

We rejoined the company, without

having uttered a single word to each other. The ladies were conducted to their lodgings; and I returned home, where I shut myself up in my apartment. In the then disposition of my mind, solitude was most agreeable. I felt a certain kind of joy mixed with pain, which I believe always accompanies a beginning passion: mine had rendered me so timid, that I durst not endeavour to know the name of her I loved. I was apprehensive my curiosity would betray the secret of my heart; but how did it sink within me, when I learned that it was the daughter of the Marquis of Luffan who had charmed me! All the obstacles that opposed my happiness rose instantly to my mind; but the fear that Adelaida—so was that lovely girl called—had been early taught to hate my name, was what most alarmed me. I thought myself fortunate in having assumed another; and fondly hoped that she would know my passion for her before she could be prejudiced against me; and that, when she knew who I was, she would at least be induced to pity me.

I therefore determined to conceal my true name as long as possible, and in the mean time to use every method to please her; but I was too much in love to employ any other than that of loving. I followed her wherever she went: I ardently wished for an opportunity of speaking to her in private; and when that so much desired opportunity offered itself, I had not power to take advantage of it. The fear of forfeiting a thousand little freedoms, which I now enjoyed, restrained me; but my greatest fear was that of offending her.

This was my situation, when one evening, as the company were walking in separate parties, Adelaida dropped a bracelet off her arm, to which her picture was fastened. The Chevalier de Saint Oden, who led her, eagerly stooped to take it up; and, after gazing upon it a moment, put it in his pocket. Adelaida at first asked for it mildly; but he obstinately refusing to return it, she expressed great resentment at a behaviour which shewed so little respect for her.

The Chevalier was handsome; some little successes with the fair had made him vain and presuming. Without being disconcerted at Adelaida's anger—

'Why, Mademoiselle,' said he, 'would
M a 2 ' you

'you deprive me of a good which I owe only to chance? I flatter myself,' continued he, lowering his voice, 'that when you know the sentiments you have inspired me with, you will suffer me to keep what that has presented me.' Saying this, he bowed profoundly low; and, without waiting for her answer, retired.

I happened not to be with her then; the Marchioness de la Valette and I were talking at a little distance: but although I quitted her as seldom as possible, yet my attention was always fixed upon her. I never lost a look, a word, or action of hers; and, however particularly engaged, I never failed in any of those assiduities which others practise to please, but which the excess of my passion made me find inconceivable pleasure in performing.

Hearing her speak with unusual emotion, I approached her: she was giving her mother an account of what had happened. Madame de Lussan was as much offended at the chevalier's behaviour as her daughter. I was silent; I even continued my walk with the ladies. When they retired, I sent a message to the chevalier: he was at home; and, in consequence of my desiring him to meet me, he came instantly to the place appointed.

'I cannot persuade myself,' said I, approaching him, 'that what has happened during our walk to-day is more than mere pleasantry: you are too gallant and well-bred to keep a lady's picture contrary to her inclination.'

'I know not,' answered he warmly, 'what interest you take in my keeping or restoring it; but I know that I neither need, nor will accept of your advice.'—'Then,' replied I, clapping my hand to my sword, 'I will force you to receive it in this manner.'

The chevalier was brave. He eagerly answered my defiance: we fought for some time with equal success; but he was not animated, like me, with the desire of serving what I loved. He wounded me slightly in two places; but I gave him two large wounds, and obliged him both to ask his life and to resign the picture. After I had assisted him to rise, and had conducted him to the nearest house, I retired to my own lodgings, where, as soon as the wounds I had received were

dressed, I set myself to contemplate the lovely picture, and kissed it a thousand and a thousand times.

I had a genius for painting, which I had taken some pains to cultivate; yet I was far from being a master in the art: but what will not love accomplish? I undertook to copy this portrait. I spent two days in this employment; delightful task! I succeeded so well, that even a very discerning eye might have mistaken mine for the original. This inspired me with the thought of substituting one for the other, by which contrivance I should have the advantage of keeping that which belonged to Adelaïda; and she, without knowing it, would always bear my work about her.

These trifles, to one who truly loves, are matters of great importance; and my heart knew how to set a full value on them.

After I had fastened the picture I had painted to the ribband, in such a manner that my cheat could not be discovered, I presented it to Adelaïda. Madame de Lussan expressed herself highly obliged to me. Adelaïda said little: she seemed embarrassed; but, in the midst of that embarrassment, I thought I discovered that she was pleased at having received this little obligation from me, and that thought gave me real transport.

I have in my life experienced some of those happy moments; and had my misfortunes been only common ones, I should not have believed them too dearly purchased.

After this little adventure, I stood extremely well in the esteem of Madame de Lussan. I was always at her lodgings: I saw Adelaïda every hour in the day; and although I did not speak to her of my passion, yet I was sure she knew it, and I had reason to believe she did not hate me. Hearts as sensible as ours were quickly understand each other; to them every thing is expression.

I had lived two months in this manner, when I received a letter from my father, in which he commanded me to return immediately. This command was to me like the stroke of a thunderbolt; my whole soul had been engrossed with the pleasure of seeing and loving Adelaïda. The idea of leaving her was wholly new to me; the horror of parting from her, the consequence of the law-suit between our families, rose to my

my thoughts with every aggravation to distract me.

I passed the night in the utmost agitation; and, after having formed a thousand different projects, all equally fruitless and impracticable, it came suddenly into my mind to burn the writings which were still in my possession, those now hated writings that proved our claim to the estates of the family of Luffan. I was astonished that I had not hit upon this expedient sooner, since it was the most effectual method I could take to put an end to a suit, the consequence of which I had so much dreaded.

It was not impossible but my father, who had proceeded very far, might be induced to terminate the affair amicably by my marriage with Adelaide; but although there should be no foundation for so pleasing a hope, yet I could not consent to furnish arms against what I loved. I reproached myself for having so long kept papers in my possession which ought to have been sooner sacrificed to my tendernefs.

The reflection of the injury I did my father could not stop me a moment from the execution of this design. This estate was entailed upon me; and I inherited one left me by my mother's brother, which I could resign to him to procure his pardon, and which was much more considerable than that I was the cause of his losing.

There needed no more arguments to convince a man in love, and already determined. I went instantly to my closet for the little box which contained these papers. Never had I in my whole life experienced so happy a moment as that in which I committed them to the flames. I was transported into rapture at the thought of so effectually serving the object of my passion.

'If she loves me,' said I, 'she shall one day know the sacrifice I have made for her; but if I am not so happy as to touch her heart, she shall always remain in ignorance of it. Why should I make her sensible of an obligation she would be sorry to owe to me? I would have Adelaide love me, but I would not have her think herself indebted to me.' I confess, however, that, after this action, I found myself emboldened to declare my sentiments to her; and the freedom with which I visited at her mother's, gave me an opportunity that very day.

'I am going to leave you, charming Adelaide,' said I; 'will you have the goodness to think sometimes of a man whose happiness, or whose misery, you only can make?' I had not power to go on: she seemed alarmed and confused; I thought also that I saw grief in her eyes.

'You have heard me,' resumed I, trembling: 'give me some answer; I implore it of your compassion; speak one word to me.'

'What would you have me say to you?' replied she, with visible emotion; 'I ought not to have heard you, and still less ought I to answer you.'

Scarce did she give herself time to pronounce these words, she left me so suddenly. I staid the rest of the day there, but I found it impossible again to speak to her alone. She avoided me carefully; she had an air of perplexity and confusion; how lovely did she appear to me with that perplexed air, and that sweet, innocent confusion! My respect for her was equal to my love; I could not look on her without trembling; I dreaded lest my presumption had made her repent of her goodness towards me.

I should longer have observed a conduct so conformable to my respect for her, and to the delicacy of my own sentiments, if the necessity I was under of leaving her had not forced me to speak. I was willing to tell Adelaide my true name before I went away; but I dreaded this declaration even more than my former.

'I perceive you avoid me, Madam,' said I to her. 'Alas! what will you do when you know all my crimes, or rather my misfortunes? I have imposed upon you by a false name; I am not the person you think me—I am,' pursued I, trembling with the violence of my apprehensions, 'the son of the Count de Comminge.'

'The son of the Count de Comminge!' cried Adelaide, with astonishment and grief in her face, 'our enemy! our persecutor! Do not you and your father urge the ruin of mine?'

'O, do not wound me with so cruel a thought!' interrupted I, tears, in spite of myself, streaming from my eyes; 'in me, charming Adelaide, you behold a lover ready to sacrifice all for you; my father will never injure yours; my love secures him in your interest.'

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'But why,' replied Adelaide, 'recovering from her surprize, 'why have you deceived me? Why did you conceal your true name? Had I known it,' pursued she, softly sighing, 'it would have warned me to fly from you.'

'Oh, do not, Madam,' said I, taking her hand, which I forcibly kissed; 'do not repent of your goodness towards me.'

'Leave me,' said she, withdrawing her hand: 'the more I see you, the more inevitable I render those misfortunes I too justly apprehend.'

The latent meaning of these words filled me with a transport that suffered nothing but hope to appear. I flattered myself that I should be able to render my father favourable to my passion. This belief so wholly possessed me, that I thought every one should think as I did. I spoke to Adelaide of my projects like one who is secure of success.

'I know not,' said she with a melancholy air, 'why my heart refuses to yield to the hopes you endeavour to inspire. I foresee nothing but misery in the course of this affair; yet I find a pleasure in feeling what I do for you. I have not hid my sentiments from you; I am willing you should know them: but remember, that, if there is a necessity for it, I am capable of sacrificing them to my duty.'

I had several conversations with Adelaide before my departure, and always found new cause to congratulate myself on my good fortune: the pleasure of loving, and knowing that I was beloved, filled my whole heart; no suspicion, no fear, for the future, could disturb the tender softness of our interviews. We were secure of each other's affection, because esteem was the basis of it; and this certainty, far from diminishing the ardour of our passion, added to it all the sweets of hope, and all the charms of confidence.

'I should die with grief,' said she to me, 'if I bring upon you the displeasure of your father: I would have you love me; but, oh! I would rather have you happy!'

I parted from her at length, full of the most tender and most ardent passion that ever man felt; and my whole soul intent upon the design of rendering my father favourable to it.

In the mean time he was informed of every thing that had passed at the baths. The servant whom he had put about me had secret orders to observe my conduct: this man had left him ignorant of nothing, neither of my love, nor my quarrel with the Chevalier de Saint Oden. Unfortunately, the chevalier was the only son of one of my father's most intimate friends; this circumstance, and the danger to which he was reduced by his wound, turned every thing against me. The servant, who had given him such exact informations, represented me to be much happier than I was. He described Madame and Mademoiselle de Luffan as full of artifice and design, as having always known me for the Count de Comminge, and had spared no pains to seduce me.

Thus prejudiced, my father, naturally severe and passionate, treated me at my return with great harshness: he reproached me with my passion, as with a crime of the blackest dye.

'You have been base enough,' said he to me, 'to love my enemies; and, without reflecting what you owed either to me or to yourself, you have entered into engagements with those I hate; and I know not,' added he, 'whether you have not done something still more worthy of my resentment!'

'Yes, Sir,' answered I, throwing myself at his feet, 'I am guilty, I confess; but I am so in spite of myself. At this very moment when I implore your pardon, I feel that no power on earth can tear from my heart that passion which offends you. Have pity on me; and, oh! suffer me to say it, have pity on yourself, put an end to that hatred which disturbs the tranquillity of your life. The tenderness which the daughter of Monsieur de Luffan and I felt for each other at first sight, seems a warning from Heaven to you. Alas! my dear father, you have no other child but me! would you make me miserable, and load me with misfortunes, so much the more unsupportable, as they will come from a hand I must ever love and revere? Suffer yourself, my dear father, to be softened into forgiveness of a son, who has offended you only by a fatality for which he could not be answerable.'

My father, who had suffered me to continue kneeling during the whole time

I was,

I was speaking to him, looked on me for a moment with mingled scorn and indignation.

'I have,' said he, 'heard you with a patience I am myself astonished at. I will still preserve composure enough to tell you what is the only favour you are to expect from me; you must renounce your ill-placed passion, or the quality of my son. Take your choice, and this instant deliver me the writings you have in your custody; you are no longer worthy of my confidence.'

If my father had suffered himself to be moved by my supplications, the demand he made of the papers would have greatly distressed me; but his harshness gave me courage.

'Those writings,' said I, rising, 'are no longer in my possession; I have burned them: but the estate I inherit of my uncle's shall be yours, instead of those they would have given you.'

I had scarce time to pronounce these few words. My father, mad with rage, drew his sword, and would doubtless have run me through—for I made not the least effort to avoid him—if my mother had not entered the room that instant, and thrown herself, half dead with terror, between us.

'Ah! what would you do,' said she, gasping with the violence of her tears; 'is he not your son?' Then forcing me out of the room, she ordered me to expect her in her own apartment.

I waited there a long time before she appeared: she came at length. I had no longer rage, exclamation, and menaces, to combat; but a tender mother, who entered into all my griefs, and intreated me with tears to have compassion on the condition to which I had reduced her.

'What, my son,' said she to me, 'shall a mistress, and a mistress whom you have known so short a time, be preferred to your mother? Alas! if your happiness depended upon me, I would sacrifice every thing to secure it; but you have a father who will be obeyed. He is upon the point of taking the most violent resolutions against you. O my son! if you would not make me miserable, suppress a passion that will render us all unhappy!'

I remained some moments silent: how difficult was it to resist such a plea, so tenderly urged by a mother for whom

I had the highest filial affection—but love was still more powerful.

'I would die,' said I, 'rather than displease you; and I will die if you have no pity on me. What can I do? It is easier for me to take away my own life, than to forget Adelaïda. Shall I be perjured, and violate the vows I have made to her—vows which have engaged her earliest affections? Shall I abandon her when I know I have gained her heart? Oh! my dear mother, do not wish your son to become the basest of men!'

I then related to her all that had passed between us. 'She loves you,' said I; 'and you, I am sure, will not be able to help loving her. She has your sweetness, your candour, your generosity. How is it possible for me to cease loving her?'

'But what do you propose by indulging this passion?' said my mother. 'Your father is resolved to have you marry another, and commands you to retire into the country till every thing is settled. It is absolutely necessary that you should appear willing to obey him, unless you mean to be my death. He expects you will depart to-morrow, under the conduct of a person in whom he has great confidence. Absence will do more for you than you can yet imagine; but, be that as it will, do not irritate Monsieur de Comminge still more by your refusal: ask for time, and I will do every thing in my power to accomplish your wishes. Your father's anger cannot last always: he will relent, and you may be yet happy; but you have been greatly to blame in burning the writings. He is persuaded that you sacrificed them to Madame de Luffan, who ordered her daughter to require that proof of your love.'

'O Heavens!' cried I, 'is it possible that my father can be so unjust! Both Madame de Luffan and Adelaïda are ignorant of what I have done; and I am very sure, had they suspected my intention, they would have used all their power over me to have prevented it.'

My mother and I afterwards took measures to convey letters to each other; and, encouraged by her indulgence, I durst presume to intreat she would transmit to me those of Adelaïda, who was soon to be at Bourdeaux. My mother had the

the goodness to promise she would gratify me; but at the same time insisted, that if I found Adelaida had altered her sentiments, I should submit to what my father required of me. We spent great part of the night in this conversation; and, as soon as day appeared, my conductor came to inform me that it was time to get on horseback.

The estate where I was to pass the time of my banishment lay in the mountains, some leagues from Bagniers; so that we took the same road I had so lately passed through. The second day of our journey, we came early in the evening to the village where we were to lie. While supper was preparing, I went to take a walk along the great road; and at a distance saw a coach, which drove very fast, and, when it came within a few paces of me, overturned. My heart, by it's throbbing, acquainted me with the part I had in this accident. I eagerly flew towards the coach; two men on horseback, who attended it, alighted, and joined me to assist the persons who were within. It will be easily guessed that those persons were Adelaida and her mother; in fact, it was them. Adelaida was very much hurt in one of her feet, but the joy at seeing me seemed to leave her no sense of her pain.

What pleasure did I taste at that happy moment! After so many afflictions; and at the distance of so many years, it is still present to my remembrance. Adelaida not being able to walk, I took her in my arms, to carry her to the inn; her charming arms were thrown round my neck, and one of her hands touched my mouth. I was in a transport that scarce suffered me to breathe.

Adelaida observed it, her delicacy was alarmed, and she made a motion to disengage herself from my arms. Alas! how little did she know the excess of my love! I was too much transported with my present happiness to think there was any beyond it.

'Set me down,' said she to me, in a low and trembling voice; 'I believe I am able to walk.'

'What,' replied I, 'are you so cruel as to envy me the only good fortune I shall perhaps ever enjoy!' I pressed her hand tenderly to my bosom as I pronounced these words. Adelaida was silent; and a false step, which I made on purpose, obliged her to resume her first attitude.

The inn was at so little distance, that I was soon forced to part with my beautiful burden. I carried her into a room, and laid her on a bed; while their attendants did the same with her mother, who was much more hurt than Adelaida. Every one being busy about Madame de Luffan, I had time to acquaint Adelaida with part of what had passed between my father and me. I suppressed the article of the burnt writings. I knew not whether I most wished that she should be ignorant of it, or know it from another person; it was in some degree imposing upon her the necessity of loving me, and I was desirous of owing all to her own heart. I durst not describe my father to her such as he really was. Adelaida was strictly virtuous; and I was sensible that, to resign herself to the inclinations she felt for me, it was necessary that she should hope we might be one day united. I seemed to have great dependance upon my mother's tenderness for me, and the favourable disposition she was in towards us. I intreated Adelaida to see her.

'Speak to my mother,' said she; 'she knows your sentiments; I have acknowledged mine to her. I found that her authority was necessary to give me strength to combat them, if I should be obliged to it, or to justify me for resigning myself up to them without scruple. She will use her utmost endeavours to prevail upon my father to propose an accommodation, and to engage the interposition of our common relations for that purpose.'

The tranquillity with which Adelaida rested upon these hopes made me feel my misfortune more sensibly. 'What if our fathers should be inexorable?' said I to her, pressing her hand; 'will not you have compassion on a miserable wretch who adores you?'

'I will do all that I can,' answered she, 'to regulate my inclinations by my duty; but I feel that I shall be wretched if that duty is against you.'

The persons who had been employed about Madame de Luffan then approaching her daughter, our discourse was interrupted. I went to the bed-side of the mother; she received me kindly, and assured me she would use every method in her power to reconcile our families. I then went out of their chamber, to leave them at liberty to take some repose. My conductor, who waited for me

me in my own apartment, had made no enquiry about these new guests; so that I had an opportunity of being a few moments with Adelaïda before I proceeded on my journey.

I entered her chamber in a condition easier to be imagined than described. I dreaded that this was the last time I should see her. I approached the mother first; my grief pleaded for me, and she was so moved with it, that she expressed herself in still kinder terms than she had done the evening before. Adelaïda was at another end of the room; I went to her trembling. 'I leave you, my dear Adelaïda!' said I: Two or three times I repeated the same words: my tears, which I could not restrain, spoke the rest. She wept likewise.

'I shew you my whole heart,' said she. 'I do not wish to disguise it from you; you deserve my tenderness. I know not what will be our fate; but I am resolved that my parents shall dispose of mine.'

'And why,' replied I, 'should we subject ourselves to the tyranny of our parents? Let us leave them to hate each other, if they will do it; and let us fly to some distant corner of the world, and be happy in our mutual tenderness, which we may make a superior duty to what we owe them.'

'Never let me hear such a proposal from you again,' said she: 'give me not cause to repent of the sentiments I have entertained for you; my love may make me unhappy; but it shall never make me criminal. Adieu!' added she, 'giving me her hand; it is by our constancy and virtue that we ought to endeavour to triumph over our misfortunes; but, whatever happens, let us resolve to do nothing which may lessen our esteem for each other.'

While she spoke, I kissed the dear hand she had given me: I bathed it with my tears. 'I must always love you,' replied I; 'Death, if I cannot be yours, will free me from my misery.'

My heart was so oppressed with anguish, that I could with difficulty utter these few words. I hastily quitted the room; and, mounting my horse, arrived at the place where we were to dine, without having one moment ceased to weep. I gave free course to my tears. I found a kind of sweetness in thus in-

dulging my grief. When the heart is truly affected, it takes pleasure in every thing that discovers to itself its own sensibility.

The remainder of our journey passed as the beginning; I had scarce uttered a word during the whole time. On the third day we arrived at a castle built near the Pyrenees; nothing was to be seen about it but pines and cypress trees, steep rocks, and horrid precipices; and nothing heard, but the noise of torrents rushing with violence down those frightful declivities.

This savage dwelling pleased me, because it soothed my melancholy. I passed whole days in the woods; and, when I returned, unloaded my sad heart in letters to my beloved Adelaïda. This was my only employment, and my only pleasure. 'I will give them to her one day,' thought I; 'she shall see by them how I have passed the time in her absence.' I sometimes received letters from my mother, in one of which she gave me hopes. 'Alas! that was the only happy moment I ever enjoyed. She informed me that all our relations were labouring to reconcile our families, and that there was room to believe they would succeed.'

After this, I received no more letters for six weeks. How tedious were those days of doubt and anxiety! Every morning I went into the road through which the messengers passed, and never returned till it was late in the evening, lingering till hope and expectation had nothing left to feed upon, and always returned more wretched than when I first set out. At length I saw a man at a distance, riding towards the castle. I did not doubt but he was a messenger to me; and, instead of that eager impatience I had felt a moment before, I was now seized with apprehension and dread. I durst not advance to meet him; something, which I could not account for, restrained me. Uncertainty, which had hitherto appeared so tormenting, seemed now a good which I feared to lose.

My heart did not deceive me. This man brought me letters from my mother, in which she informed me that my father would listen to no proposals for an accommodation; and, to compleat my miseries, had resolved upon a marriage between me and a daughter of the house of Foix: that the nuptials were to be celebrated

celebrated in the castle where I then was; and that my father would in a few days come himself, to prepare me for what he desired of me.

You will easily judge I did not balance a moment about the resolution I was to take. I waited for my father's arrival with tranquillity enough. My grief was soothed with the reflection that I was able to make another sacrifice to Adelaide: I was convinced she loved me; I loved her too much to doubt it. True love is always full of confidence.

My mother, who had so many reasons for wishing to see me disengaged from Adelaide, had never in any of her letters given me the least cause to suspect she was changed; this completed my security. How greatly did the constancy of my Adelaide heighten the ardour of my passion! During the three days which elapsed before the arrival of my father, my imagination was wholly employed on the new proof I was shortly to give Adelaide of my passion. This idea, notwithstanding my miserable situation, gave me sensations little different from joy.

The meeting between my father and me was, on my side, full of respect, but coldness and reserve; on his, of haughtiness and indifference. 'I have given you leisure,' said he to me, 'to repent of your folly, and I am now come to give you the means to make me forget it; return this instance of my indulgence with obedience, and prepare to receive as you ought the Count of Foix, and Mademoiselle de Foix his daughter, for whom I have destined you. The marriage shall be solemnized here: they will arrive to-morrow with your mother; I came before them only to give the necessary orders for their reception.'

'I am sorry, Sir,' replied I calmly, 'that I cannot comply with your wishes: I have too much honour to marry a person I can never love, therefore I intreat you will permit me to leave this place directly. Mademoiselle de Foix, however amiable she may be, cannot alter my resolution; and, if I see her, the affront I shall give her, by refusing her hand, will be more poignant to her.'

'No,' interrupted my father in a rage, 'thou shalt not see her, nor shalt thou be allowed to see the day; I will shut thee up in a dungeon, a sifter

habitation: I swear by Heaven, that thou shalt never be delivered from thy confinement till I am convinced thy repentance is sincere, and thy change certain. I will punish thee for thy disobedience every way that is in my power; I will deprive thee of my estate, and settle it upon Mademoiselle de Foix, to fulfil, in some degree, the promise I have given her.'

I made no opposition to my father's tyrannical design; I suffered myself to be conducted to an old tower, where I was confined in a place at the bottom of it, which received no light but from a little grated window which looked into one of the courts of the castle. My father gave orders that food should be brought me twice a day, but that I should not be suffered to see any person whatever.

I passed the first days of my confinement with tranquillity enough, and even with some kind of pleasure. What I had so lately done for Adelaide employed all my thoughts, and left no room for reflection on the horrors of my condition; but, when this sentiment began to lose its force, I resigned myself up to despair, at being thus doomed to an absence of which I knew not the end. My busy imagination tortured me with the apprehension of a thousand other evils. Adelaide might be forced to enter into another engagement: I fancied her surrounded with rivals, all assiduous to please, while I had none to plead for me but my miseries. But to a mind so generous as Adelaide's, was not this sufficient? I reproached myself for entertaining the least doubt; I asked her pardon for it, as for a crime; and my heart gathered new strength from the confidence I had in her fidelity.

My mother found means to convey a letter to my hands, in which she exhorted me to submit to my father, whose rage against me seemed to increase every day. She added, that she suffered a great deal herself; that her endeavours to procure a reconciliation between him and the family of Luffan had made him suspect that she acted in concert with me.

I was greatly affected at the uneasiness my mother suffered on my account; but as I could not accuse myself of having voluntarily caused her any part of it, all I could do was to lament her situation.

One day, when I was, as usual, wholly taken

taken up with reflections on my unhappy fate, something fell through the window into my dungeon, which immediately roused my attention. I saw a letter on the floor; I seized it with trembling haste; but what became of me when I read the contents! they were as follow. 'Your father's rage has instructed me what I ought to do. I know the terrible situation you are in, and I know but one method to extricate you from it, which will perhaps make you more miserable; but I shall be so as well as you, and that thought will give me resolution to do what is required of me. Our cruel parents, to make it impossible for me to be yours, insist upon my marrying another. This is the price your father has set upon your liberty; it will perhaps cost me my life, my quiet it too surely will, to pay it; but I am determined. Your sufferings and your prison are at present all that I can think of: in a few days I shall be the wife of the Marquis de Benavides; his character is sufficient to acquaint me with all I have to suffer from him; but this sort of fidelity I owe you at least, that in the engagement I enter into I should find nothing but misery. May you, on the contrary, be happy; your good fortune will be my consolation. I am sensible I ought not to tell you this: if I was truly generous, I should suffer you to be ignorant of the part you have in my marriage; I should leave you in doubt of my constancy. I had formed a design to do so, but I was not able to execute it: in my sad situation I have need of being supported with the thought that the remembrance of me will not be hateful to you. Alas! soon, very soon, it will not be permitted me to preserve yours. I must forget you—at least I must endeavour so to do. Of all my miseries, this is what I am most sensible of: you will increase it if you do not carefully avoid all opportunities of seeing and speaking to me. Reflect that you owe me this mark of your esteem; and, oh! reflect how dear that esteem will be to me, since, of all the sentiments you have professed for me, it is the only one that I am allowed to require of you!'

Of this fatal letter, which I have related at length, I was able to read no more than to these words—'Our cruel parents, to make it impossible for me

'to be yours, insist upon my marrying another.' Pierced to the heart with this cruel, this unexpected misfortune, I sunk upon the mattress which composed my bed, and lay there several hours without sense or motion; and probably might never have recovered, but for the assistance of the person who brought me my provisions. If he was alarmed at the condition in which he found me, he was much more so at the excess of my despair, when my senses returned. The letter, which I held fast in my hand during my swoon, and which I at last read quite through, was wet with my tears, and I spoke and acted extravagances which made him apprehensive for my reason.

This man, who till then had been inaccessible to pity, was melted all on a sudden: he blamed my father for his cruel treatment of me; he reproved himself for having executed his orders; he asked my pardon on his knees. His repentance inspired me with the thought of proposing to him to let me quit my prison for eight days only; promising him that, at the expiration of that time, I would return and put myself into his hands: I added every thing I could think of to oblige him to consent. Moved at the state he saw me in, excited by his own interest, and by the fear that I should one day take vengeance upon him for being the instrument of my father's cruelty, he agreed to what I desired, upon the condition I had myself proposed to him.

I would have set out that moment from the castle, but there was a necessity for his going to seek for horses; and, when he returned, he informed me that we could not get any till the next day. My design was to go to Adelaida, to tell her all my grief and despair, and to kill myself before her eyes, if she persisted in her resolution.

To execute this project, it was necessary that I should arrive before her fatal marriage, and every moment's delay seemed to me an age of misery. I read over her letter a hundred times, as if I had expected to find still something more in it. I examined the date over and over; I flattered myself that the time might have been prolonged. 'She will at least make an effort,' said I; 'she will seize all pretences to defer it. But why should I flatter myself with so vain a hope?' resumed I; 'Adelaida

‘sacrificing herself for my liberty will hasten the dreadful moment. Alas! can she believe that liberty without her can be a blessing to me! I shall every where find this prison she delivers me from; she has never known my heart; she judges of me by other men; it is to that I owe my ruin. I am still more miserable than I believed myself, since I have not the consolation to think that she knows how much I love her.’

I passed the whole night in making these complaints, the most tedious night I had ever known, even in that place of misery. At length the day appeared; I mounted on horseback with my conductor. We travelled the whole day, without stopping a moment; when, towards the evening, I perceived my mother in a chariot which took the road towards the castle. She knew me immediately; and, after having expressed her surprize at meeting me, she obliged me to come into the chariot to her. I durst not ask her the occasion of her journey in the situation I was in; I feared every thing, and my fear was but too well founded.

‘I come, my son,’ said she, ‘by your father’s permission, to release you from your confinement.’—‘Ah!’ cried I, ‘then Adelaida is married!’ My mother answered only by silence. My misfortune, which was then without remedy, presented itself to my mind with all its horrid aggravations. I fell into a kind of stupidity; and, by the force of grief, I seemed to have lost the sense of it. However, my body now sunk under the weakness of my mind: I was seized in the coach with a shivering like the cold fit of an ague. As soon as we arrived at the castle, my mother caused me to be put to bed. I lay two days without speaking or taking any nourishment; all the symptoms of a violent fever appeared; and, on the fourth, the physician despaired of my life. My mother, who never left me, was inconceivably afflicted; her tears, her prayers, and the name of Adelaida, by which she conjured me to live, made me resolve not to obstruct the endeavours of the physician to save me.

After suffering fifteen days the agonies of a most violent fever, I began, though by slow degrees, to recover. The first thing I did, when I was able to attend to any thing, was to seek for the

letter I had received from Adelaida. My mother, who had taken it from me, for fear it should increase my affliction, was obliged to restore it to me. After I had read it several times, I put it into a little silk bag, and placed it on my heart, where I had always kept her picture; and, whensoever I was alone, it was always my employment to gaze on that lovely picture, and read that letter.

My mother, who was of a soft and tender disposition, shared my grief: she likewise thought it best to yield to my first transports, and leave it to time to finish my cure. She permitted me to speak of Adelaida, and sometimes was the first to mention her to me; and perceiving that the only thing which gave me consolation was the thought of being loved by her, she told me that it was she herself that had determined Adelaida to marry.

‘I ask your pardon, my dear son,’ said she, ‘for the grief I have caused you; I did not imagine you would have felt her loss so deeply. I trembled for your health, and even your life, while you continued under that cruel confinement. I knew your father’s inflexible temper, and was convinced he would never set you at liberty while there was a possibility of your marrying Mademoiselle de Lussan. I resolved to speak to that generous young lady; I told her my fears for your health; she partook in them; she felt them, perhaps, with more force than I did. From that moment I saw her use every endeavour to hasten her marriage; for her father, justly irritated at the proceedings of Monsieur de Comminge, had long pressed her to marry: hitherto she had resisted his solicitations, and even his commands. I asked her, which of those persons who addressed her she would chuse?’ ‘It matters not which,’ replied she; ‘they are all equal to me, since I cannot be his to whom I have given my heart.’ Two days after I had this conversation with her, I learned that the Marquis de Benavides was preferred to all his rivals; every one was surprized at her choice, and I as much as any other. Benavides has a disagreeable person, his understanding is mean, and his temper extremely bad: this last circumstance made me tremble for poor Adelaida. I was resolved to tell her my apprehensions; I went

for

“ for that purpose to the house of the Countess de Garlande, where we used to meet.

“ I am prepared,” said she, “ for misery, but I must marry; and since I know it is the only means of procuring your son’s liberty, I reproach myself every moment that I delay this sacrifice: yet this marriage, which I consent to only for his sake, will perhaps be the most cruel of his misfortunes. I will at least convince him, by my choice, that his interest was the sole motive which engaged me to it. Pity me, dear Madam; I deserve your pity; and, by my behaviour to Monf. Benavides, I will endeavour to render myself worthy of your esteem.”

My mother afterwards told me, that Adelaida was made acquainted, by my father himself, with my having burnt the writings: he publicly upbraided her with it on the day that he lost his process. ‘ She confessed to me,’ added my mother, ‘ that she was more affected with your extreme delicacy in concealing so generous an action, than with the action itself.’ We passed the days in such conversation: my melancholy was excessive; yet, though deprived of hope, I found a kind of sweetness in the idea of my being still loved.

After a stay of two months, my mother received orders from my father to return to him. He had expressed no concern for my illness, and his cruel treatment of me had extinguished every sentiment of tenderness for him. My mother pressed me to go with her; but I intreated her to consent to my staying in the country: she yielded to my reasons, and left me. I was now once more alone in the midst of my woods; and found so much sweetness in solitude, that I would then have abandoned every thing, and taken up my habitation in some hermit’s cell, had I not been restrained by my tenderness for my mother. I often resolved to endeavour to see Adelaida, but the fear of displeasing her stopt me. At length, after long irresolution, I thought I might at least attempt to see Adelaida without being seen by her.

Accordingly, I resolved to send a person in whom I could confide to Bourdeaux, to know where she was; and, for this purpose, I fixed upon a man who had attended me from my infancy. My mother, during my illness, had restored

him to his place about me: he had been with me at the baths; he knew Adelaida; and, when I mentioned my design to him, he informed me that he had friends in the house of Benavides. After having given him his orders, which I repeated a thousand times, I caused him to set out from the castle. When he arrived at Bourdeaux, he was informed that Benavides had carried his lady, a short time after his marriage, to an estate which he had in Biscay. Saint Laurent, for that was my servant’s name, wrote to me, to know what he was to do next: I sent him orders to go immediately into Biscay. My desire of seeing Adelaida was so much increased by the hope I had conceived, that it was not possible for me to oppose it any longer.

Saint Laurent returned at the expiration of six weeks, which my anxiety and impatience had lengthened into so many ages. He told me that, after many fruitless attempts, Benavides having occasion for an architect, he had prevailed upon his friend to present him to him in that quality; that having acquired some knowledge of the art from an uncle under whose care he had been brought up, he made no scruple to undertake the business. Benavides employed him in ‘ I believe,’ said he, ‘ that Madame de Benavides knew me, for she blushed when she first saw me.’

He then told me that she lived the most retired and melancholy life imaginable; that her husband hardly ever quitted her a moment; and that it was said in the house, he was excessively fond of her; but that he gave her no other proof of it than by his extreme jealousy, which he carried so far, that even his brother had not the liberty of seeing her but when he was present. I asked my servant some questions about that brother; he told me that he was a very amiable young man, and that the world spoke as much in his favour as they did to the disadvantage of Benavides; and that he appeared to be greatly attached to his sister-in-law.

This discourse made no impression upon me at that time; the unhappy situation of Madame de Benavides, and the desire of seeing her, employed my whole soul. Saint Laurent assured me he had taken proper measure for introducing me into the house of Benavides. ‘ He has occasion for a painter,’ said he

to me, 'to paint an apartment: I promised to bring a good one, and you must undertake this business.'

Nothing now remained but to regulate our departure. I wrote to my mother, and told her I was going to pass some time at the house of one of my friends. This done, I set out with Saint Laurent for Biscay. During our journey, I was continually asking him questions concerning Madame de Benavides; I was desirous of knowing the slightest particulars relating to her. Saint Laurent was not able to satisfy my curiosity; he had but few opportunities of seeing her; she was shut up in her own apartment, with no other company but a little dog, of which she was extremely fond. This article touched me particularly: I had presented her with that dog, and I flattered myself that she loved it for my sake. These little things, which escape one in good fortune, affect one sensibly in misery: the heart, in the need it has of consolation, fastens upon every thing which is likely to afford it.

Saint Laurent often mentioned to me the great attachment of young Benavides to his sister-in-law: he added, that he often opposed the furious sallies of his brother's temper; and, but for his good offices, Adelaida would be still more miserable than she was. He earnestly intreated me to be contented with the pleasure of seeing her, and to make no attempt to speak to her—'Not because it would endanger your life,' added he: 'that, I know, is too weak a motive to restrain you; but because she will suffer by any imprudence you may be guilty of.'

The liberty of seeing Adelaida appeared to me so great a blessing, that I was fully persuaded that alone would satisfy me; and resolved within myself, and promised Saint Laurent, to behave with the utmost circumspection. After a most tedious journey, as my impatience made it seem, we arrived at Biscay; and I was presented to Benavides, who set me to work immediately.

The supposed architect and I were lodged in the same apartment, and to him was committed the care of overseeing the workmen. I had been several days at work before I saw Madame de Benavides. At length, I perceived her one evening from a window in my own room, going to walk in the garden. She

had only her little favourite dog with her; her dress was negligent, a kind of languishing melancholy appeared in her looks and motions, and her fine eyes seemed to dwell on the objects around her, without regarding them. O Heavens! what sweetly painful emotions did my soul feel at the sight of her! I continued leaning on the window the whole time she staid in the garden: it was dark when she returned; so that I could not distinguish her when she passed by my window, but my heart knew it was her.

I saw her a second time in the chapel of the castle; I placed myself in such a manner, that I could look at her the whole time without being observed. She never once turned her eyes upon me: I ought to have rejoiced at this circumstance, since I well knew that, if she discovered me, she would be obliged to go out of the chapel; yet I was afflicted at it, and returned to my chamber in greater disquiet than when I left it. I had not yet formed any design of making myself known to her; but I was sensible that I should not be able to resist doing it if an opportunity offered.

The sight of young Benavides gave me likewise some kind of uneasiness: he often came to see me work; and, notwithstanding the seeming distance of our rank, he behaved to me with an obliging familiarity, which ought to have excited my esteem; yet it had no effect on me. His great merit, and the amiableness of his person, which I could not but be sensible of, withheld my gratitude. I was afraid of a rival in him; and a certain impassioned sadness that I perceived in him, which was too like my own not to proceed from the same cause, gave me a suspicion which he soon confirmed.

After asking me one day several questions relating to my condition in life, 'You are in love,' said he to me, sighing imperceptibly to himself; 'the melancholy in which I perceive you continually plunged, persuades me that your heart is not well: tell me the truth; can I do any thing for you?' 'The miserable in general have a claim to my passion; but there is one sort of grief which I pity more than any other.' I believe, I thank Don Gabriel—that was his name—with a very ill grace, for the kind offers he made to me: however, I could not help owing to him, that

that I was in love; but I told him that time only could produce any change in the state of my fortune. 'You are not absolutely unhappy,' replied he, 'since you may hope for a change; I know persons who are much more to be pitied than you.'

When I was alone, I reflected upon the conversation that had passed between Don Gabriel and myself; I concluded that he was in love, and that his charming sister-in-law was the object of his passion: his whole behaviour, which I examined with the utmost attention, convinced me I was not mistaken. I observed him always assiduous about Adelaida; he gazed on her with eyes like mine, yet I was not jealous: my esteem for Adelaida would not admit of such an injurious sentiment; but I could not help fearing, that the company of an agreeable man, who was continually rendering her services that softened the horrors of her present situation, would make her reflections on me be greatly to my disadvantage, whose passion had been productive of nothing but misfortunes to her.

I was full of these thoughts, when one day I saw Adelaida enter the room where I was painting, led by Don Gabriel. 'Why,' said she, 'do you press me to come and look at the ornaments of this apartment? you know I have no taste for these things.'—'I hope,' Madam,' said I, looking earnestly upon her, and bowing low, 'that if you will deign to cast your eyes upon what is here, you will find something not unworthy your attention.'

Adelaida, struck with the sound of my voice, turned instantly towards me. I perceived she knew me, for she blushed, and bent her eyes on the ground; and, after pausing a moment, she left the room without giving me a look, saying, that the smell of the paint was disagreeable to her.

I remained behind, terrified, confused, and overwhelmed with grief. Adelaida had not deigned to give me a second look; she would not even shew that she was enough interested in my disguise to express any signs of resentment at it. 'What have I done!' said I; 'I am, indeed, come hither contrary to her commands; but if she still loves me, she would pardon a fault that proceeded from the excess of my passion for her.' I now concluded, that since Adelaida no

longer loved me, the must of necessity have bestowed her heart upon another. This idea filled me with a grief so new and violent, that I thought I had never been truly miserable till then.

Saint Laurent, who came from time to time to see me, entering the room that moment, found me in an agitation that made him tremble. 'What ails you, Sir!' said he to me! 'what has happened to you?'—'I am undone,' replied I; 'Adelaida no longer loves me; she no longer loves me,' repeated I; 'it is but too true. Alas! I never had reason to complain of my fate till this cruel moment. What torment would I now endure to purchase this blessing which I have lost! this blessing, which I preferred to all things, and which, in the midst of my greatest miseries, filled my heart with so soft a joy!'

I continued a long time to exclaim in this manner, while Saint Laurent in vain endeavoured to draw from me the cause of my grief. At length, I related to him what had happened. 'I find nothing in all this,' said he, 'which ought to drive you to the despair I see you in. Madame de Benavides is certainly offended at your rash attempt. She was desirous of punishing you by appearing indifferent; and perhaps she was apprehensive of betraying herself, if she had looked upon you.'

'No, no,' interrupted I, 'they who love have no such command over themselves in those first emotions; the heart alone is listened to. I must see her,' added I, 'I must reproach her with her change. Alas! after giving herself to another, ought she to take away my life by so cruel an indifference? Why did she not leave me in my prison! there I should have been happy, had I been assured of her love.'

Saint Laurent fearing that any one should see me in the condition I was in, obliged me to retire to the chamber where we both lay. I passed the whole night in tormenting myself: my thoughts were at strife with each other; in one moment I condemned my suspicions, and the next relapsed into them again. I thought it unjust to wish that Adelaida should preserve a tenderness which rendered her miserable. In those moments, I reproached myself for loving her less than my own satisfaction. 'Why should I wish to live,' said I to Saint Laurent, 'if she loves another? I will endeavour

to speak to her, only to bid her an eternal adieu: she shall hear no reproaches from my mouth; my grief, which I cannot conceal from her, shall speak for me.'

When this point was resolved upon, it was agreed that I should leave Biscay as soon as I should have an interview with her. We then began to consider upon the necessary means of procuring it. Saint Laurent told me, that we must seize the first opportunity that offered, when Don Gabriel went to hunt, as he often did; and Benavides was employed in his domestic affairs, for which he always set apart two mornings in the week. He then made me promise that, to avoid giving any suspicion, I should go on with my painting as usual; but that I should likewise declare, that I was under a necessity of returning soon to my own country.

Accordingly, I resumed my former employment. I had, almost without perceiving it, some hope that Adelaida would come again into that apartment: every noise that I heard gave me an emotion I was scarce able to bear. In this situation I remained several days; and then losing all hope of seeing Adelaida in that manner, I eagerly sought for some moment in which I might be so fortunate as to find her alone. At length this moment came. I was going as usual to my work, when I saw Adelaida passing to her own apartment. I knew that Don Gabriel went out early that morning to hunt; and I had heard Benavides talking, in a low hall of the castle, to one of his farmers; so that I was pretty certain of finding her alone.

I entered her apartment with so much precipitation, that Adelaida saw me not till I was very near her: she would have retired to her closet as soon as she perceived me, but I caught hold of her robe, and prevented her. 'Do not fly from me, Madam,' said I to her; 'suffer me this last time to enjoy the blessing of beholding you; I shall never importune you more. I am going far from you, to die with grief for the miseries I have been the cause of to you; and for the loss of your heart. I wish Don Gabriel may be more fortunate than I have been.'

Adelaida, whose surprise had hitherto prevented her from speaking, interrupted me at these words, and giving me a look of mingled tenderness and anger—

'What,' said she, 'dare you make me reproaches? Dare you suspect me?—you—' The tone with which she pronounced these last words brought me instantly at her feet. 'No, my dear Adelaida,' interrupted I; 'no, I have no suspicion that is injurious to you: pardon a few distracted words, which my heart disavows.'

'I pardon you all,' said she to me, 'provided you depart immediately, and never attempt to see me more. Reflect, that it is for your sake I am the most miserable creature in the world; would you give me cause to reproach myself with being the most criminal?'—'I will do every thing you command me,' replied I; 'but only promise that you will not hate me.'

Although Adelaida had several times desired me to rise, yet I still continued at her feet. To those who truly love, this attitude has a thousand secret charms. I was kneeling, when Benavides suddenly opened the chamber door. Transported with rage, he flew towards his wife, and drawing his sword—'Thou shalt die, perfidious woman!' cried he; and would have infallibly killed her, had I not thrown myself between them, and put by his sword with my own.

'Wretch!' cried Benavides, 'you first shall feel my vengeance;' and at the same time gave me a wound on my shoulder. I did not love life well enough to be solicitous for the preservation of it; but my hatred to Benavides would not suffer me to abandon it to his fury. This cruel attempt upon the person of his wife deprived me almost of reason: I threw myself upon him, and plunging my sword in his body, he fell at my feet without sense or motion. The servants, drawn by the cries of Madame de Benavides, entered the room that moment; and several of them throwing themselves upon me, disarmed me, while I made no effort to defend myself. The sight of Madame de Benavides bathed in tears, and kneeling by her husband, left me no sensibility of any thing but her grief. I was dragged out of her chamber into another, and the door fastened upon me.

There it was, that, delivered up to my reflections, I saw the abyss into which I had plunged Madame de Benavides: the death of her husband, killed before her eyes, and killed by me, could not fail of giving rise to suspicions against her. How did I not reproach myself!

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I had been the cause of her first misfortunes, and I had now completed her ruin by my imprudence. My imagination continually represented to me the dreadful condition in which I had left her. I acknowledge that she had just reasons to hate me, and I did not murmur at it. The only consolation I had, was in the hope that I was not known. The idea of being taken for an assassin and a robber, which on any other occasion would have made me tremble with horror, now gave me joy. Adelaide knew the innocence of my intentions, and Adelaide was the whole world to me.

Impatient to be interrogated, that I might clear the honour of Adelaide, I passed several hours in the most racking inquietude: in the middle of the night my chamber door was opened, and I saw Don Gabriel enter.

'Be not apprehensive of any harm,' said he to me, as he approached; 'I come by the command of Madame de Benavides: she has had esteem enough for me to trust me with every thing relating to you. Probably,' added he, with a sigh which he could not suppress, 'she would have judged differently if she had known me well: but I will be just to her confidence; I will save you, and I will save her, if I can.'

'You shall not save me,' replied I; 'it is my duty to justify the innocence of Madame de Benavides, and I will do it at the expence of a thousand lives, if I had them to lose.' I then acquainted him with my design of keeping myself concealed, and passing for an assassin, to prevent any imputation falling upon her.

'This project might be necessary,' replied Don Gabriel, 'if my brother was dead, as I perceive you think; but his wound, although great, is probably not mortal; and the first sign of life and sense he gave, was to order that Madame de Benavides should be confined to her own apartment: this proves that he suspects you are her lover; and, if you persist in your design, you will lose your own life, without preserving hers. Let us go,' added he; 'the safety I offer you to-day, I probably cannot afford you to-morrow.'

'And what will become of Madame de Benavides?' cried I; 'no, I can never resolve to withdraw myself from danger, and to leave her in it.'

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'I have already told you,' replied Don Gabriel, 'that your presence will only render her situation worse.' 'Well,' said I, sighing, 'I will fly, since you will have it so, and that her interest demands it. I had hoped that, by the sacrifice I had intended to make her of my life, I should at least have been pitied by her; but I deserve not to have this consolation: I am an unhappy wretch, who am not even worthy to die for her. Protect her,' added I to Don Gabriel, the tears streaming from my eyes as I spoke; 'you are generous; her innocence, her misfortunes, must move you.'

'You may judge,' said he, 'by what has escaped me, that I am too much for my own quiet concerned in the fate of Madame de Benavides. I will do every thing for her. Alas!' added he, 'I should have thought myself well paid, if I could have hoped that she had loved no one. How is it possible that you should not be satisfied with your good fortune in having touched a heart like hers? But let us go, pursued he; 'let us take advantage of the night.' Then taking my hand, and turning a dark-lantern, he led me through the courts of the castle. Transported with rage against myself for what I had done, in the wildness of my despair, I wished myself still more miserable than I was.

Don Gabriel, when he left me, advised me to retire to a convent of religious, which was within a quarter of a league of the castle. 'You must,' said he, 'keep yourself concealed in their house for some days, that you may not be in danger from the search I myself shall be obliged to make for you; and here is a letter for one of those religious, which will procure you admission into the house.'

I loitered a long time about the castle after he left me, not being able to remove myself from the place where Adelaide was. At length, the desire of hearing all that happened to her, determined me to set out for the convent. I arrived there just at day-break; the religious to whom I presented Don Gabriel's letter received me very civilly, and conducted me into a chamber near his own. My paleness, and the blood he observed on my cloaths, made him apprehensive that I was wounded. He was beginning to enquire after

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my health, when I fainted away. With the assistance of a servant he put me to bed, and sent for a surgeon belonging to the convent to examine my wound: he declared that it was in a dangerous condition, through the fatigue and cold I had suffered.

When I was alone with the good father to whom I was recommended, I intreated him to send to a house in a certain village, which I named to him, to enquire for Saint Laurent, for I supposed he would take refuge there. I was not mistaken; he came with the messenger I had sent to him: the poor fellow was in excessive affliction when he heard that I was wounded; he approached my bed-side, and anxiously enquired how I did.

‘If you would save my life,’ said I to him, ‘you must learn in what state Madame de Benavides is, inform yourself of all that has passed. Haste, lose not a moment; and remember, that what I suffer in this uncertainty is ten thousand times worse than death.’ Saint Laurent promised to do every thing I desired, and went away to take proper measures to satisfy me.

Mean time I was seized with a violent fever, my wound grew more dangerous, and they were obliged to make great incisions: but the torments of my mind made me almost insensible to those of my body; the image of Madame de Benavides bathed in tears, as I had seen her when I left her chamber, and kneeling by her husband, whom I had wounded, was continually before my eyes. I took a review of the misfortunes of her life; I found myself, in all: her marriage, to which she was forced on my account; her fatal choice of the most jealous and brutal man in the world for a husband, was made for my sake; and I had lately completed all her misfortunes, by exposing her reputation to injurious censures. I called to my remembrance the unjust jealousy I had discovered, which, although it had lasted but a few moments, and was banished by a single word from her, yet I could never pardon myself for. Adelaïda could not but think me unworthy of her esteem; she could do no otherwise than hate me.

Saint Laurent returned the next day; he informed me that Benavides was still extremely ill of his wound; that Adelaïda was in the utmost affliction; and that Don Gabriel made a show of seek-

ing for me every where. This news was not very likely to calm the perturbation of my mind. I knew not what I ought to wish for, every thing was against me. I could not even wish for death; I thought I owed the prolonging of my wretched life to the justification of Madame de Benavides.

The good father to whom I was recommended beheld me with great compassion: he heard me sigh continually, and always found my face bathed in tears. He was a man of sense and politeness, who had been long in the world, and whom a concurrence of strange accidents had driven into a cloister: he did not endeavour to reason me out of my grief, or to console me by the usual methods: he only expressed great sensibility of my misfortunes. This way succeeded; by degrees he entirely gained my confidence; perhaps, also, I only wanted an opportunity to speak and to complain to him. I conceived so great an affection and esteem for him, that I related to him my whole story. He became so necessary to me after a few days stay in the convent, that I could not bear him to be absent from me a moment. I never met with a man that had more goodness of heart: I repeated to him the same things a thousand times over; he always listened to me with the utmost attention, and sympathized in all my griefs.

It was through him that I learned every thing that passed in the house of Benavides: he had been in great danger from his wound, but it was at length cured. I was informed of it by Don Jerome, so was my friend the religious called. He afterwards told me, that all seemed quiet in the castle; that Madame de Benavides lived more retired than before, and that she was in a very languishing state of health. He added, that I must resolve to remove as soon as I was able; for if it should be discovered that I was concealed there, it would expose the lady to new distresses.

It was not likely that I should be soon in a condition to leave the convent; I was wasting away with a continual fever, and my wound was not yet healed. I had been in this religious house above two months, when one day I observed Don Jerome to be pensive and melancholy; he always turned his eyes away when they met mine; he seemed studiously to avoid looking at me, and with difficulty an-

swered

swayed my questions. I had conceived a very tender friendship for him; misfortunes give sensibility to the heart. I was going to express my concern for his uneasiness, and to enquire into the cause, when Saint Laurent, entering my chamber, told me that Don Gabriel was in the convent, and that he had just met him.

'Don Gabriel here!' said I, looking at Don Jerome, 'and you never to mention to me his coming! What is the meaning of this reserve? You fill me with the most dreadful apprehensions; what is become of Madame de Benavides? For pity, draw me out of this cruel uncertainty.'—'Would I could leave you always in it!' said Don Jerome at length, embracing me.

'Ah!' cried I, 'she is dead! Adelaida is dead! Benavides has sacrificed her to his rage! You answer me not—' 'Alas! then I have nothing to hope.' 'Ah! it was not Benavides, but I, who have plunged the poniard into her breast! Had it not been for my fatal passion, she might have been still alive.' 'Adelaida is dead; I shall never behold her more! I have lost her for ever; she is dead, and I still live! Why do I not follow her? Why do I delay to revenge her upon her murderer?' 'Alas! death would be too great an indulgence to me; it would separate me from myself, and I am made up of horror and anguish.'

The violent agitation I was in, caused my wound, which was not well healed, to open again. I lost so much blood, that I fell into a swoon, which lasted so long, that they thought me dead: but, after continuing several hours in this happy state of insensibility, I awoke to grief unutterable. Don Jerome, apprehensive that I should make an attempt on my own life, charged Saint Laurent to watch me with the strictest attention. My despair now took another form: I complained not, I shed not a tear; then it was that I formed a resolution to go and inhabit some solitude, where I might, without controul, deliver myself up a prey to my affliction.

I was desirous of seeing Don Gabriel, for I eagerly caught every thing that could heighten my despair. I intreated Don Jerome to bring him, and the next day they came together into my chamber. Don Gabriel seated himself upon the side of my bed. We continued a long time silent; neither of us was able to speak.

He looked upon me with eyes swimming in tears. 'You are very generous, Monsieur,' said I at length, 'to visit a wretch whom you have so much reason to hate.'

'You are too miserable,' replied he, 'to make it possible for me to hate you.'

'Ah!' cried I, 'tell me, I beseech you, every circumstance of my misfortunes; leave me ignorant of nothing; the explanation I desire of you may possibly prevent my taking some measures which you have an interest to hinder.'

'I shall redouble your affliction and my own,' replied he, 'but I cannot help it. I will satisfy you; and, in the recital I am going to make you, you will find you are not the only person to be pitted. Take, then, the incidents in order as they happened; we shall too soon come to the melancholy catastrophe.'

'I had never seen Madame de Benavides till she became my sister-in-law. My brother, who had some affairs of consequence to settle at Bourdeaux, saw her there, and fell in love with her; and although he had several rivals, whose birth and riches were superior to his, yet Madame de Benavides, for reasons I never could guess at, preferred him to them all. A short time after their marriage, he brought her to his estate in Biscay, and there it was that I saw her for the first time. If her beauty excited my admiration, I was still more charmed with the graces of her mind, and the extreme sweetness of her temper, which my brother put every day to new trials. However, the passion I then had for a very amiable young person, made me believe that I was secured from the influence of her charms, which it was impossible to behold without love: I even designed to make use of my sister-in-law's interest with my brother, to prevail upon him to consent to our marriage. The father of my mistress, offended at my brother's refusal, had given me but a very short time to bring him to a compliance, declaring that, when it was expired, he would marry his daughter to another.'

'The friendship and esteem which Madame de Benavides expressed for me, gave me courage to implore her assistance. I often went to her apart-

ment, with an intention to speak to her; but the slightest obstacle imaginable restrained me. Mean while, the time which had been prescribed to me drew towards a period; I had received several letters from my mistress, in which she pressed me to use every method to gain my brother's consent. My answers did not satisfy her: without my perceiving it, an air of coldness ran through them, which drew many complaints from her; these complaints appeared to me to be unjust, and I reproached her with it. She now believed herself abandoned; and resentment, joined to the commands of her father, determined her to marry the person he proposed to her. She herself, in a letter she wrote to me, informed me of her marriage; she reproached me, but it was with tenderness; and concluded with earnestly intreating me never to see her more. I had loved her passionately; I imagined I still loved her, and I could not learn that I had lost her for ever without feeling a real affliction. I was afraid she was unhappy, and I reproached myself with being the cause of it. Absorbed with these reflections, I continued walking, in a melancholy manner, in the little wood which you used often to visit: there I was met by Madame de Benavides; who, observing my uneasiness, kindly desired to know the cause of it. A secret repugnance which I felt within myself restrained me from telling her: I could not resolve to own to her that I had been in love; but the pleasure of speaking to her of that passion carried it over that consideration. All these emotions passed in my heart without my perceiving the cause; as yet I had not dared to examine into the nature of what I felt for my sister-in-law. I related my story to her; I shewed her the letter which Isabella had wrote me.

"Why did you not mention this sooner to me?" said Madame de Benavides; "perhaps I might have been able to obtain the consent of your brother, though he refused it to you. My God! how much I pity you! how greatly I am concerned for her! she, doubtless, will be miserable."

The compassion which Madame de Benavides expressed for Isabella, made me apprehensive that she would think hardly of me, as the person who had

made her unhappy. To diminish, therefore, this compassion, I eagerly told her that the husband of Isabella was a man of birth and merit; that he held a very considerable rank in the world; and that it was highly probable his fortune would be still more so.

"You are deceived," answered my lovely sister-in-law, "if you think all these advantages can make her happy; nothing can make amends for the loss of what one loves. It is a cruel misfortune," added she, "when we are obliged to act contrary to our inclination, to comply with our duty."

She sighed several times during this conversation; I even perceived that it was with difficulty she restrained her tears. She left me soon afterwards; I had not power to follow her; I remained in a trouble and confusion I am not able to describe. I now for the first time perceived, what I had hitherto industriously concealed from myself, that I was in love with my sister-in-law, and I thought I could discover a secret passion in her heart: a thousand circumstances then rushed upon my memory, which before I had given no attention to; her taste for solitude, her indifference for all those amusements which make the delight of persons of her sex and age. Her extreme melancholy, which I had attributed to my brother's bad treatment of her, now seemed to me to proceed from another cause. How many sad reflections now rose in my mind! I found myself in love with a person whom I ought not to love, and this person's heart in the possession of another.

"If she loved nothing," said I, "my passion, although without hope, would not be without sweetness: I might pretend to the blessing of her friendship; in that I would place my felicity. But this friendship will not satisfy my heart, since she has sentiments more tender for another." I was sensible I ought to use my utmost endeavours to vanquish a passion so dangerous to my quiet, and which honour would not permit me to entertain. I took a resolution to fly from my too lovely sister; and I returned to the castle, to tell my brother that some affairs called me from him, but the sight of Madame de Benavides left me no power to follow the dictates of my reason. All my resolutions vanished into air; yet, to

to furnish myself with some pretence to continue near her, I persuaded myself that I was necessary to her, in being sometimes able to calm the tempestuous humour of her husband. About this time you arrived: I found in your air and behaviour somewhat greatly above the condition you appeared in. I treated you with familiarity and kindness. I would have entered into your confidence, and have made you my friend. My intention was to prevail upon you afterwards to draw a picture of Madame de Benavides for me; for, notwithstanding the delusive reasons my passion found for staying with my sister, yet I resolved, some time or other, to leave the castle; but in this separation, so just, so necessary, I was willing at least to have her picture. The manner in which you received the advances I made you, shewed me that I had nothing to hope for from you; and I was gone to bring another painter into the house that unhappy day when you wounded my brother. Judge of my surprize at my return, when I was informed of what had happened! My brother, who was desperately wounded, kept a gloomy silence, casting from time to time a terrible look upon Madame de Benavides. As soon as he saw me, he called me to his bed-side. "Deliver me," said he, "from the sight of a woman who has betrayed me; cause her to be conducted to her own apartment, and give strict orders not to suffer her to stir out of it."

I would have said something against this rigorous order to my brother; but he interrupted me at the first word.

"Do as I desire you," said he, "or never see me more." I was obliged to obey; and, approaching my sister-in-law, I intreated her to let me speak to her in her own chamber. "Let us go," said she, weeping; "execute the order you have received."

These words, which had the air of reproach, pierced me to the soul: I durst not make her any answer in the place we were then in; but no sooner had I led her to her chamber, than looking on her with that grief and tenderness my heart was full of—"What, Madam," said I, "do you confound me with your persecutor? I, who feel your trouble as sensibly as you do

yourself? I, who would sacrifice my life to save you? I grieve to say it, but I tremble for you: retire for some time to a place of safety; I will endeavour to have you conducted wherever you please, provided it is a secure asylum from your furious husband."

"I know not whether Monsieur de Benavides has any design to take away my life, but I know it is my duty not to abandon him, and I will fulfil it, though I perish." Then, after a short pause, she added—"I am going, by placing an entire confidence in you, to give you the greatest mark of my esteem it is in my power to give; and indeed, the confession I have to make you is necessary to preserve yours for me. But go and attend your brother; a longer conversation may make you suspected by him; return hither as soon as you conveniently can."

I obeyed Madame de Benavides, and went to my brother's apartment: the surgeon had visited him, and desired that no one might be allowed to come into his chamber. I flew back again to his wife, agitated with a thousand different thoughts: I was anxious to know what she had to say to me, and yet I feared to hear it. She related to me the manner in which she became acquainted with you, the passion you conceived for her the moment you saw her, the generous sacrifice you had made her, and she did not conceal the tenderness with which you had inspired her.

"Ah!" interrupted I, "have I then been dear to the most perfect woman upon earth, and have I lost her?" This idea filled my soul with such tender sorrow, that my tears, which had hitherto been restrained by the excess of my despair, began now to stream in great abundance from my eyes.

"Yes," continued Don Gabriel, with a sigh, "you were beloved. Good Heaven! what tenderness did I not discover for you in her heart! Notwithstanding her misfortune, and the horror of her present situation, I perceived that she indulged with pleasure the thought, that her affection for you was authorized by what you had done for her. She confessed to me, that when I led her into the chamber where you was painting, she knew you; and that

"that she had wrote to you, to command you to leave the castle, but that she could not find an opportunity to give you her letter. She afterwards related to me how her husband had surprized you together, at the very moment when you was bidding her an eternal farewell; that he attempted to kill her, but that you interposed, and wounded him in defending her.

"Save this unhappy man," added she: "you only can preserve him from the fate that awaits him; for I know that, in the fear of exposing me to the least suspicion, he will suffer the most cruel death, rather than declare who he is."

"He is well rewarded for all he can suffer, Madam," replied I, "by the good opinion you have of him."

"I have owned my weakness to you," said she; "but you have seen that, if I am not mistress of my affections, I have at least been so of my conduct; and that I have taken no steps which the most rigorous virtue could condemn."

"Alas! Madam," interrupted I, "it is not necessary that you should condescend to justify yourself to me. Too well am I convinced by my own experience, that it is not always in our power to dispose of our own hearts: I will use my utmost endeavours to obey you, and deliver the Count de Comminge; but, oh! Madam, permit me to assure you, that I am more miserable than he is."

"I left the room as I pronounced these words, without daring to raise my eyes to Madame de Benavides. I shut myself up in my own chamber, to consider what I had to do. I had already taken a resolution to deliver you; but I was doubtful whether I ought not to fly from the castle myself. The torments I had suffered during the relation Madame de Benavides had made me, shewed me the excess of my passion for her. It was necessary that I should suppress sentiments so dangerous to our virtue; and, in order to suppress them, it was necessary I should see her no more: but it seemed cruel to abandon her in such a distressful situation; to leave her, unprotected, in the hands of a husband who believed himself wronged by her. After continuing long irresolute, I determined at once to assist Madame de Benavides,

and to avoid seeing her as much as possible. I could not inform her of your escape till next day: she seemed to be a little more easy on your account; but I thought I could perceive that her grief was increased, and I doubted not but the declaration I had made of my sentiments was the cause. I quitted her immediately, in order to free her from the embarrassment my presence threw her into. I was several days without seeing her; my brother grew worse, and his physician thought him in great danger. I was obliged to make her a visit, to acquaint her with this news.

"If I had lost Monsieur Benavides," said she, "in the ordinary methods of Providence, his death would have less sensibly affected me; but the part I have unfortunately had in it, makes it an insupportable affliction to me. I am not apprehensive of the ill treatment I may meet with from him; I am only afraid of his dying in a persuasion that I have wronged him. If he lives, I may hope that he will one day be convinced of my innocence, and restore me to his esteem."

"Suffer me, Madam," said I, "to endeavour to merit yours; I implore your pardon for these sentiments I have dared to let you perceive. I was not able to prevent their birth, or to conceal them from you; I even know not whether I can subdue them, but I swear to you that I will never importune you with them. I had taken a resolution to fly from you, but your interest retains me here."

"I confess to you," replied Madame de Benavides, "that you have given me great uneasiness; Fortune seemed desirous of taking from me the consolation I have found in your friendship."

"The tears she shed when she spoke to me were more powerful than all the efforts of my reason; I was ashamed of having augmented the miseries of one already so unhappy." "No, Madam," replied I, "you shall never be deprived of that friendship you have the goodness to set some value upon; and I will endeavour to render myself worthy of yours, by my solicitude to make you forget the extravagance I have been guilty of."

"In effect, when I left her, I found myself more calm and easy than I had ever

ever been since I first beheld her. Far from leaving her, I endeavoured, by the resolutions I vowed to take when in her presence, to furnish myself with arguments for performing my duty. This method succeeded; I accustomed myself by degrees to reduce my former sentiments to friendship and esteem. I told her ingenuously the progress I made in my cure. She thanked me for it, as for some considerable service I had rendered her; and, to reward me, gave me every day new marks of her confidence. Still my heart would sometimes revolt, but reason always got the victory. My brother, after languishing a long time, at length began to recover: he would never be prevailed upon to give his wife permission to see him, though she often requested it. He was not yet in a condition to leave his chamber, when Madame de Benavides fell ill in her turn. Her youth saved her this time, and I was full of hope that her illness had softened her husband's heart; for though he had continued obstinately resolute not to see her during his own danger, notwithstanding her earnest entreaties, yet he shewed some solicitude in enquiring for her when she was ill. She was almost recovered, when my brother ordered me to be called to him.

"I have some important business," said he, "which demands my presence in Saragossa: my health will not permit me to take this journey; I must intreat you therefore to go in my stead. I have ordered my equipage to be got ready, and you will oblige me by setting out immediately."

The Marquis de Benavides is older than me by a great number of years. I have always had the same respect for him as for a father, and he has held the place of one to me. Besides, I had no reason to urge which could dispense with my doing as he desired. I was obliged, therefore, to resolve to go; but I thought this ready compliance gave me a right to speak to him in favour of Madame de Benavides. What did I not say to soften him! He appeared to me to be shaken; I even fancied I saw tears in his eyes.

"I have loved Madame de Benavides," said he to me, "with the most ardent passion; it is not yet ex-

tinguished in my heart; but time and her future conduct can only efface the remembrance of what I have seen."

"I durst not enter into any discourse with him concerning the cause of his complaints; that would have again recalled his former rage; I only desired permission to acquaint my sister-in-law with the hopes he had given me. He granted my request. This poor lady received the news I brought her with a kind of joy.

"I know," said she, "that I can never be happy with Monsieur le Benavides; but I shall at least have the consolation of being where my duty calls me."

After having again assured her of my brother's good disposition to her, I took my leave of her. One of the chief domesticks of the house, in whom I confided, had promised to be strictly attentive to every thing that regarded her, and to give me information.

After these precautions, which I thought necessary, I set out for Saragossa. I had been there fifteen days without having any news from the castle, and was beginning to be very uneasy at this long silence, when I received a letter from the faithful domestick I mentioned. He informed me that, three days after my departure, Monsieur de Benavides had discharged him, and all the rest of his servants, except one man, whom he named to me, and the wife of that man. I trembled as I read this letter; and, without troubling myself any farther about the business with which I was charged, I hired post-horses to return to the castle. When I was within a day's journey of this place, I received the fatal news of the death of Madame de Benavides. My brother, who wrote to me himself, appeared so greatly affected, that I could not suppose he had been accessory to it. He told me, the great love he had for his wife had subdued his resentment, and that he was ready to pardon her when death snatched her from him: that she had relapsed a short time after my departure; and her fever increasing, she died on the fifteenth day of her illness. Since I came hither to seek some consolation in the company of Don Jerome, I have been informed my brother is plunged in the deepest sadness;

nefs; that he sees no one; and he has even intreated me to defer seeing him for some time.

'I find no difficulty in complying with his request,' continued Don Gabriel; 'those places in which I have seen the unfortunate Madame de Benavides, and where I shall no more see her, would increase my grief. Her death seems to have awakened all my former sentiments, and I know not whether the tears I shed do not more proceed from love than friendship. I have determined to go into Hungary, where I hope either to find death in the war, or to recover the peace I have lost.'

Here Don Gabriel ceased to speak. I was not able to answer him but with tears; my voice was lost in sighs. Don Gabriel also wept bitterly: at length he left me, without my being able to utter a single word. Don Jerome attended him out, and I was left alone. The melancholy relation I had just heard increased my impatience to see myself in a place where I might abandon myself, without interruption, to the excess of my grief.

The desire of executing this scheme hastened my cure. After having been long in a languishing condition, my wound was healed, my strength returned, and I found myself able in a little time to leave the convent.

The parting between Don Jerome and me was on his side full of tenderness and friendly concern; but the loss of Adelaida had left me insensible to all other impressions. I would not acquaint him with my design, lest he should endeavour to oppose it. I wrote to my mother, and sent my letter by Saint Laurent, making him believe that I would wait for an answer in the place I then was.

This letter contained an account of all that had happened to me since I saw her last. I earnestly asked her pardon for leaving her, as I resolved to do, for ever. I added, that, in tenderness to her maternal affection, I chose to spare her the sight of a miserable wretch, who had now nothing left to wish for but death. And, lastly, I conjured her not to make any attempts to discover the place of my retreat, and recommended the faithful Saint Laurent to her protection.

When I parted with him, I gave him all the money I had about me, reserving only what was sufficient to defray my

expences during my journey. The letter I had received from Madame de Benavides, and her picture, which I wore next my heart, was all the wealth I was possessed of. I travelled, with an impatience which hardly allowed me to stop a moment, to the Abbey de la F—. Upon my arrival, I demanded the habit of the order. The father abbot obliged me to undergo the probationary forms; and, when they were finished, asked me whether the wretched diet, and other austerities, did not appear more than equal to my strength? Absorbed in grief, I had not even perceived the difference of my diet, and the austerities he mentioned: my insensibility was taken for a mark of zeal, and I was received.

The certainty I now had that my tears might flow uninterrupted, and that I might pass my whole life in this sad employment, gave me some consolation: the horrid solitude, the melancholy silence that reigned in this cloister, and the mortified countenances of all about me, left me wholly devoted to that grief which was become so precious to me, that it supplied the place of all I had lost. I performed all the exercises of the cloister without thinking of their severity, for every thing was alike indifferent to me. I went every day into the thickest part of the wood; there would I read over the letter, and gaze on the picture, of my Adelaida; bathe them both with my tears; and, replacing them on my heart, return with greater weight of grief.

Three years I led this melancholy life, while time neither alleviated my sorrow, nor brought the period to it which I so earnestly desired; when one morning I was summoned by the tolling of the bell to be present at the death of one of the religious. He was already laid upon the ashes; and the last sacrament was going to be administered to him, when he desired to speak to the father abbot.

'What I am going to say, father,' said the dying penitent, 'will animate with new favour all who shall hear me; since, by methods so extraordinary, I have been drawn out of the abyss of sin and misery into which I was plunged, and conducted into the port of salvation. I am unworthy of the name of brother, with which these holy religious have honoured me: in me you behold an unhappy woman, whose a profane passion has led to this sanctified place.'

place. I loved and was beloved by a young man of a rank equal to my own. The mutual hatred of our fathers was an insurmountable obstacle to our marriage; I was even obliged, for the safety of my lover, to give my hand to another person; and, in the choice of my husband, I endeavoured still to give him proofs of the continuance of my passion. The man who could not be supposed to inspire me with any sentiments but those of hatred or contempt, was preferred to every other who addressed me, because the sacrifice I made him should be complete, and that he might have no cause for jealousy. The Almighty decreed that a marriage contracted with such criminal views should prove a source of misery to me. Although I would never after consent to see my lover, yet my husband and he met, and wounded each other before my eyes. Terror and grief threw me into a violent illness. I was scarcely recovered, when my husband shut me up in a private apartment of his castle, and caused it to be reported that I was dead.

I continued two years in that melancholy confinement, with no other consolation than what the compassion of her who daily brought me my food afforded me. My husband, not satisfied with the miseries he inflicted on me, had the cruelty to insult me under them. O my God! what do I say! Dare I accuse of cruelty the instrument thou wast pleased to make use of for my punishment? These afflictions did not bring me to a just sense of the extravagances of my conduct; instead of weeping for my faults, I wept only for my lover.

The death of my husband set me at liberty. The woman who served me, being the only person who knew the truth of my condition, came to open the doors of my prison, and informed me that I had passed for dead from the moment I entered it. Not doubting but the treatment I had met with from my husband had given rise to very unfavourable suspicions of my virtue, I deliberated whether it was not necessary I should pass the rest of my days in a convent; and I was confirmed in this design, when I learned that the only person who could retain me in the world had not been heard of for a long time. I disguised myself

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in the habit of a man, that I might leave the castle without being known.

The convent to which I resolved to retire was that in which I was educated, and is but a few leagues distant from hence. I was travelling to it, when the solitariness of this place striking my imagination as I passed by, I alighted from my chaise, in order to indulge my sad reflections a few moments; a secret impulse, which I could not resist, led me into your chapel. Scarce had I entered, when, among the voices that sung the praises of our Lord, I distinguished one too well accustomed to reach my heart. I thought at first that my disordered imagination had deceived me by a fancied resemblance; but when I approached, notwithstanding the alteration which time, grief, and the austerities of a cloister, had made in his countenance, I immediately knew that lover so dear to my remembrance.

Great God! what became of me at this sight! What were the cruel agitations of my mind! Far from praising the Almighty for calling him to so holy a profession, I blasphemed against him for having deprived me of him. You punished not my impious murmurs. O my God! and you made use of my own folly and misery to draw me to yourself!

I was not able to leave a place which inclosed what I loved; and, that we might no more be separated, I discharged my guide, and presented myself, father, to you. Deceived by the eagerness I discovered to be admitted into your cloister, you received me willingly. Alas! what were the dispositions I brought to your holy exercises! A heart filled with a profane passion, and every thought employed on the dear object of its tenderness.

The Almighty, who, by abandoning me to my wild affections, would give me greater cause for humbling myself one day before him, doubtless permitted those inopposed delights which I tasted in breathing the same air, and living in the same house, with him I loved. I followed him every where; I assisted him in his labours as much as my strength would allow, and in those moments I thought myself over-paid for all that I had suffered; but yet my imprudent tenderness

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did not carry me so far as to make myself known to him. But what was the motive that hindered me? The fear of disturbing the quiet of him for whom I had lost my own. But for this fear, I should, perhaps, have attempted to snatch from God a soul which I believed wholly devoted to him.

Two months are now elapsed, since, in obedience to a regulation of our holy founder, who was desirous, by a continual idea of death, to sanctify the lives of his religious, we have been obliged each to dig his own grave. I followed as usual him to whom I was attached by ties so shameful. The sight of his grave, the ardour with which he dug it, pierced my heart with such an excess of sorrow, that I was obliged to leave him, and retire to the most unfrequented part of the wood, to give free course to my tears. From that moment I was in continual apprehensions of losing him; the idea of his death was ever present to my mind; my tenderness increased; I followed him every where; and, if I was some hours of the day without seeing him, I feared I should never see him more.

But now the happy moment arrived when God was pleased to draw me to himself. I went, with the man my soul so fondly loved, into the forest, to get wood for the use of the house. After some time spent in this employment, I perceived that my companion had left me: anxious and uneasy at his absence, I could not help going to seek for him. After having wandered through great part of the forest, I saw him at length in one of the most retired parts of it, employed in gazing earnestly upon something he had taken from his bosom: he was in so profound a reverie, that I came up close to him, and had leisure to look upon what he held in his hand without his perceiving me. How great was my astonishment when I saw it was my own picture!

I was sensible that, far from enjoying that quiet I had been so unwilling to interrupt, he was, like me, the miserable victim of a criminal passion. I saw the powerful hand of God ready to fall upon him; that fatal passion which I had carried with me even to the foot of his altar, seemed to have drawn the vengeance of Heaven upon him who was the object of it.

Full of this terrifying idea, I came to prostrate myself before those altars; I implored of God my own conversion, in order to obtain that of my lover. Yes, O my God! it was for him that I offered up my supplications to thee; for him I shed tears of remorse and grief; it was the desire of his salvation that brought me to thee. Thou hadst compassion upon my weakness; my prayer, profane as it was, thou didst not reject; my heart became sensible of the healing power of thy grace; from that blissful moment I experienced the peace of a soul which is with thee, and desires only thee; thou wast pleased to purify me by sufferings; I was seized with sickness soon after. If the partner of my wild affections still groans under the weight of his profane passion, let him cast his eyes upon me; let him view the wretch whom he has so madly loved; let him reflect upon that tremendous moment to which I am now arrived, and to which he shall shortly arrive. O! let him seek God, ere he has silenced his mercy to listen only to his justice! But I feel the time of my last sacrifice approaching. I beseech these holy religious to offer up their prayers for my departing soul: I humbly intreat their pardon for the offence I have given them, and I acknowledge myself unworthy to partake of their sepulchre.

The sound of that adored voice, now undisguised, and always present to my remembrance, made me know Adelaïda at the first words she pronounced. What language can convey an idea of what I then felt! All that the most ardent love, all that the tenderest compassion, all that the most poignant grief and wildest despair, could inspire, tore my distracted soul that moment. I was prostrate on the ground, like the other religious, while she was speaking: the fear of losing any one of her words restrained my cries; but when I found that, in uttering the last, she had expired, the house echoed with my agonizing shrieks.

The religious, running to me, raised me from the ground; I tore myself out of their arms, flew to the corpse of Adelaïda, and kneeling down beside it, I bathed one of her lifeless hands with my tears. 'I have lost you, then, a second time, my dear Adelaïda!' cried I, and

and I have lost you for ever! What, have you been so long with me, and did not my ungrateful heart acknowledge you? But we will never more be separated: Death," added I, folding her in my arms, "Death, less cruel than my inexorable father, shall now, in spite of him, unite us for ever!"

True piety is never severe. The father-abbot, moved at this sight, endeavoured, by the tenderest condolences and the most holy exhortations, to soften my grief, and prevail on me to abandon the corpse of Adelaïda, which I held fast locked in my arms. Finding me deaf to all he could urge, he was obliged to use force; they dragged me from the lovely body into my own cell, whither the father-abbot followed me: he staid with me the whole night, vainly attempting to calm my mind; my despair was increased by the consolations he offered me.

"Give me Adelaïda!" said I; "why have you separated us? O, why did not my soul take it's flight with hers? Alas! I can live no longer in a place where I have lost her, and where she

suffered so many miseries. Permit me," added I; throwing myself at his feet, "permit me to leave this cloister; what will you do with a miserable wretch whose despair will trouble your repose? Suffer me to retire to some other solitude, there to wait for a final end to all my sorrows. My dear Adelaïda will obtain of God that my penitence and prayers may be effectual for my salvation. And, oh! father, do not refuse my last request; promise me that the same tomb shall unite our ashes; and I, in return, engage not to hasten that moment which my soul so ardently pants after."

The father-abbot, moved with compassion for my misfortunes, and perhaps desirous of removing from the eyes of his religious an object which gave so much scandal to their piety, granted my request, and promised to do what I desired. I left the convent that moment, and came to the solitary wild I now inhabit; where I have lived several years, with no other consolation than that of weeping for what I have lost.

CAROLINE.

I Am not of many words, and unused to lengthen any discourse by humble apologies, or prefacing reflections; therefore can say nothing by way of introduction to the following narrative: sensation impressed it on my memory, and an impulse of mournful recollection prompts me to relate it. It may, probably, amuse the curious, or draw a tear from the tender-hearted. For the sake of the latter, I wish it were less true.

It is my custom to pay an annual visit to an old friend of mine, a respectable clergyman in the county of S—, and vicar of the place where he resides. His family has, for some years, consisted only of himself, his wife, two daughters, and a younger son; the others (for he had several more) being married, or placed in the world for themselves. Two of his eldest son's children, Edward and William, form the little groupe at his vicarage.

My friend, like every child of mortality, has had his portion of happiness and sorrow. The sun of prosperity

gilded the morning of his hopes, but it soon set in the evening of adversity. He was laying up a little fortune for his family, but ill-luck baffled his endeavours. The fickle goddess, of whom so many complain, seems now more kind to him; and he enjoys a medium independence, sufficient for the comforts, but not the superfluities, of life: yet Poverty never sues in vain, and Distress wipes the tear from her cheek as she leaves the door of his dwelling; the blessings of the poor ever follow him, for his smiling benevolence gives joy to the faint-hearted. He is grown grey in the service of his God, the support of his family, and the relief of his fellow-creatures. The consciousness of a life well spent is seated with benignity in his eye; and, if a Raphael would wish to unite goodness, cheerfulness, and humility, in the same portrait, my friend could supply him with the original in himself.

His wife resembles most ladies who received their education fifty years ago. I have the highest respect for her carriage-wine; and would not utter a word to her

disparagement. She is, indeed, an excellent housewife, a kind mother, and a truly good woman.

His son George, the youngest of the family, a fine lad about seventeen, he designs for the church, having been promised his preferment in that line; and is now preparing him for the university.

Amelia, the eldest at home, was the beauty of the village before she was fifteen. She was unusually tall of her age; of a majestic and upright deportment; by some called haughtiness and assumed superiority: it was, however, her nature. She possessed quick penetration, and sound judgment. These qualifications grew with her growth; and strengthened with her strength; so that she was soon feared as a wit, and dreaded in an argument. Amelia had a taste for the learned sciences; philosophy, astronomy, and geography; and, as my friend gave his children the best education the country afforded, she is now a compleat mistress of those three. She possesses many of the softer virtues; though, in the phrase of the village, she is a 'fine lady.' Her eminent abilities have procured her many enemies, and proved the truth of Mr. Pope's maxim—

'Envy does merit, as it's shade, pursue;
'And, like a shadow, proves the substance
'true.'

Caroline, my god-daughter Caroline, the sad heroine of my story, at the time I write this, is just nineteen; several years younger than her sister, and a few inches lower. I saw her, when seventeen, a plump, round, giddy girl; lively, careless, and light-hearted. Her fine brown eyes sparkled with vivacity, yet would frequently give tokens of latent sensibility. The rose of health bloomed on her cheek, the gaiety of her heart dimpled every feature, and the sweetness of good-humour was diffused over her whole countenance. I am of opinion with that author who says—'A woman's dress is as characteristick of her disposition as the lineaments of the face;' at least, it was so with Caroline: her hat, with little decoration, was put on one side; her handkerchief thrown lightly across her shoulders, at once expressive of simplicity and ease. She early displayed a taste for painting and musick; and, though she possessed a lively imagination and quick comprehension, for

want of application, made but little progress in either.

The sisters' characters, I have sometimes thought, were pleasantly contrasted. Though I respected the superior sense of Amelia, and listened to it with veneration, I have felt an agreeable relief at the innocent vivacity of Caroline. The conversation of the one was sententious, serious, and correct; that of the other, trifling, sprightly, and unstudied. The one, at first sight, commanded respect and admiration; but those whom her beauty and sense had charmed, not unfrequently feared the power of her judgment, or the severity of her wit. The other generally escaped observation by the side of her sister; or, if noticed, was treated only with playfulness. The few whom she attracted never could describe the charm she possessed; it was a something of fascination in her voice, in her smile, or in her eye.

Such was Caroline, when there came to reside in the same village one whom I shall call Albert. He was a man of high birth and family, who had injured a handsome independency in expensive pleasures and heedless generosity, though he was then not thirty. Some disappointments in life, but particularly one in his tenderest wishes, had induced him to seek relief in retirement until fortune should prove more favourable. These disappointments had cast a gloom over his countenance, and given a sternness to his manner; yet his features were handsome, and his person was elegant; but he carried an inventory of his best graces in his mind; for he was a real christian, a scholar, and a gentleman. By the vulgar he was sometimes considered as a little disordered in his mind; for he has been heard talking to himself, and seen walking by moonlight in unfrequented paths. Even the surgeon and apothecary of the village said he had observed his eyes, which were dark, quick, and penetrating; talked of symptoms, used many technical terms, and gave some hints on insanity. This gained much upon the opinion of others, for the doctor was esteemed a man of deep penetration, and vast professional knowledge; he took snuff with a becoming gravity, walked with a gold-headed cane, had a solemn length of face, and wore a large wig—but he was no physiognomist.

My friend's family was as respectable

as any, though not the richest in the village. His grotto in summer, and his fire-side in winter, were the pleasantest of any. Albert was charmed with the natural refinement, the easy hospitality, and cheerful simplicity, of their manners, with the affectionate harmony that prevailed among them; and never quitted their society without perceiving himself wiser, better, and happier. Uninfluenced by the opinion of others, they confessed themselves equally pleased with him, and treated him with all the respect due to merit and misfortune. As he ever met with an unfeigned welcome, his visits became more frequent and long. The children would climb up his knees for a story, and his society diffused new vivacity over the little circle. He discontinued his acquaintance with the rest of the villagers; and, as they felt some envy at the preference shewn to the vicar's family, they declared him more eccentric than ever. Sly whispers began to circulate; and they easily attributed to love what was in reality the effect of friendship; for Sophia was still in his heart, and his affections were devoted to her alone. He sometimes read to my friend's daughters; conversed on philosophy and polite literature with the eldest; and instructed the other in music, in which science he was a proficient. His manner by degrees grew familiar to them, and no longer appeared restrained or austere; it even acquired a softness which at first they thought it incapable of. His fine dark eyes would often be lighted up with cheerfulness and intelligence, or beam with benevolence and good-humour; in short, they always expressed whatever disposition his heart admitted. When, in conversing with Caroline, he would lay aside all his severity, and treat her with the playfulness of a brother; would call her his 'little girl,' his 'Caroline,' would chide her long, loud laugh, and bid her look serious; she, at first, laughed louder, and disregarded his admonitions. In time, she became more attentive to his conversation; read the books he recommended, and learned no music but of his approbation: she called him her Mentor, and her mind seemed forming to his instructions. Her friends were pleased with the alteration in her mind and manner, for she used to be too heedless, and too impetuous, to be accomplished. She now rose early, sat long, and was un-

remitting in her assiduities for improvement; would talk of Albert on every occasion. If her guitar was unstrung, she wished for Albert; when she had completed a drawing, she wished Albert to see it; in reading, she wished for Albert's opinion. She would listen attentively whenever he was mentioned, and was once known suddenly to leave a party where she had heard him discommended: she wondered how she had ever laughed at him, and endeavoured to compensate for it by every token of respect. At length, the rose faded on her cheeks; her vivacity forsook her, or only returned by flashes which soon died away; and her health seemed declining. Change of air was recommended, and she went to some friends about fifty miles distant. They attempted, by gaiety, to restore her to health; but her spirit was no longer formed for it. Without Amelia, without Albert, novelty lost its charm, and pleasure satiated. At the expiration of two months, she returned to the vicarage, wearied, but not benefited. The light of home gave her new spirits, and she repaid the welcome of her family with a true delight. During her visit, she rejected the addresses of a young man of fashion, family, and fortune. This circumstance excited suspicions of a prior attachment. Her parents questioned her upon it; but she evaded the acknowledgment of any partiality, by saying that her refusal of him proceeded from dislike.

Amelia, who tenderly loved Caroline, and whose penetrative eye had marked her behaviour towards Albert; with the gentleness of a sister, requested from her the candour of a friend. Affection then produced a declaration which duty could not. Her fear, she acknowledged, that Albert would be forbid the house, as an invader of her peace, had prevented that frankness her parents had a right to expect; and that, as he never sought, by any particular assiduities, to gain that heart her unguarded simplicity had yielded him, it would have been an act of injustice had she exposed him to the consequences of a confession to her father. Besides, she knew that Albert would despise her for her folly; and therefore she hoped he might always remain a stranger to it.

Amelia endeavoured to prove, by arguments of reason, the impropriety of her attachment. His heart was devoted to

to another; and, even if it were not, his high birth and large expectations were sufficient to convince her that he would not stoop to an alliance with a family so humble as theirs. 'I have thought of all this, my dear Amelia,' said Caroline; 'and though it was a painful effort at first to resign those chimeras of happiness I had formed, it was at last a successful one. I know I shall never marry Albert; but I hope I shall be excused for refusing any other man. Could I but for ever see him as frequently as I do now, and at this little vicarage, I would not wish for a change either of society or of scene.' After this conversation, nothing more was said on the subject. Albert was pleased to see Caroline again, and his visits were more frequent than before. He read to them while they worked, or sung with Caroline to her guitar. She was naturally cheerful; and her vivacity soon returned, though not with its former impetuosity: her disposition was naturally easy; and happiness, ere long, dwelt again in her bosom.

When he drew his chair next hers; in the earnestness of conversation, laid his hand on her arm; and, in the playfulness of mirth, touched her cheek—

— 'A thousand blushing apparitions
Would start into her face; a thousand innocent shames,
'In angel whiteness, bear away those blushes.'

When, at his request, she took up her guitar, she touched it with a tender, tremulous tone; and her voice assumed a plaintive softness of which it was incapable before.

A little painting of hers lay one day on the table, consisting of a few wild flowers thrown carelessly together. Albert took it up, praised its simplicity, said it was emblematical of Love, and requested it of her. A short time after, she asked him for it, that she might take a copy. He had written 'Caroline' under it. She kissed the name with rapture; then blushed when she recollected it was her own. She gave him the exact copy, wrote Caroline in the same hand, and kept the other. It had been in his possession; he had looked at it, had touched it, and it was inestimably dear to her. What trifles affect us! On how slender a thread does our happiness or

misery depend! How fine is the texture of the human heart!

Weeks and months passed on in this happy state of cheerful tranquillity; when a rich relation of Albert's dying, left him in possession of an affluent fortune. He took leave of the vicar's family, but not without a pang which philosophy could not prevent, or fortitude suppress; and bade an entire adieu to the village. They all lamented his absence, but Caroline felt it with the keenest sensibility. 'She pined in thought.' Every thing became sad or indifferent, since he who formerly gave them enjoyment was far distant. Her guitar was ever out of tune, and her paintings wanted freshness. She would sometimes read at the request of Amelia: but her attention had quite forsaken her; and books fatigued her spirits, without amusing her mind. She seldom sung, for her voice had lost all its power. Her friends perceived her declining health and spirits with deep regret. Amelia would endeavour to soothe her by kindness, or comfort her by advice: in the first she succeeded, but her disorder was too deep for counsel. Albert sometimes wrote to the father; and, for some days after the receipt of his letters, Caroline seemed more cheerful and happy; for she loved to hear of him—to think of him. A few months after his departure, intelligence arrived that he was married. It was soon confirmed by a letter from himself. He resided in a distant country, and was united to his Sophia. Their attachment had long been mutual, and the former objection of her relations arose entirely from his want of fortune.

This was an event which poor Caroline was wholly unprepared to meet: it came like a thunderbolt upon her peace; and crushed every prospect of future felicity, as the distance of his residence destroyed her hope of ever seeing him again. She was not surprized, when she reflected, that he was married; but she had never before thought of it, and every sudden occurrence agitated her. Her tender frame could not support this shock, and she sunk under its weight. Change of scene was again recommended, but she begged she might be suffered to remain at the vicarage; there every thing was familiar, there every thing was dear to her, and no other place could afford her any comfort. She seldom, after this event,

event, mentioned his name; and her friends were careful to avoid it: but it is evident she has not forgot him; for his miniature, which she took in happier days, she now wears constantly in her bosom.

In my last visit to my friend, my first enquiry was after Caroline. Hopes of her recovery were all over; she was declining rapidly. Her unobtrusive melancholy interested every observer. As her health declined, her temper seemed to acquire a more cheerful serenity, the result of conscious innocence and religious hope. She was always fond of the society of children, and never sparing of her pocket-money in buying them playthings and gingerbread. She is now particularly attached to them, and devotes most of her time to their amusement. 'My poor girl,' said he, 'is somewhere in the garden with her nephews.' We went to seek her; and the impression her figure made on my mind will never be erased from it—so very different from that of the blooming, the giddy Caroline, I had seen two years before—for she was absent when I made one of my visits. She was sitting on a bank, with the little boys beside her, for whom she was making festoons of flowers, to ornament their favourite wicker-seat. She was dressed in a white loose gown, with a blue sash; and a plain straw hat, tied under her chin with a ribbon of the same colour. Her dark hair hung in profuse negligence over her shoulders; a pale melancholy clouded her countenance, and a pensive sweetness gleamed in her eyes. She rose with a feeble grace, at my approach, to welcome me; but immediately after turned to the children, and pursued her employment. As I walked forward with my

friend, I could not help thinking of those beautiful lines in Mallet's ballad of William and Margaret, as applicable to Caroline—

- ' Her bloom was like the springing flower,
- ' That tips the silver dew;
- ' The rose was budded in her cheek,
- ' Just op'ning to the view:
- ' But love had, like the canker-worm,
- ' Consum'd her early prime;
- ' The rose grew pale, and left her cheek—
- ' She died before her time !'

The last line will, I fear, too soon complete the description.

Being called out of the parlour one evening during my visit, as I passed by the door of the study, I heard a low, sweet voice. There was something celestial in the sound. I stopped—I listened. It was the voice of Caroline, who had stolen out of the room soon after tea, and was repeating to Edward and William the pathetic story of the Three Children in the Wood. As I returned, she was beginning another tale of the Giant and the Dwarf.

The day on which I bade them farewell, was to be that of the funeral of a sparrow, which the little boys had fed with too much kindness. Caroline was employed in making a paper coffin, lined with black; and preparing mimic favours for the bearers and attendants. Some children in the village were invited to make up the grand procession; and Amelia was requested to write an epitaph.

Such now is Caroline! A sad instance of unrequited love; but a fair example of religious patience under the pressure of affliction, and cheerful resignation to the will of the Almighty!

THE HISTORY OF FREDERICK BARTLET.

FREDERICK Bartlet was the son of a worthy clergyman in Shropshire, whose situation was not equal to his merit, his living being an inconsiderable one, not worth more than sixty pounds a year; but he discharged the duties of his function in a most exemplary manner, and derived from con-

scious virtue a degree of happiness which it is beyond the power of rank or fortune to bestow. He educated his son Frederick with great care; resolving, as he could not give him wealth, to endeavour to supply that deficiency by cultivating his understanding, and training him to the love and practice of virtue;

the; being of opinion, that it is not easy for a wife and virtuous man to be unhappy in any situation.

Frederick continued under the care of his father till he was about eighteen; when it being necessary that he should engage in some method of procuring a subsistence for himself, he was removed to London, and placed in a merchant's counting-house. Here, notwithstanding that inclination for literature which his education had naturally inspired in him, he applied himself closely to the study of the theory and practice of commerce; and made himself eminently useful to Mr. Thornton, the merchant with whom he lived, and whose confidence he soon acquired. He distinguished himself by that diligence and punctuality which are so important in the mercantile character, and was seldom seen at those fashionable places of levity and dissipation which are so numerous in the capital and its neighbourhood.

He did not, however, entirely confine himself to the drudgery of business; he allowed himself hours of relaxation; and was not without his pleasures, but they were moderate and rational, and attended with little expence. He entirely approved the observation of a sensible writer, that "The most exquisite, as well as the most innocent, of all enjoyments, are such as cost us least; reading, fresh air, good weather, fine landscapes, and the beauties of nature: these afford a very quick relish while they last, and leave no remorse when over."

Thus did Frederick pass his hours, either diligently engaged in business, or relaxing himself by such amusements as were not unworthy of a reasonable being; when his tranquillity was disturbed by a circumstance, which, though it was not unattended with pleasing sensations, was a source of great disquiet to him. Mr. Thornton had an only daughter, who, during the time that Frederick had been in London, had been almost entirely at a boarding-school, or with an aunt in the country; so that he had not had many opportunities of seeing her. But she now came to reside wholly with her father, for her mother had been dead some years. She was a most amiable and accomplished young lady, about nineteen years of age; and, though not a perfect beauty, her features were extremely agreeable, and her whole figure was uncommonly engaging.

In consequence of Frederick's situation, he could not avoid frequently seeing Miss Thornton; and it is dangerous for young people of different sexes to be too much with each other. The young lady soon made a deep impression on his heart; and she, on her part, was not long before she entertained a passion for Frederick, who was tall and well shaped, and to good sense and a polished understanding added a degree of vivacity which seldom fails to recommend a man to the notice of the female sex, and to make him an object of their favour.

Frederick's consciousness of the state of his own heart gave him no small degree of uneasiness. He was sensible that, from the disparity of their fortunes, there was little reason to suppose that Mr. Thornton would encourage his pretensions; and he had too strong a sense of honour not to be hurt by the thought of acting ungenerously by a man who had behaved to him with so much kindness as Mr. Thornton had. He therefore laboured to suppress his passion; but a powerful attachment to a fine woman is not easily reducible within the rules of reason. In consequence of their frequent intercourse, though both endeavoured, for a long time, to conceal their sentiments from each other, they at length came to an éclaircissement. They acknowledged their mutual regard for each other; and Frederick declared, with all the ardour of a youthful passion, that he should prefer the mere necessities of life in a cottage, with her, to the greatest affluence with any other woman; but professed at the same time, that it gave him the most extreme pain to reflect, that he could not solicit her affection without giving just umbrage to her father, to whom he confessed himself under the greatest obligations, and whom he could not therefore think of injuring or offending. And Miss Thornton, on her part, avowed her attachment to Frederick with all the warmth which the delicacies of her sex would permit; but declared her resolution of never marrying but with the consent of her father.

It happened that there was a clerk, who at this time lived with Mr. Thornton, who professed, though without much sincerity, a great friendship for Frederick. His name was Graham, and he had a very high opinion of his own personal accomplishments, and therefore beheld

beheld with envy the preference which he plainly saw Miss Thornton gave to Frederick. As he had never been treated with the same distinction by Mr. Thornton that Frederick had, he had never enjoyed the same opportunities of seeing the young lady: he had, however, seen and learnt enough from the servants in the house, a class of people who are naturally very inquisitive in such matters, to be assured that an intimacy actually subsisted between Miss Thornton and Frederick. He knew that Frederick's fortune would not entitle him to an alliance with Miss Thornton; and if the young lady was inclined to connect herself with one who was so much her inferior in that particular, Graham's vanity suggested to him, that she would have shewn her penetration, if she had bestowed her affections on him rather than on Frederick.

Envy is an uneasy and a restless passion; and it now stimulated Graham to lay hold of every opportunity which offered itself of privately injuring Frederick in the esteem of Mr. Thornton; and he at length went so far, as to hint to that gentleman, that Frederick entertained improper views upon his daughter. Finding Mr. Thornton alarmed at this suggestion, he proceeded farther, and related so many circumstances, partly true and partly false, to prove the reality of a close intimacy between Frederick and Miss Thornton, that this gentleman not only gave entire credit to it, but also believed, from several particulars which Graham had artfully and malignantly thrown into his account of the amour, that Frederick had used some dishonourable arts to conciliate the affections of the young lady. Being thus exasperated at the supposed ungenerous behaviour of Frederick, he hastened to his daughter, and immediately taxed her with carrying on a clandestine amour with him, without the knowledge or consent of a father by whom she had ever been treated with the utmost kindness. The confusion which the young lady discovered at this charge, confirmed all the suspicions of Mr. Thornton; and being much enraged, he sent a written note to Frederick, by which he informed him, that he did not chuse to have any farther connections with him, and desired him immediately to quit his house; nor could he be prevailed on to hold any

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converse with him on the cause of his sudden displeasure.

Frederick was much grieved that a man whom he esteemed, and of whose former favours he retained a grateful sense, should be so greatly incensed against him; but it may be easily conceived, that he felt still more severely his unexpected separation from the object of his affections. His reason dictated to him, that he should withdraw himself from an attachment wherein there were such obstacles to his success; but his heart at the same time told him with how much pain every effort for that purpose would be attended. He had not been able to learn by what means Mr. Thornton had been so much exasperated against him: he imagined, indeed, that he had some suspicions of the intimacy between him and his daughter; but with the arts which had been used to place his conduct in the worst point of view, he was wholly unacquainted; Graham having desired Mr. Thornton not to mention from whom he derived his intelligence, a request with which that gentleman had complied.

After a few weeks had elapsed, Frederick entered into the service of another merchant of eminence, as a principal clerk; an employment which the character he had acquired at Mr. Thornton's, for integrity and dexterity in business, enabled him easily to obtain. In the mean time, he and Miss Thornton found means sometimes to correspond with each other: she had been extremely afflicted at his removal from her father's house; and their separation, instead of abating, seemed to increase the ardour of their mutual affection. Neither of them had any suspicion of the treachery of Graham, who still pretended a great friendship for Frederick, for which he had very good reasons. He united in his character, to all the art and cunning of a designing knave, the extravagance of a rake, and the profligacy of a gambler: and, in the straits to which he occasionally brought himself by his vices, he sometimes found Frederick very useful to him, which was the source from which all his pretended friendship took its rise.

In the course of his debaucheries, Graham had at length so much involved himself in debt, that it was impossible to keep himself out of a prison; but by the

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assistance

assistance of Frederick, to whom he applied on this occasion, as he had often experienced the generosity of his temper. But the assistance which he now wanted to procure, Frederick was a little unwilling to afford; not from any disinclination to serve Graham, but from motives of integrity: Graham wanted Frederick to be bound for him for a considerable sum of money, more indeed than he was master of. Now, though Frederick was solicitous to do Graham all the service he could, he thought it not strictly right to engage for more than he was able to pay. But Graham assured him with so much confidence, that he should certainly receive a large sum on a particular day, which he mentioned, and which should be employed to remove the difficulties he at present laboured under, that Frederick, who was naturally open and unsuspecting, and who was unacquainted with the worst parts of Graham's character, was at length prevailed on to comply; and accordingly gave bond for the sum that was required.

In a few weeks after, Graham, by unsuccessful gaming, and other licentious practices, had involved himself in so many other difficulties, that he found it expedient to decamp, without taking any very formal leave of his friends. He quitted England, and took up his residence at Dunkirk, where he met with companions of principles and practices similar to his own. In the mean while, poor Frederick soon found himself in a very disagreeable situation: he was called upon to make good his engagements for Graham; and accordingly collected all the cash of which he was master, with which, except a small sum which he reserved for his own immediate subsistence, he paid the best part of the debt, and the bond was thereupon cancelled; but he was still made debtor for the remainder, which he gave his note for, together with a verbal promise to pay it as soon as it should be in his power. But the man with whom he had to do possessed very little equity or humanity, and shortly after arrested him for what remained due. He was thrown into the King's Bench prison, where he was left to philosophise at leisure.

As Frederick's character had always entitled him to the esteem of those who knew him, he might probably have ob-

tained some considerable assistance from his friends and acquaintance in his present distress, if he had made the applications usual on such occasions. But either his pride, or his delicacy, prevented him from doing this; and the worthiest men in adversity will not often find many ready to assist them, if they do not apply to them in a manner not very grateful to a man of spirit. As to the merchant with whom he had lived after his removal from Mr. Thornton's, he discovered great readiness to censure Frederick for his imprudence in being bound for such a fellow as Graham, but very little inclination to assist him. In truth, he had conceived a dislike against Frederick. The merchant himself was a staunch adherent of the ministry, and was ever ready to defend and support their measures, however pernicious to the community. But Frederick had a strong affection for his country, and considered the freedom which it enjoyed as its highest honour and felicity; and had therefore been sometimes apt to express himself in a manner which gave great offence to his principal, and thereby rendered himself obnoxious to him, though he could make no objection to any other part of his conduct. But the man who is a friend to the rights of his country, though in a situation wherein he can be of little service or disservice to either party, naturally becomes an object of aversion to the votaries of despotism.

Frederick had been a prisoner in the King's Bench about six weeks, and was nearly reduced to his last shilling, when he received a very unexpected visitant. This was no other than Mr. Thornton himself. That gentleman having heard of Frederick's confinement, and his anger against him being now somewhat abated, was curious to enquire by what means he had been brought into so disagreeable a situation; which the more surprized him, as he knew that Frederick was not addicted to expensive pleasures, or to any of those disorderly courses by which men frequently involve themselves in such difficulties. But when, upon enquiry, he found that his misfortune was brought upon him by his being bound for Graham, who had dishonourably fled from his bail, that circumstance very much struck him. He recollected, that the first unfavourable impressions which he had received of

of Frederick, were communicated to him by Graham; a man for whom it now appeared Frederick had entertained the greatest friendship, and given the strongest evidences of it. He therefore resolved to visit him in his gloomy mansion; and, when he was introduced to him, found him engaged in reading a book very suitable to his present situation; namely, Boetius on the Consolations of Philosophy. Frederick was much surprised to see him, but acknowledged his sense of the favour of a visit in such a place: after which they entered into a free conversation, in which Mr. Thornton being thoroughly acquainted with the state of Frederick's affairs, promised to afford him some effectual assistance. Frederick laid hold of this opportunity of making some observations relative to the amour between him and Miss Thornton, which he found had been the ground of Mr. Thornton's displeasure against him. He assured him, that he had never been induced, by any considerations respecting the fortune of that young lady, to endeavour to gain her affections; on the contrary, he had laboured to conquer in himself that passion for her which he found her excellences both of mind and person involuntarily inspire in him. To this Mr. Thornton made little reply; but, after some expressions of friendship, he took his leave, having previously slipped into Frederick's hand a bank-note for one hundred pounds.

Soon after his departure, Mr. Thornton met with Mr. Benson, an old confidential friend, to whom he related the whole affair; with this addition, that he saw plainly that his daughter's health would be greatly endangered, if he should continue to oppose her passion for Frederick, for a settled melancholy seemed to prey upon her spirits; and as he tenderly loved his daughter, he was extremely perplexed to know how to act. 'It appears, my good friend,' said Mr. Benson, 'from your own account, that the young fellow is possessed of more than common merit; he loves your daughter, and she has an equal regard for him; and what, then, should prevent their union? You object to his want of fortune: you have, it seems, nothing else to alledge against him. But have you not enough to make both her and him happy together? You certainly have, as she is your

'only child. I grant, that an increase of fortune might be desirable; but in this world we cannot have every thing just as we would wish it: and surely a man of merit, without fortune, is preferable to a man of fortune without merit; and you will have more than ordinary luck, if you meet with both in the man whom you should pitch upon yourself as an husband for your daughter. There is reason to believe that she will be unhappy without young Bartlet, and you cannot enjoy much comfort while she is miserable. My advice, therefore, is, that you release the young fellow out of his present difficulties, and marry him to your daughter. As to the seemingly unfavourable circumstance of his being now in prison, that can be no disgrace in his case, as he was not brought there in consequence of any vice, nor indeed of any folly, unless an excess of generosity, and of friendship, can be termed so.'

The persuasions and arguments of Mr. Benson had the more effect upon Mr. Thornton, as he had before entertained some thoughts of doing as he advised him, though he had not come to any positive resolution concerning it. But he now resolved to follow his friend Benson's advice entirely; and accordingly began to put his design in execution immediately, by paying the money for which Frederick was confined, who thereupon obtained his liberty: and as Mr. Thornton now permitted him to visit his daughter, the young lady soon appeared to have a considerable increase both of health and spirits. In about three months after, their hands were joined together at the altar, the marriage ceremony being performed by old Mr. Bartlet, who was sent for to London for that purpose; and it may reasonably be supposed, that the worthy old clergyman felt great joy at the happy prospects of his son. Frederick and his amiable young wife are completely happy in each other, and they jointly contribute to increase the felicity of Mr. Thornton. And as Frederick, to an excellent understanding, joins a most benevolent heart, his present affluence is not a benefit to himself only; but he thinks it his most pleasing employment to relieve the indigent, to succour the distressed, to lessen the misery of others, and to promote the happiness of all around him.

FREDERICK AND HARRIET;

OR,

THE GENEROUS GUARDIAN.

A GENUINE NARRATIVE.

MR. Garland was a gentleman of good sense and fortune, in the west of England: he was beloved by all who were so happy as to be acquainted with him; but was particularly intimate with Mr. Harvey, a near neighbour and a valuable friend, who having, at his death, committed his daughter to Mr. Garland's protection, she was brought up, with all the tenderness of a parent by that gentleman.

Miss Harriet Harvey was in the tenth year of her age when her father died: she was at first inconsolable for his death; but at length, by the care and affection of her guardian, time wore away the extremity of her grief. Mr. Garland discovered in Harriet a promising genius, and therefore took particular care of her education. She was beautiful to admiration; and had a sweetness of temper, even in her childhood, that procured her universal esteem.

When Harriet was fifteen, her excellent accomplishments, joined to the beauties of her person, gained her many admirers; some of whom were of rank and fortune superior to her own.

Mr. Garland had three sons. The eldest, who was named Frederick, was happy in a generous temper and graceful deportment. This young gentleman beheld, with heart-felt uneasiness, the crowd of admirers who presented themselves to Harriet: he was sensible he had ever retained the highest esteem for her; but, when others were about to deprive him of that dear object, the spark which lay concealed in his bosom burst into a flame, and he found he loved her even to distraction. He used every means in his power to render himself agreeable to her, and gave her every demonstration of the violence of his passion, but could never receive an adequate return; for, though she secretly loved him above all men, yet, conscious

that her fortune was inferior to Frederick's, and fearing to offend Mr. Garland, she resolved never to discover her passion for him, unless some unforeseen accident should bring it to light.

Frederick, in the extremity of his passion, abandoned himself to despair: no longer were the dictates of his reason sufficient to guard him against the power of love. He sought solitude, and indulged himself in a melancholy which, in a short time, brought his life into the most imminent danger. Harriet secretly kept a watchful eye over him; she saw, with anxiety, the fatal period to which the violence of his passion was hurrying him; yet, so strong were her sentiments of honour and gratitude to her guardian, that though she lived only as it were in the person of her dear Frederick, she chose rather to offer a sacrifice of both their lives to obedience, than indulge a passion, which she feared would be contrary to his will.

Among the physicians who attended Frederick, one had the penetration to discover, that the presence of Harriet produced very extraordinary symptoms in his patient; and immediately told Mr. Garland, it must be some secret grief or affection of the mind which caused his disorder, and advised him to examine Frederick on the subject. On this information, Mr. Garland went to his son's chamber, and conjured him, if he had any value for his own life, and as he regarded the commands of his father, to tell the cause that had brought him to that melancholy condition. Frederick, who had the highest reverence for his father, after some little hesitation, declared, that the occasion of his disorder was the love he bore the beautiful Harriet.

Mr. Garland, ever the worthy man and the indulgent parent, bade him be comforted;

comforted; and assured him, that the love he had for Harriet was no way disagreeable to him. With this assurance he left him, in order to consider what was to be done in this important affair. He was extremely anxious for the safety of his son, yet he determined not to lay any restraint on Harriet's inclinations: though her fortune was much inferior to his son's, yet, as she had admirers whose estates were far superior to Frederick's, the glittering allurements of riches might ensnare her heart, and she, perhaps, approve the lover for the sake of affluence; or, for aught he knew, she might have given her affections to another, who might merit them by his love and honour. He therefore resolved, if possible, to discover whether Harriet had a regard for any particular person; and, if he found she had, he determined his son, dear as he was to him, should fall a sacrifice to love, rather than he would be guilty of a dishonourable action.

He went directly to Harriet's chamber, where he found her, attended only by her maid; and he observed that an air of melancholy appeared in her countenance. When the servant had withdrawn, he addressed himself to her in the following words—'You know, Harriet, when your father was on his death-bed, he sent for me, and committed all that he had, and you in particular, to my care: hitherto I have, to the utmost of my power, attended to the charge of my dying friend; but there is still one obligation, and that, too, of the highest importance, incumbent on me, which is, to see you honourably disposed of in marriage to one who may be deserving of you.' This speech crimsoned the cheeks of Harriet with a modest blush: she rendered him, notwithstanding, all possible acknowledgments of his care, and assured him she would yield an entire obedience to his commands; adding, that she considered him as her parent, and would rather die than give him the least uneasiness.

He then intreated her ingenuously to declare, whether she had placed her affections on any particular person; at the same time assuring her, that he had such an entire confidence in her discretion, that his approbation should confirm her choice.

Finding this conversation had put

the beautiful Harriet into a tender confusion, Mr. Garland soothed her with the real affection of a father; he bade her look up with cheerfulness, and be assured, wherever her choice had fallen, both his esteem and approbation should accompany it. He then named some of her admirers who had been most frequent in their visits, and asked if any of them had obtained her affection.

Harriet, cheered by the inexpressible tenderness of her guardian, told him frankly, they had not: he then proceeded to name several others, but still found his questions answered in the negative.

'Is there,' continued Mr. Garland, 'any in my house, then, so happy as to have obtained your love?' Harriet remained silent; and, on his naming Frederick, he observed a visible alteration in her countenance. Mr. Garland, seeing her disorder, concluded Frederick was the real object of her affection, and therefore thus addressed himself to her—'Beautiful Harriet, if you think Frederick worthy of your love, be assured of my free consent; but if any other is so happy as to have gained your affections, be under no apprehensions on my account, for whoever you honour with your love, shall certainly be entitled to my esteem. In me you have not only a guardian, but a father: I would have you consider me as such, and unfold to me the secrets of your heart, which the modesty of your sex might lead you to conceal from others; assured, that your confidence shall never be misused, nor your hopes of satisfaction ill founded.'

It is impossible to express the sudden transport of Harriet's soul; the extremity of joy overwhelmed her, and she was ready to sink beneath the weight; however, thus encouraged, recovering herself, she said—'Much honoured Sir, I acknowledge that both what I am, and what I have, are owing to your care and tenderness; and that all the happiness I now enjoy, and all I am likely to possess, proceeds from you. As it will be impossible for me to return you such thanks as are adequate to the sensations I now feel, please to accept my silence, and to form to your own imagination what tribute a grateful heart would pay which has received such numerous and unmerited favours.'

Mr. Garland, after many tender expressions

passions of the regard he had for her, and receiving a modest acknowledgment that Frederick alone had won her heart, took his leave, telling her he would go and comfort his son, who loved her to distraction, and whose love of her was the chief cause of his illness; adding, that he hoped soon to see Harriet and Frederick the happiest couple in Europe. No sooner had Mr. Garland left Harriet's chamber, than he hastened to Frederick in order to tell him the regard Harriet had for him. He found his fever greatly abated, which he attributed to the disclosing his passion for Harriet: he therefore communicated to him the success his love was likely to meet with, and the obliging manner with which Harriet received him. Frederick rendered his father the most dutiful acknowledgments for his tenderness, and was re-invigorated with the idea of Harriet's esteem.

A few days being spent in kind enquiries after each other's health, Frederick, with the permission of his father and his physicians, had an interview with his beloved Harriet: but as it is impossible to describe this tender scene, let it suffice to tell the reader, that Fre-

derick and Harriet were soon after united in the sacred bonds of matrimony, and thereby made the happiest of the human race!

From this narrative our fair countrywomen may learn, that an honest passion for a worthy man is a principle that may dwell in the chastest breast, provided the heart is firmly resolved not to let this laudable passion over-leap the bounds of duty and gratitude; for whatever they may suffer from the concealment of their pain, till a particular occasion offers to declare it, consistent with their duty to their friends, yet Heaven will at last reward their virtue, and bless every Harriet with her Frederick.

And let each fond parent mark the road to domestic peace and happiness, by watching the first emotions of virtuous love, and repaying filial obedience with actual tenderness and compliance; that marriage may no longer be made a bargain; but, fixed on the basis of mutual love and esteem, may afford solid joy and felicity to the parties, and make their relations confess, what Mr. Pope has so finely hinted—'That they live a third time in their race.'

THE

FORTUNATE ECLAIRCISSEMENT.

AN AUTHENTICK ANECDOTE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

MONSIEUR Bouquin was at a little villa of his own, not far from Paris, entertaining a large company at dinner. During the desert, one of his footmen told him that there was an elderly lady without, who said the must speak with him. 'Must she?' 'Why, then, tell her I am not at home.'—'But, Sir!'—'Do as I bid you, rascal; would you have me go and tell her so myself?'—'But, Sir!'—'What!'—'She has a sweet prett' girl with her.'—'Indeed! Desire Madam to walk in.'

Immediately the footman introduced a woman in mourning, followed by a young creature very decently dressed: she had a clean, coarse gauze handkerchief,

on her neck, and kept her eyes modestly on the ground; but, whenever she raised them, there shot such a spirit from them, as struck Monsieur Bouquin in an uncommon manner. 'I beg pardon, gentlemen and ladies,' said the old woman; 'I have an affair on my hands which is of the utmost consequence to me, and which claims the immediate protection of this gentleman;' pointing to Monsieur Bouquin. Then she gave them a strange account of a law-suit, which nobody understood, though they all seemed listening to her; for their attention was wholly engrossed by the appearance of the young woman. Monsieur Bouquin, in particular, nodded his head several times; and, at last, pronounced the

the old woman's cause a good one, though he knew as little of the matter as the rest of the company. She then desired him to step into the next room, for she had something very particular to say to him alone.

When they were there, the old lady told him, that all the story about the lawsuit was invented on purpose to amuse the company. 'But the young creature,' says she, 'I have with me, is a reality; which, I believe, has made some impression on you, Sir: if so, and you will please to make some provision for us, my fair girl shall be at your disposal.' Monsieur Bouquin asked her, if she would be contented with an annuity of four thousand livres, about one hundred and seventy pounds a year of our money. 'I shall be satisfied,' replied the old woman; 'and, if you will sign the agreement to-morrow, we can sup with you the night after, and you shall then be the favourite Sultan.' She immediately returned to the room where she had left the girl; and, making her compliments to the company, returned with her to Paris.

As they went along, she related the conversation that passed between her and Monsieur Bouquin, and the bargain she had made.

The girl was modest, and much surprised at her mother's discourse; and, with the blushes of innocence glowing in her cheeks, she with great spirit reproached her for what she had done.

'You have ever, till now, mother,' cries the girl, 'educated me in the most virtuous principles; and what is the reason that on a sudden you have changed your character? The respect I have ever borne you was the most delicious sensation of an honest mind: what you have been telling me can be only a trial that you are pleased to make of my virtue; I am sure that you are too good to deprive me of the unequalled pleasure I feel in esteeming you.'

The old woman had nothing to say in excuse for herself, but answered directly to this purpose—'I bought you of her who bore you. I have spared no expence for your education; it is now time that I should reap the fruits of my care and generosity. Go, go to bed, Miss; reflect on the obligations you owe me, and prepare yourself to-morrow to be grateful and obedient.'

The poor young innocent could not close her eyes all the night. What a dreadful situation for so modest a creature! 'Who can be my parents? Good God! what shall I do?' Then sighing, and washing the pillow with her tears, she thought of many wild expedients to deliver herself from the horrors of prostitution. At last, she took a resolution to get up before day; and, throwing herself at the feet of the lieutenant of the police, to relate her whole story.

This most upright magistrate calmed her grief—'Go,' said he, 'my dear child, follow your supposed mother to Monsieur Bouquin, and do not seem in the least concerned on the occasion. I give you my word that nothing shall happen to injure your honour, or even, if possible, to distress your delicacy.'

She returned home before the old woman was up, who had not the smallest suspicion of what had happened: and, at the appointed time, they both went together to the meeting, as it was fixed the day before.

Monsieur Bouquin had assembled several of his friends to be witnesses of his happiness; for, in these love-bargains and sales, there is much more of vanity than passion.

They sat down; the conversation grew warm; and the young creature had a continual blush on her face, which was interpreted to be every thing but what it was—real, unaffected innocence. In the midst of this scene, an exempt of the police arrives; and, coming into the room without ceremony, addresses himself to Monsieur Bouquin—'Sir, I know you have a right to see what company you please at your own house; but you do not know this old lady, and her fair companion, who are now at your table; and I have orders to secure them. I shall take Madam to Bridewell, and Miss to whatever convent she pleases: but, before I stir, I must insist on knowing of that wicked old bawd the real mother of this young creature, whom she would have sold for prostitution: a base design! which, I am sorry to say, your vanity, Sir, would have aided.' The old lady, trembling, and almost dead with terror, now stammered out; that her mother's name was—Frederica. 'Frederica! Frederica!' cries out Monsieur Bouquin; 'Frederica, I fear, the mother of this girl, lived with me for many years;

' years: she had one daughter; and, on a quarrel, quitted me, protesting she would never let me hear from her more.—But are you, are you my daughter!'

He then burst into a flood of tears, and ran distractedly to her arms. There never sure was such a scene of tenderness! The exempt melted with the rest, for all the best feelings of nature were at once

operating; and, leaving the daughter in the arms of her father, he carried the false mother to prison.

Monsieur Bouquin has gained much by the change: instead of a mistress, he has found a daughter; who, by her virtue, delicacy, and good sense, will be a comfort to his old age, and an honour to his family.

THE

WOMAN OF SPIRIT.

A TRUE HISTORY.

THE word Spirit, in matrimonial cases, is understood to mean resentment; and, in domestick bickerings, signifies, in plain English, that—' If my husband calls me names, I will spit in his face; if he throws the china out of the window, I will send the looking-glass after it; if he is extravagant abroad, I will not be a saving fool at home; and, as he keeps a wench, my cousin shall come and see me!'

Revenge is sweet, it is said; and this may be a sweet revenge: but is revenge a proper habit for a lady to appear in? Surely, no! Tenderness, softness, mildness, are their characteristicks: to those graces it is we offer up our admiration; but when they relinquish such attractions, our respect ceases, and the power they had over us becomes forfeited. Is it not pity they should part with their prerogative to indulge themselves in the basest of all the passions, revenge? Nay, what is still more to be lamented, the quarrels between husband and wife are mostly begun from trifles; and continued on each side from that mistaken notion of keeping up a Spirit, till they end at last in irreparable misfortunes. These reflections were occasioned by the following epistle, which was lately put into my hands by a gentleman who applies a considerable portion of his annual income to mitigate the distresses of the wretched; and who not only relieves the unfortunate, but frequently reclaims the abandoned.

SIR,

I Was married, at the age of eighteen, with the consent of parents whom I soon afterwards lost, to the man of my own choice. He was about three years older than myself, and had succeeded his deceased father in a flourishing business. We had been married three years, and had the same number of fine children; when, one night, being invited to a christening in the neighbourhood, my husband began to be vastly complaisant to a very homely woman who sat by him. It hurt me a little: but, to shew him I had some Spirit, I immediately began to coquet it with a gentleman who was seated by me. My husband, I saw, was piqued at it; but I resolved not to give up first: and we kept thus teasing one another throughout the evening. A party of pleasure was proposed next day to Richmond. My husband approved of it; but I refused to make one: however, he and his dulcinea went without me; and the gentleman, with whom I had been over-night rather too full of Spirits, waited upon me next day to pay me a visit.

From my last night's behaviour, he began to be rather too familiar; but I honestly discovered to him the reason that I appeared so over-night. This made him be as ingenuous in his conversation with me; and he confessed to me that my husband was privy to his making me this visit, and that he intended to keep the lady he went out of town with all night in such a baggio; and that this

this gentleman was sent here by my husband's scheme. I was so shocked to think that I should be used as a sort of tool in the affair, as a screen only, that I was resolved to be revenged of my husband; and promised the gentleman, if he would carry me to where my husband and mistress were to be at night, so that I might detect them without being discovered myself, he should see that I would behave as a woman of Spirit ought to do.

I saw my ungrateful wretch and his impudent creature together: I was convinced. I had, indeed, solemnly promised my conductor that I would not make any outrage; and, to shew him I could keep my word, and had a proper Spirit of repentment, I retired, without uttering even a single reproach.

I shall not mention any more of my unhappy history—save this, that I made shift in the morning to be at home two hours before my husband; and, from having taken up a Spirit of repentment,

I next acquired a Spirit of dissembling. I met him with a great deal of affected ease; complaining because he had staid out so late; and from that time, from his answers, began heartily to despise him.

We soon parted beds; and, from one piece of repentment proceeding to another, we at last agreed upon a total separation: and now, from living in all the splendour that one of the wealthiest citizen's wives could be maintained in, I am forced nightly to seek my bread in the most despicable of all occupations.

My gallant, from a series of extravagance and villainy, was obliged to ship himself as a soldier for the West Indies; my husband is now a common porter in a market; and our three fine children all died in the workhouse. All this have I suffered myself, and occasioned others, even the dear innocents, to suffer; because I was determined to shew what the thoughtless and the vicious falsely denominate a *proper* Spirit.

DORICOURT AND HENRIETTA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF CAROLINE.

DORICOURT was young and handsome; of good family, and great fortune; his manner was elegant, and his conversation lively; he knew every body, and talked upon every subject; he called himself the slave of the fair, but he was more the slave of vanity; he railed at matrimony with all the virulence of Shakespeare's Benedick; and, as he thought no one could be insensible to the charms of his person, triumphed in his imaginary power over the hearts of the women. Vanity was his predominant passion; it was evident in his walk, in his bow, in every word, and in every look. Admiration was his first hope, and pleasure his first pursuit: to obtain the one, he fancied he need only be seen; and, to taste the other, must be immersed in gaiety. Thus was an excellent understanding, and an amiable mind, rendered useless by the indulgence of vanity, and the love of fashion.

With a heart formed by the Virtues, and a face which the Graces might have envied, Henrietta, in her eighteenth year, accompanied by her mother Honoria, left the peaceful shades of Elverton, to

enjoy the pleasures of the metropolis. Henrietta was generally called beautiful. Her complexion was fair and clear, the finger of Hygeia had given it a tint that would have disgraced vermilion; long eye-lashes shaded her eyes, blue and mild as celestial æther: but it was not her features, it was their *expression*, that made her beauty. She was tall as a divinity; her form seemed moulded by the hand of Ease, and polished by the hand of Elegance. She sung with the sweetness of a Syren, danced with the lightness of a Sylph, and spoke with the wisdom of a Muse. Honoria's connections were in the first line of fashion and splendour. Her fortune was affluent; report doubled it. Henrietta, therefore, was soon surrounded by a number of admirers, allured by the glitter of gold, and the charm of beauty. Young, and accustomed to retirement, she had had but few opportunities of observing people and manners. Her imagination had formed the highest ideas of sense and refinement in the world; and she was soon astonished at the ignorance of some men whose educations had appeared li-

beral, and the affectation of others, possessed of no outward merit to render it pardonable.

Among those who paid her most attention, was Doricourt. He was in every party with Henrietta, danced with her, and devoted himself particularly to her; for he knew she was the general topick of conversation, and the principal object of admiration. By the elegance of his address, and his pointed politeness, he gained her preference to all the beaux that fluttered around her. He perceived this; his vanity was gratified; and that was generally the first incentive to all his assiduities. Henrietta saw he possessed superior abilities, and a heart naturally virtuous: she lamented his vanity, while she was pleased with his attentions; though she did not consider such, in general, as instances of attachment, but as little arts of behaviour practised in the school of politeness, and absolutely necessary in the commerce of acquaintance; without which society would lose it's good-humour, and conversation sink into bluntness: she thought them necessary, and was pleased with them as harmless; they

' Play'd round the head, but came not to
' the heart.'

At the expiration of the winter amusements, Honoria and her daughter left the metropolis, and visited several watering places. Doricourt was frequently with them, attending on Henrietta. He could not be insensible to her charms, though he was not conscious of loving her; but imagined he only admired her. When summer was over, the former returned to town; and Doricourt, being master of his fortune, his pleasures, and himself, determined to visit France, took leave of Honoria and Henrietta, and set off on his journey to that kingdom. He travelled through those interior parts of it where he was informed he should meet with the best accommodation; viewed the churches, and learned the names of their founders; enquired what relics and curiosities each contained; examined the face of the country, and the features of the women; then took up his residence at Paris, thinking that the only place in the world where true politeness was to be acquired, and the fine gentleman finished.

About this time the failure of the person in whose hands was entrusted the chief property of Honoria, obliged her and her daughter to quit London, retrench their expences, and retire to a small estate in the country. This change in their situation was at first severe, but the principles of goodness they both possessed soon effected a cheerful and contented resignation. Their house, though small, was good; it was furnished genteelly, and situated pleasantly. Music, painting, and reading, which had been all neglected during her residence in the gay world, Henrietta now returned to with renewed assiduity; and, by the pleasure they afforded, soon ceased to regret the loss of fortune and of splendour. She had frequently thought of Doricourt since he left England; and, when in the circle of fashion, could not forbear lamenting his absence. She once could have preferred him to all the men she had ever seen, and was more pleased with his assiduities than any others, but knew not if they indicated a partiality; he had never told her they did; and, being acquainted with his sentiments on matrimony, and his own self-love, thought it improbable she could ever gain his affections. In the shade of retirement she had leisure to consider his behaviour more minutely; and knowing his darling passion was vanity, concluded his attentions proceeded from his love of being seen and admired, or were the result of natural gallantry. Accustomed to the indulgence of these reflections, at length he remembered Doricourt merely as one of those transient agreeables she had met with in the world.

Doricourt still continued at Paris, flirting with the gay daughters of Gallia; the brown, the smart, the lively. They flattered his vanity, and amused his imagination. He praised their beauty, their wit, their accomplishments; yet he saw their art, their gaudy ignorance, and pert affectation. Sometimes he would detect himself making comparisons between them and the lovely, the artless, the sensible Henrietta. In such times of frivolity her image would be an intrusion to his thoughts, though, in his few moments of solitude, he found it not unpleasant; but, as he had no intention of marrying, he generally endeavoured

veured to banish it from his recollection as soon as possible.

After staying about two years at Paris, and imagining himself the finished gentleman, 'formed to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes,' he returned to England, possessed of more vanity than formerly, and quite as much as the people whose manners he had been studying.

He experienced a pleasant sensation as he set foot again on British land; and in viewing the clear complexions, fine eyes, and neat dresses, of his countrywomen, something reminded him of Henrietta; but, as he wished not to investigate it's source, the recollection was not durable.

In his way to his country-seat, he had occasion to stop at a small village in the county of D——. It was in the evening of a fine summer's day. The heat of the sun was mitigated by the approaching shade; and the song and shout of the villagers, who were leaving their labour, were heard at a distance. Doricourt, attracted by the beauty of the scene, walked out to enjoy the breeze of evening, and hear the voice of gladness. He was in a charming lane, where, through a vacancy in the trees, he discovered a small white house: in the front was a little court; a hanging wood rose majestically in the back part, at the bottom of which ran a stream pure as the waters of Helicon. The rural neatness of the house, and every thing round it, made it appear to the eye of Doricourt the abode of content and tranquillity. While he was admiring this lovely view, he saw a young woman come into the court-yard, dressed in a plain gown, a sash, and a straw hat, with a basket in her hand. His heart told him it was Henrietta. She turned her face; he knew it instantly, and instinctively hid himself behind some trees, from whence he could observe her undiscovered. She scattered corn from the basket to some poultry which came flocking about her. He thought she looked paler than formerly. 'Poor Henrietta!' said he, 'I have been long absent, but I am now returned; you will see me again.' He saw her go into the house, and he went back to the inn. He had heard some vague reports of Honoria's loss of fortune, and her having retired with her daughter into the country upon

a small income; therefore justly concluded this was the place they had chosen for their retreat. That night nothing but Henrietta occupied his thoughts, and his imagination painted her more charming than ever. The elegance of her form never appeared to such advantage; and he admired her in the neat simplicity of a country maid feeding her poultry, more than when she sparkled in the splendour of dress and fashion in a ball-room. 'Had I any intention of domesticating myself,' thought he, 'Henrietta is the only woman who could make me happy.' The idea was new; he was alone, and encouraged it. 'But what would the world say, to hear that the gay Doricourt was a husband?' Yet he thought again—'She has been admired in the circles of fashion; if my wife, how much more would her beauty be known! Henrietta would grace the most elevated station. Two years must certainly have improved her natural good sense. Allowing her a little rusticated in the country, my instructions, and the polish of the world, will soon remove the rust of retirement, and give Henrietta, in all her lustre of beauty, to the admiring crowd.' He found he loved her better than he imagined he ever could love; thought he had known enough of dissipation to be tired of it; and many instances of young men of fashion becoming husbands recurred to his memory: for when a person has a real inclination for any particular action, it is easy to recollect examples to enforce it.

Occupied by these and similar reflections, did Doricourt pass that night, determining in the morning to write a note to Honoria and her daughter, begging permission to call upon them. With these new, these laudable intentions, he rose in the morning, wrote the note he had proposed, and then meditated in what manner he should declare his sentiments to Henrietta. He received their permission to wait upon them; and, as soon as politeness would allow, went to the house; where he was shewn, by a well-dressed footman, into a neat little parlour, ornamented with flowers, hung round with pictures, and containing the harpsichord of Henrietta. He imagined it was her taste that had disposed the flowers, and fancied they breathed a peculiar

peculiar fragrance. He examined the portraits; one was her own. 'Inimitable artist!' said he; 'how well hast thou delineated that charming creature! Thou deservest to have a statue erected to thy memory. Even on canvas she smiles upon me.' The next was a very handsome young man. 'I know nothing of thee,' said he to himself; but still his eyes dwelt on the portrait. 'Thou hast a noble air.' He turned before the glass, and beheld a much finer gentleman; yet he wished to know who this stranger was. At last he persuaded himself he had heard Henrietta mention a brother. He blessed himself for the recollection, and looked again at the portrait. 'What sense, what sweetness, what vivacity, in the eyes! what expression in the whole countenance! I shall have a great regard for this young man,' said he, as he turned to the next, which was Honoria's; to whose image he made a low bow, with—'Your most obedient, Madam!' He then looked at the other pictures; and, as he wished to investigate every thing, proceeded towards the harpsichord. It was open; a fiddle laid upon it; a violoncello underneath; several lesser instruments, with a great deal of musick, were scattered about, and a favourite duet of Shield's was in the book-stand. 'Certainly,' thought Doricourt, 'Henrietta must have some person to take a second part; it may be her master, though she had dismissed him ere I knew her. Perhaps her good mother has learnt the language of the fiddle, to sweeten the dull hours of retirement by her accompaniment.' Immediately his eye glanced on the venerable portrait of Honoria; he imagined he saw her standing by her daughter, with the fiddle under her chin; and the extreme pleasantness of the conceit occasioned such a risibility of Doricourt's features, that he could scarcely compose them ere Henrietta and her mother entered the room. There was a fresh glow upon the cheeks of the former, which (as he before had fancied she appeared much paler) he attributed to the pleasure and surprize his presence occasioned her. They talked of France, and upon general topics. He was several times going to mention the portraits, but the importance of his other reflections prevented him. Henrietta appeared al-

tered; but he was more pleased with her serious composure, than ever he had been with her liveliest sallies. 'I certainly love Henrietta,' thought he; 'I will marry her.' Impatient to declare his intentions, he soon pretended an excessive admiration of their garden, of which he had a view from the parlour-window; and, though in the heat of the day, requested permission to walk in it, accompanied by Henrietta; for he assured himself, when they knew the honour he designed them, they would readily excuse his having previously stepped a little aside from the rules of etiquette. Henrietta, with a natural politeness, (the effect of no fashion) attended him. They came to a shady bench; where, for a few minutes, he begged her to sit down by him. He then made an open declaration of his love, an offer of himself and fortune. Henrietta was silent. 'O delightful silence!' thought he, 'more eloquent than words. Those eyes speak a volume of surprize, tenderness, and joy, I cannot misunderstand!' He was reading much more, vastly to his own satisfaction, when Henrietta, whose surprize alone was the real prevention to her speaking, said—'I am married.'—'Married!' exclaimed Doricourt, starting from the bench, 'oh, impossible!'—'It is true,' said Henrietta, smiling; 'and if you will favour me by walking back to the house, I will introduce you to my husband, who by this time is most probably returned.' Doricourt, astonished, confused, knew not what to reply, but followed Henrietta into the house, scarcely conscious whither she led him. His eye glanced again on the portrait he had before so much commended, and he guessed now more justly for whom it was designed; not the brother, but the husband, of Henrietta. It appeared to have undergone a total change since the first view; he no longer saw intelligence in the countenance; it seemed clownish, and the figure awkward. He was entertaining himself with these reflections, when the husband, the happy Eugenius, entered the room. Henrietta's blue eyes beamed with a tenderness Doricourt could not then mistake; and her features were lighted up with a smile that gave her new charms, as he introduced Eugenius to her smart visi-

tor. There was a grace in the person and manner of Eugenius that would have done honour to nobility; the dignity of the first commanded respect, the sweetness of the last excited admiration. His conversation was that of the well-informed mind; it possessed not the softness of a courtier's, but the ease of a gentleman's. Doricourt, notwithstanding his two years polish in France, could not help feeling awed and embarrassed; and, as soon as was consistent with propriety, after many shrugs, slides, and a long exhibition of French grimace, took his leave, inwardly lamenting the mortification of his vanity, even more than the disappointment of his wishes; for he found that it was possible for a woman, after having received his most marked assiduities, to reserve her heart for another.

In an instant a crowd of recollections rushed upon his mind. The duet, the portrait, and the musical instruments, appeared no mysteries to him. He no longer saw the fiddle under the chin of Honoria, but under that of the happy Eugenius; and the idea possessed nothing humorous. He cursed France, and the hour that led him thither: had he stayed in England, he might perhaps have been blessed with Henrietta.

Any one less unthinking than Doricourt would, in an affair of such consequence, have enquired of the people at the inn relative to the inhabitants of the white house, and by that means have been spared such (as was the present) cause of uneasiness; but Doricourt generally depended with so much certainty upon the information of his own mind, as to deem farther enquiries unnecessary.

These reflections, occasioned by his recent omission, occurred to his ima-

gination with undeniable conviction. He saw himself in a much less favourable light than usual, and determined upon a nearer investigation into his own heart; a subject he had never before considered. He thought, had he been as assiduous to gain the esteem of Henrietta as to appear a man of fashion, he might, ere then, have been worthy her heart, and happy in its possession. He resolved to renounce dissipation, and study to be a rational being. The pleasures of the world he had never found so sweet, as this mortification of his vanity was severe: and he learned that, to be admired, one must appear unconscious of attractions; and, to be respected, one must reverence virtue.

Doricourt profited not long by these reflections: instead of going to his country-seat, he went to the metropolis, where pleasure offered the same allurements as formerly, and flattery spread out its dangerous snare; his person was again praised, and his society courted.

Henrietta had long ceased to think of Doricourt, and beheld him without any sensible emotion. She had been married about three months to Eugenius; who, coming to take possession of a large estate in the neighbourhood, left him by the death of an uncle, saw Henrietta, conversed with her, loved her, and they were married. They resided in the house where Doricourt saw them till Eugenius's seat was fitted up. Henrietta loved her husband, lived with her mother, and was happy; nor had she a wish beyond her domestick enjoyments. Eugenius preferred his Henrietta to the whole world; and resigned, with cheerfulness, the bustle of ambition, and the pleasures of London, for the quiet of retirement, and the charms of the country.

THE WHITE MOUSE.

A FAIRY TALE.

IN the kingdom of Bonbobbin, which by the Chinese annals appears to have flourished twenty thousand years ago, there reigned a prince, endowed with every accomplishment which generally distinguishes the sons of kings. His beauty was brighter than the sun: the sun, to which he was nearly related, would sometimes stop his course, in order to look down and admire him.

His mind was not less perfect than his body; he knew all things without having ever read: philosophers, poets, and historians, submitted their works to his decision; and so penetrating was he, that he could tell the merit of a book by looking on the cover. He made epick poems, tragedies, and pastorals, with surprizing facility: song, epigram, or rebus, was all one to him; though, it

is observed, he could never finish an acrostick. In short, the Fairy who presided at his birth had endued him with almost every perfection; or, what was just the same, his subjects were ready to acknowledge he possessed them all; and, for his own part, he knew nothing to the contrary. A prince so accomplished, received a name suitable to his merit; and he was called Bonbenin-bonbobbin-bonbobbinet, which signifies Enlightener of the Sun.

As he was very powerful, and yet unmarried, all the neighbouring kings earnestly sought his alliance. Each sent his daughter, dressed out in the most magnificent manner, and with the most sumptuous retinue imaginable, in order to allure the prince; so that, at one time, there were seen at his court not less than seven hundred foreign princesses, of exquisite sentiment and beauty, each alone sufficient to make seven hundred ordinary men happy.

Distracted in such a variety, the generous Bonbenin, had he not been obliged by the laws of the empire to make choice of one, would very willingly have married them all, for none understood gallantry better. He spent numberless hours of solicitude in endeavouring to determine whom he should chuse: one lady was possessed of every perfection, but he disliked her eye-brows; another was brighter than the morning star, but he disapproved her song-whang; a third did not lay white enough on her cheek; and a fourth did not sufficiently blacken her nails. At last, after numberless disappointments on the one side and the other, he made choice of the incomparable Nanhoa, Queen of the Scarlet Dragons.

The preparations for the royal nuptials, or the envy of the disappointed ladies, needs no description; both the one and the other were as great as they could be. The beautiful princess was conducted, amidst admiring multitudes, to the royal couch; where, after being divested of every encumbering ornament, he came more cheerful than the Morning; and, printing on her lips a burning kiss, the attendants took this as a proper signal to withdraw.

Perhaps I ought to have mentioned in the beginning, that, among several other qualifications, the prince was fond of collecting and breeding mice; which being an harmless pastime, none of his

counsellors thought proper to dissuade him from; he therefore kept a great variety of these pretty little animals in the most beautiful cages, enriched with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls, and other precious stones: thus he innocently spent four hours each day in contemplating their innocent little pastimes.

But to proceed. The prince and princess were now retired to repose; and though night and secrecy had drawn the curtain, yet delicacy retarded those enjoyments which passion presented to their view. The prince, happening to look towards the outside of the bed, perceived one of the most beautiful animals in the world, a White Mouse with green eyes, playing about the floor, and performing an hundred pretty tricks. He was already master of blue mice, red mice, and even white mice with yellow eyes; but a White Mouse with green eyes was what he long endeavoured to possess: wherefore, leaping from bed with the utmost impatience and agility, the youthful prince attempted to seize the little charmer; but it was fled in a moment; for, alas! the mouse was sent by a discontented princess, and was itself a Fairy.

It is impossible to describe the agony of the prince upon this occasion. He sought round and round every part of the room, even the bed where the princess lay was not exempt from the enquiry; he turned the princess on one side and the other, stripped her quite naked, but no mouse was to be found. The princess herself was kind enough to assist, but still to no purpose.

'Alas!' cried the young prince, in an agony, 'how unhappy am I to be thus disappointed! Never, sure, was so beautiful an animal seen! I would give half my kingdom and my princess to him that would find it.' The princess, though not much pleased with the latter part of his offer, endeavoured to comfort him as well as she could: she let him know that he had an hundred mice already, which ought to be at least sufficient to satisfy any philosopher like him. Though none of them had green eyes, yet he should learn to thank Heaven that they had eyes. She told him—for she was a profound moralist—that incurable evils must be borne, that useless lamentations were vain, and that man was born to misfortunes: she even entreated him to return to bed, and she would endeavour

deavour to kill him on her bosom to repose. But still the prince continued inconsolable; and, regarding her with a stern air, for which his family was remarkable, he vowed never to sleep in a royal palace, or indulge himself in the innocent pleasures of matrimony, till he had found the mouse with the green eyes.

When morning came, he published an edict, offering half his kingdom, and his princess, to that person who should catch and bring him the White Mouse with green eyes.

The edict was scarcely published, when all the traps in the kingdom were baited with cheese: numberless mice were taken and destroyed; but still the much wished-for mouse was not among the number. The privy-council were assembled more than once to give their advice; but all their deliberations came to nothing, even though there were two compleat vermin-killers and three professed rat-catchers of the number. Frequent addresses, as is usual on extraordinary occasions, were sent from all parts of the empire; but though these promised well, though in them he received an assurance that his faithful subjects would assist in his search with their lives and fortunes; yet, with all their loyalty, they failed, when the time came that the mouse was to be caught.

The prince, therefore, was resolved to go himself in search, determined never to lay two nights in one place till he had found what he sought for. Thus, quitting his palace without attendants, he set out upon his journey, and travelled through many a desert, and crossed many a river, high over hills, and down along vales, still restless, still enquiring wherever he came; but no White Mouse was to be found.

As, one day, fatigued with his journey, he was shading himself from the heat of the mid-day sun under the arching branches of a banana-tree, meditating on the object of his pursuit, he perceived an old woman, hideously deformed, approaching him: by her stoop, and the wrinkles of her visage, she seemed at least five hundred years old; and the spotted toad was not more freckled than was her skin. 'Ah, Prince Bonbenin-bonbobbin-bonbobbinet!' cried the creature, 'what has led you so many thousand miles from your own kingdom? What is it you look for, and what induces

'you to travel into the kingdom of the Emmets?' The prince, who was excessively complaisant, told her the whole story three times over; for she was hard of hearing. 'Well,' says the old Fairy, for such she was, 'I promise to put you in possession of the White Mouse with green eyes, and that immediately too, upon one condition.'—'One condition!' continued the prince in a rapture; 'name a thousand; I shall undergo them all with pleasure!'—'Nay,' interrupted the old Fairy, 'I ask but one, and that not very mortifying neither; it is only that you instantly consent to marry me.'

It is impossible to express the prince's confusion at this demand; he loved the mouse, but he detested the bride: he hesitated; he desired time to think upon the proposal. He would have been glad to consult his friends on such an occasion. 'Nay, nay,' cried the odious Fairy, 'if you demur, I retract my promise; I do not desire to force my favours on any man. Here, you my attendants,' cried she, stamping with her foot, 'let my machine be driven up: Barbaccala, Queen of Emmets, is not used to contemptuous treatment.' She had no sooner spoken, than her fiery chariot appeared in the air, drawn by two snails; and she was just going to step in, when the prince reflected, that now or never was the time to be in possession of the White Mouse; and quite forgetting his lawful Princess Nanhoo, falling on his knees, he implored forgiveness for having rashly rejected so much beauty. This well-timed compliment instantly appeased the angry Fairy: she affected an hideous leer of approbation; and, taking the young prince by the hand, conducted him to a neighbouring church, where they were married together in a moment. As soon as the ceremony was performed, the prince, who was to the last degree desirous of seeing his favourite mouse, reminded the bride of her promise. 'To confess a truth, my prince,' cried she, 'I myself am that very White Mouse: you saw on your wedding-night in the royal apartment. I now, therefore, give you your choice, whether you would have me a mouse by day, and a woman by night, or a mouse by night, and a woman by day.' Though the prince was an excellent casuist, he was quite at a loss how to determine; but, at last, thought it most prudent to have recourse

recourse to a Blue Cat, that had followed him from his own dominions, and frequently amused him with its conversation, and assisted him with its advice: in fact, this cat was no other than the faithful Princess Nanhoe herself, who had shared with him all his hardships in this disguise.

By her instructions he was determined in his choice; and returning to the old Fairy, prudently observed, that, as she must have been sensible he had married her only for the sake of what she had, and not for her personal qualifications, he thought it would, for several reasons, be most convenient if she continued a woman by day, and appeared a mouse by night.

The old Fairy was a good deal mortified at her husband's want of gallantry, though she was reluctantly obliged to comply: the day was therefore spent in the most polite amusement; the gentlemen talked, the ladies laughed, and were angry. At last the happy night drew near; the Blue Cat still stuck by the side of its master, and even followed him to the bridal apartment. Barbacela entered the chamber, wearing a train fifteen yards long, supported by porcupines, and all over beset with jewels, which served to render her more detestable. She was just stepping into bed to the prince, forgetting her promise, when he insisted upon seeing her in the shape of a mouse. She had promised, and no Fairy can break her word: wherefore, assuming the figure of the most beautiful mouse

in the world, she skipped and played about with an infinity of amusement. The prince, in an agony of rapture, was desirous of seeing his pretty playfellow move a slow dance about the floor to his own singing: he began to sing, and the mouse immediately to perform with the most perfect knowledge of time, and the finest grace and greatest gravity imaginable. It only began; for Nanhoe, who had long waited for the opportunity in the shape of a cat, flew upon it instantly without remorse; and, eating it up in the hundredth part of a moment, broke the charm, and then resumed her natural figure.

The prince now found that he had all along been under the power of enchantment; that his passion for the White Mouse was entirely fictitious, and not the genuine complexion of his soul: he now saw that his earnestness after mice was an illiberal amusement, and much more becoming a rat-catcher than a prince. All his meannesses now stared him in the face; he begged the princess's pardon an hundred times. The princess very readily forgave him; and, both returning to their palace in Bonbobbin, lived very happily together, and reigned many years, with all that wisdom which, by the story, they appear to have possessed; perfectly convinced, from their former adventures, that those who place their affections on trifles at first for amusement, will find those trifles, at last, become their most serious concern.

THE GARDEN AND THE DESERT.

A FABLE.

ADDRESSED TO YOUNG MEN.

IN a country very far from England there once lived a young prince, to whom his father granted the permission of travelling all over his dominions; and, as an additional favour, that of building himself an habitation in whatever part of them he should like best. In order to this, the young prince set out, accompanied by a number of workmen, and all sorts of artizans,

They had travelled a long time, when he arrived, followed by his whole suite, at the entrance of a very large Desert,

which offered to his attention the most varied prospect imaginable; though, except where the rocks arose, it was almost entirely covered with fern. Besides this disadvantage, there were innumerable quagmires on every side of it, which soon proved fatal to a number of the prince's attendants, while he himself narrowly escaped sinking into one of them, through the vigilance and alacrity of a wise old man, who served as his guide on the road, and who, besides, had lived many years on this Desert.

By

By an unaccountable heedlessness, neither the revealed danger of those fatal morasses, nor even the mischief they had actually occasioned, seemed much to deter either the elder or younger men of the prince's train from approaching them; and as for himself, after the peril he had been with difficulty preserved from, he thought it a sufficient effort of prudence to keep at a certain distance from them; and delivered himself up, without reserve, to the pleasure he felt in gazing on the scenes around. They were enlivened by the appearance of several groves of wild-bushes; and, from the top of the rocks, the ocean might be discerned no great way off. But what seemed the most worthy of engaging, though it least engaged, the attention of himself and his followers, the old man above-mentioned excepted, were a pair of immense gates at a considerable distance; which, though the approach to them was mostly overgrown with briars, discovered to the eye a sight the most enchanting—a Garden that excelled the fairest scenes in nature, and even went beyond our ideas of Fairyism, or the Elysian Fields. The erections that adorned the beautiful verdure, and glittered amidst the tall, unfading trees, were transparent as crystal; and the sky that stretched over, above, presented the idea of never-ruffled serenity; while that over the Desert was most frequently disturbed by the rolling of dark clouds.

Notwithstanding this striking difference, and the infinite and visible superiority of the Garden over his present situation, the prince suffered himself to be won by the wild and imperfect beauties of his favourite heath, and actually commanded his workmen to begin the projected house at the summit of one of the steepest and craggiest rocks. The sage guide who attended him took the liberty of expostulating on the absurdity of this conduct. 'You have proceeded,' he exclaimed, 'a considerable way, and your progress has already brought you half over the Desert. What are the advantages that stop your course? Insatuated by the most irregular charms, by the most unsatisfactory pleasures, will you neglect the divine beauties of the scene before you? Oh, my prince! if you are blind enough to wish a longer sojournment here, at least send on your artists before you, with orders

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to prepare a lasting abode in that lovely Garden for your reception, when the influence that now persuades you shall be at an end; for to an end it will come, believe me.'—'It may be so,' replied the future monarch; 'but your conjecture shall not determine me against my inclination. You can advance towards the scenes you so much admire, and which, I own, are preferable to these in all appearance; but we see them afar off, whereas the pleasures of the present ones are in my power. In various places vines are growing, whose fruit is of a delicious flavour; and near the rock I have pitched on for my place of residence, beautiful damsels are wandering without guide. These inducements fix my resolution; and I will not, on account of an unknown and distant happiness, attempt to resist their strength. Proceed you towards the object you prefer; my abode is here.'—'Unfortunate prince!' cried the sage in return, with regret, 'you know not what you do; yet, while I look forward with impatience to the time when the illusions that surround you shall be dissipated, I will not leave you entirely to your fate, but divide my attention between the care of eradicating the briars that lie before us, and that of watching over your unguided actions.'

The old man was faithful to his promise; but he strove vainly to induce some of the prince's dependants to follow his example. A small number were detained by the same allurements that acted with such force on their master; but far the greater part were engrossed by a mine, into which they had thrown themselves with avidity on first entering the Desert. The old man, mean time, made a slow but successful progress; till at length his path was cleared, and he turned back in vain to look for his prince. His weariness, and the appearance of farther toil, for a short while deterred him; but affection soon overcame, and he returned in quest of the unfortunate youth, whom he found ensconced and lamenting in his magnificent abode. The pleasures he had rated so high, he had found were poisoned; and his attendants were either lost in the mine, or drowned in the ocean. He blushed at the sight of his neglected guide; but was surprized by his comfortings, and fol-

S s lowed

lowed him in silence. The path that was cleared admitted only of one, therefore his march was toilsome and laborious; for the briars were grown infinitely stronger by time, and the prince was farther discouraged by his apprehensions of finding the beautiful gates fastened against him: but when they were at length arrived through every difficulty, the sage and friendly conductor that attended him removed his fears by the following words: 'My son, thou hast

' acted wrong; but thou hast seen thy
' folly. Not half the difficulties thou
' hast now overcome would have op-
' posed thy progress, hadst thou set out
' on it sooner: but to have conquered
' them is sufficient; and, fortunately,
' thou hast had time allowed thee, which
' all have not. Know, these gates stand
' perpetually open; and whosoever ad-
' vances with good heart and resolution
' towards them, is sure of a facile and
' blessed admittance!

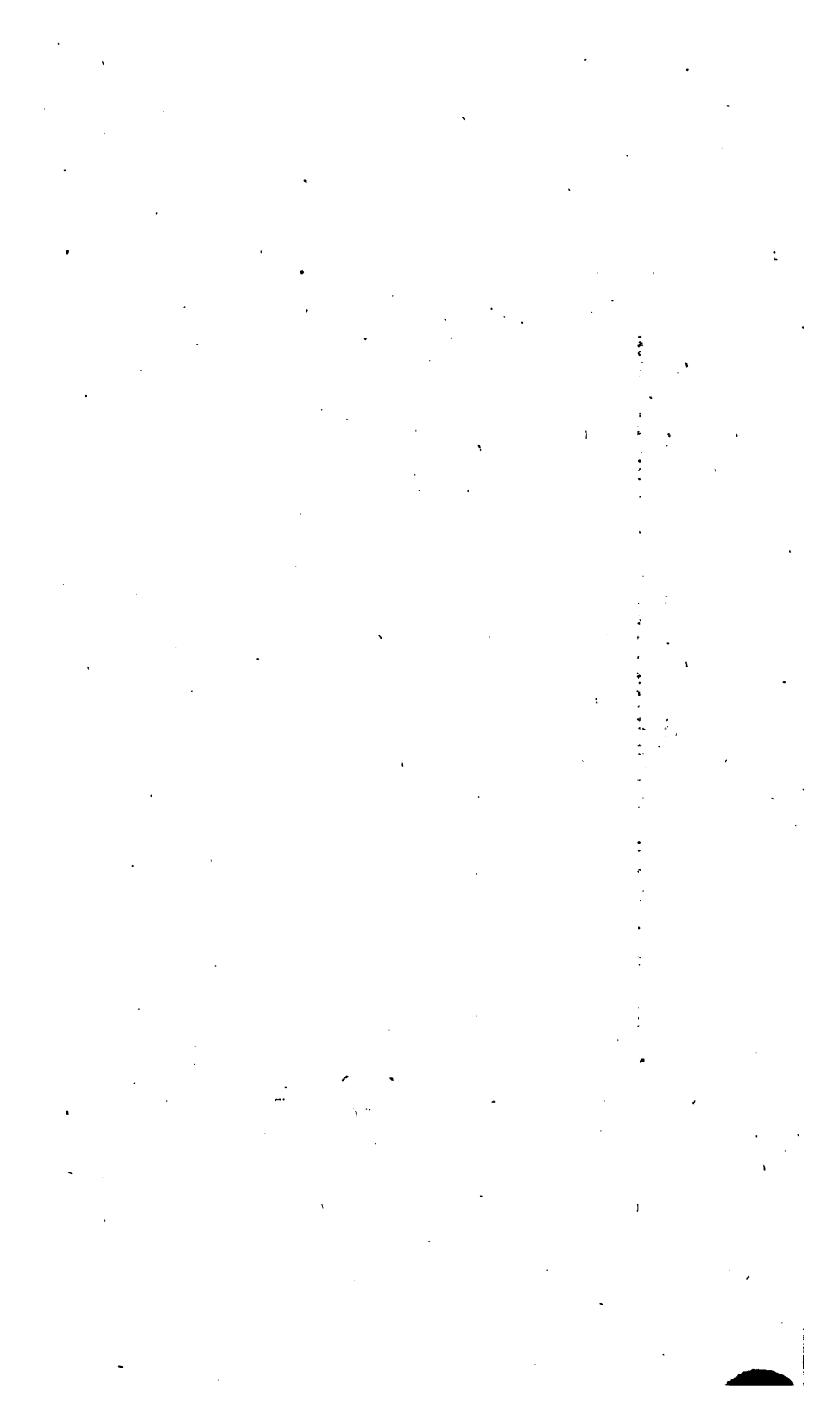
THE ELM, AND THE OTHER TREES.

A FABLE.

ADDRESSED TO YOUNG WOMEN.

THERE was a young Elm grew on a certain green spot within the forest, sheltered round by several old elms; which, however, in process of time, arriving at perfection, were cut down by the owner of the forest. The younger one then lay very much exposed; she was scorched by the sun, the rain beat against her, the hurricanes broke down her branches, and the herds cropped her green foliage. To defend her from these latter, the owner of the forest enclosed her with a railing, and bade her be of good heart, for that no mischief could come to her without his knowledge. Notwithstanding which, several other trees that stood near offered to come and defend her with their stronger boughs, for the spot she grew in might very easily hold another besides herself. The brave Oak made a tender of his protection; and represented that, under the shelter of branches like his, she must be beyond the reach of every danger. The lordly Pine said that, over-awed by the majesty of his aspect, none would dare to approach; and the melancholy Cypress pleaded, that though he might prove incapable of warding off any evil whatsoever, yet his tenderness and affection would always compassionate her sufferings, and soothe her in distress. The fopling Fir, too, endeavoured to recommend himself; but, as all he could urge in his favour was his spruce appearance, he discarded him at once; and, after some reflection, told the others,

that she esteemed it the wisest way for her to trust to the owner of the forest alone, and not, by receiving the proffered services of any one of them, subject herself to the bent of their foreign disposition. It is true, the somewhat suspected they were more induced by the beauty and fertility of her situation, and by the desire of sharing it with her, than by any real anxiety for her welfare, or attachment to herself; wherefore she summed up her answer in these words—'If I could persuade myself to listen to any of you, it would be to the Cypress, who, as he promises less, might perhaps perform more than the others; besides that, the nature of the Oak or the Pine would but ill suit with my own. Intercepted by them, the rays of the sun could never reach me. If a storm bent them down, I should be involved in the ruin; they would entangle me in their branches; and the least ill they could do me, would be to draw off the richness of the soil that feeds my root, for their own nourishment. Besides, if I once received a companion in the light of a protector, whether he proved such or not, I never should be able to rid myself of him, however desirous I might become of returning to my former state. Therefore, in consideration of these objections, at the same time resolving to afford all the shelter I can within my own circle, I will place my entire confidence in the lord of the forest, who has





THE DANGERS OF DELAY.

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co April 1. 1788.

' has promised he will not forsake me,
' and in the railing he has inclosed me
' with; and never submit to the nominal
' protection of a feeble plant, that grows
' only as I do.'

The Trees, hearing this reply, withdrew their suit; and the owner of the forest, hearing it too, commended the

Elm for her fortitude; and, in remembrance of it, ordered this inscription to be engraved on her bark—

FERME.

THE DANGERS OF DELAY.

BY JOHN GIFFORD, ESQ.

CERES and Pomona, the fair handmaids of Autumn, had just received

' The well-paid recompence of chearful toil,
' The annual tribute of a grateful soil;'

the trees, clad in their saffron robes, proclaimed the near approach of winter: in short, it was the latter end of October, when—thanks to the partial favours of the blind goddess!—having more food than appetite, I resolved to court the vulgar smiles of peasant-loving Hunger.

Seaton, the companion of my youth, disgusted with a service in which the strong-urged claims of merit are constantly silenced by the more powerful clamours of rank and interest; shocked, too, at seeing Ignorance at the helm, which should be swayed but by the hand of Wisdom; had retired from the quarter-deck to a snug box in the neighbourhood of Kilburn; where, with a wife he cherished, and an income which scorned dependence, he enjoyed the true '*Otium cum dignitate*'; and, at the sight of an old friend, would exclaim, with enthusiastic ardour—'*Inveni portum*.' But whether to his fair habitation, or to his fairer spouse, this exclamation was directed, let abler caluists determine.

Hither, then, to court 'stern Labour's' offspring, by health-promoting exercise, I resolved to bend my steps. The morning was cold. I took my way across the fields. A sharp easterly wind had strewed the path with leaves; the hedges were stripped of their autumnal garb; the chilled birds, with drooping wings, sat in mute melancholy on the quivering spray: every thing wore a wintry appearance.

I was advancing rapidly, with my hat flapped over my face, to shelter me from the keen blast; and had reached the second stile, when a feeble voice, imploring charity, struck my ear. I have said the wind blew cold; alas! it blew to my heart, froze it's genial current, and rendered it callous to the plaints of woe-worn misery, of expiring wretchedness. I paid no attention to the prayer; nor should have looked aside to notice the object who proffered it, but from accident. The stile was narrow; and immediately before me was an elderly couple, with an infant family, who so fully occupied it for some minutes, that I was compelled to stop. The beggar repeated his petition, but in a voice so broken by weakness as to be scarcely intelligible. I now turned my eyes towards him, and beheld every emblem of wretchedness realized in his person: the furrows in his cheeks seemed as channels expressly formed by the hand of Misery for the tears of grief; penury, more than age, had immaturely thinned and silvered his locks, bared to the cutting air, from which his body was but half sheltered by a tattered rug; the damps to which he was constantly exposed had brought on an ague; and he assured me that he had neither received succour nor sustenance for three whole days. 'But, Heaven be praised!' said he, 'I have not long to suffer!' My hand, by an involuntary impulse, was directed to my pocket; but, as the devil would have it, my great-coat was buttoned to the bottom, and my money was in my waistcoat-pocket: at this time, too, the stile was cleared—'I am sorry, friend, I have no halfpence,' said I.

The beggar cast his eyes upwards, and sighed. It was the sigh of resignation, not of reproach. I blushed inwardly; but again repeated, though with added softness of voice—'I shall see you, my good friend, on my return.'—'Heaven reward you, Sir!' said he. 'I am sorry, my good friend, I have no halfpence now.' As I got over the stile—'It is a lye! a pitiful lye! a vicious lye!' said Conscience. 'No,' says Sentiment, 'it is no such thing: though it be, in fact, a deviation from truth, it is not only a justifiable, but a laudable, deviation; for though it stung by disappointment, it soothed by hope; and as it is intended to realize the hope it raised, it was a delusion founded in virtue.'

Though the suggestions of Sentiment pleased, they did not convince: Conscience is a powerful monitor, and will be heard, even where she is not respected.

I walked forward, but with uncertain steps; it was the pace of hesitation; one moment rapid, as if anxious to leave my feelings at a distance behind me; the next, slow, as half-tempted to return and repair what I felt to be worse than error.

In this painful struggle between Sentiment and Conscience, I had proceeded the length of two fields, when an object presented itself which put an instant termination to the contest, by fairly driving both the combatants from the field of battle. It was a lovely young girl leaning on a gate: her eyes, from which stole the silent tear, intently fixed on the ground; her jetty locks, yet undefiled by art, in native ringlets sported in the wind, which had given an added bloom to the roses of health, in vernal vigour flourishing on her fair cheek, and apparently receiving fresh beauty from the wholesome dews of sorrow which so sweetly besprinkled them. Her dress was of that kind as, with its first gloss on, would have been favoured with the significant epithet *decent*; but, in its present state, betrayed evident symptoms of poverty: in a word, it had been good, but 'was worse for wear.' I stopped short: to view this interesting object; and a fresh conflict now arose within my bosom. I resolved to address her; but whether in the tone of easy familiarity, or of respectful civility, was the question. Nature prompted the latter mode;

but Worldly Wisdom, who ever sets the dictates of Nature at defiance, and with affected arrogance assumes a despotick authority which, with supercilious disdain, she exerts on all occasions, in contempt of honour, in scorn of rectitude—Worldly Wisdom, I say, dictated that stile of address which conceals conscious superiority under the mask of gay familiarity. I approached; and, taking her by the hand, observed to her, with an air of jocularly, that the keenness of the wind would blight the blossom of her beauty. She started, modestly withdrew her hand, and hung down her head; and that with an air of dejection so totally exempt from affectation, as made me feel a momentary impulse of repentance. Her tears flowed afresh; I hesitated; a respectful apology for insolent intrusion quivered on my lips. But Worldly Wisdom, scorning to confess her fallibility, whispered that her tears were but the tears of virtue for departed honour. Fortified with this *charitable* idea, I renewed my attack, and proposed to her to accompany me to The Wells. She gave a silent assent; and, taking the arm I held out to her, we walked gently forward. As we proceeded, I made an attempt—not, by kind participation, to soothe her grief; but, by the loose effusions of affected gaiety, to raise a transient smile on the cheek of Sorrow, at the expence of feeling: nor was it in the hope that the smile so raised would give to her heart a momentary relief from the painful sensations which seemed to oppress it, but merely with the selfish view of enhancing that pleasure on which my imagination already feasted. The attempt, however, met with the success it merited. Her tears, indeed, had subsided; but they were succeeded by a fixed and settled gloom, equally insensible to the attacks of licentious ribaldry, and the proffered aid of consolatory advice. Her silence continued, in spite of all my efforts to break it, till we came within sight of the house; when she suddenly stopped short with the start of recollection, and exclaimed, in the wild accents of despair—'My God! whither am I going?' She seemed as if just awakened from a dream, wherein she had advanced to the brink of a precipice, the idea of which still made her shudder with horror. She had withdrawn her arm from mine, was returning with hasty steps, and was already

ready at some distance from the spot on which I stood, before I sufficiently recovered from the astonishment into which this sudden ejaculation had thrown me, to follow her. I, however, soon overtook her; and, laying hold of her hand, earnestly entreated her to return with me to The Wells. This she resolutely refused, and her refusal was accompanied by a torrent of tears. Her distress bore such a visible stamp of reality, Nature had written sincerity on her countenance in such legible characters, that a man of less refinement, one who piqued himself less on his *knowledge of the world* than myself, could not possibly have erred. But to me this agony of grief appeared the result of deep design, an artful scheme of a finished courtesan. Her garb indeed, our fortuitous meeting, the place in which we met, offered such a combination of unfavourable circumstances to the idea which I entertained of her, as, to unbiassed reason, must have produced irresistible conviction; but when the mind has adopted a favourite system, it is curious to observe with what surprising facility it removes every obstacle, however strongly fortified by art or nature, and renders every thing subservient to its own plan. In full expectation of finding my sagacious conjectures strengthened by the recital, I requested she would favour me with the history of her life; nothing doubting but it could be duly diversified with the usual embellishments of matrimonial promises solemnly made and slightly broken; the simple eye of innocence dazzled by the splendour of rank; long struggles; base deceptions; virtue seduced; and the numerous train of misery ever attendant on similar *faux-pas*.

'Come,' said I, 'let me know your story; your misfortunes, I dare say, are not irremediable; and it may perhaps be in my power to afford you relief.'—'Ah, Sir!' said the fair mourner, dropping on her knees, 'could you but remove the cause of my present anxiety, my life would be too short to repay so large a debt of gratitude as I should thence incur.'—'If the cause come within the bounds of moderation, a much shorter period will suffice; but you excite my curiosity; hasten, therefore, to gratify it.' She arose; I led her to a stile, on which we seated ourselves, and she began as follows—

'The story of my misfortunes is short; and to you, Sir, I fear, it will prove uninteresting: sorrows, however poignant, must lose by recital; and a simple narrative of artless facts can seldom convey to the breast of a stranger any portion of those feelings which are experienced by an interested narrator. I have not yet attained my seventeenth year; nor, till within this twelvemonth, have I known one painful hour. My father's name was Villars: he was curate of a village in Oxfordshire. His curacy was not lucrative; but, with the addition of an annuity granted him by a young nobleman with whom he had travelled, he, and my mother—who was the orphan daughter of a neighbouring rector, and had been left destitute of fortune, and consequently of friends—contrived to pass their lives in comfort, and to reserve their mite for charity. My father, endued with too much sense to regard poverty as a reproach, and possessed of too much humility to treat it with the scowl of disdain, daily visited the cottage of the labourer; in sickness or in health proved his constant friend. Nor was he weak nor wicked enough to believe that his duty was wholly discharged by the administration of spiritual advice and mental exhortation: no! to the wants of the body, not less than to those of the mind, did he administer; nor did the assistance he afforded, always suited to the urgency of the occasion, ever fail to inspire that respect for the preceptor which gives double force to his precepts. I was his only child; and the extraordinary pains which he took with my education—pains which he would frequently exclaim, with the partial fondness of a parent, were amply recompensed by my close attention and rapid progress—formed his chief amusement, and almost his sole relaxation from the duties of a station which he justly deemed of sufficient importance to engross a very considerable portion of his time and attention. Thus, loved and respected by the whole parish—except, indeed, by the lord of the manor, of whose sports he had neither leisure nor inclination to partake, and whose coarse invasions, in the bosom of Liberality, were more likely to create disgust than to promote a willingness to accept—thus,

'I say,

' I say, with this single exception, an object of universal love and respect, did my father pass his days, in the full possession of that happiness which is the sure result of good actions.

' At the beginning of November last, an industrious cottager, one of his parishioners, was seized with a violent fever, which baffled the art of the surgeon whom my father had sent for to attend him. On the second day he was given over; and, as the fever was of the putrid kind, my father was warned not to approach his bed. To this warning, alas! he paid but too little attention; he would not suffer any consideration of personal danger to deter him from pursuing the strict line of his duty; he insisted on the necessity of bestowing preparatory consolation, at the approach of that awful hour, which even the mind impressed by education with a just sense of its duty, and urged by rigid principles of moral rectitude to a due discharge of it, cannot behold without some portion of fear and trembling—a weakness inseparable from humanity. All, therefore, that he would grant to the urgent entreaties and repeated sollicitations of my mother and self, was to provide himself with vinegar, camphire, and other antisepticks, that our fears might be somewhat diminished by the diminution of danger. This precaution, however, proved ineffectual; my father caught the infection, which evinced itself on his return from the cottager's funeral; and its progress was so rapid, that in eight and forty hours he breathed his last. Here she wept bitterly, and it was some minutes before she could compose herself sufficiently to proceed: when she had somewhat recovered herself, she thus pursued her story—

' Though resignation, the certain fruit of unaffected piety, my father had constantly preached and practised; to us, in the first hours of agonizing grief, his lessons and example proved of little avail; our reason obscured by sorrow, we gave free vent to our complaints, and dared to accuse the Deity of injustice—impious accusation! to which we may, with justice, attribute our present calamities.

' By my father's unexpected death, we found ourselves deprived of all means of support: a new curate was

instantly appointed by the rector; we were therefore compelled to quit our habitation; and my mother determined to repair to London, where she had a first-cousin who was in a considerable way of business in the city. Our whole stock of money fell short of a hundred pounds. On our arrival, we enquired for this relation, and found he had quitted business, having acquired a large fortune, and then lived at a house he had purchased about two miles beyond Kilburn. My mother waited on him, and was received in a manner which served to convince her that her kinsman was by no means pleased with her visit: he, however, condescended to assist her with his advice; which was, to take a house in a good neighbourhood, expend what money she was mistress of in the purchase of decent furniture, reserve to herself a single room, and let out the rest of the house ready-furnished. By this means, he said, she would be assured of a subsistence, which might be rendered more comfortable by my labour, as I might take in plain-work, which I should find no difficulty in procuring. This advice my mother readily adopted, and was by him recommended to a gentleman in the city, who had a house to let in Broad Street, near the Royal Exchange. She was accepted for a tenant; the house was speedily furnished; and a lodger as speedily found, who remained in the lodging till within these six weeks, when he decamped without paying his rent. My mother had repeatedly hinted to him, that she should be glad if he would pay her, but had never courage to press him on the subject: honest herself, she suspected no one of dishonesty; and we lived as well as we could on the produce of our joint labour. At the expiration of the half-year, the landlord applied for his rent, which my mother promised him should be ready by the next quarter; but, ere Michaelmas came, our lodger left the house, and she had not the means of payment. Her landlord, irritated at this inevitable failure in her promise, threatened to seize her furniture, and turn us into the street. He has hitherto confined himself to threats; but yesterday he called, and positively declared, that if he had not the money by eight o'clock this evening,

ing, to-morrow morning he would put his menaces in execution. My mother has made repeated applications, both personally and by letter, to her cousin, who had recommended her to the landlord, but without success: at last, indeed, she was refused admittance, and her letters he never deigned to answer. As we were reduced to this cruel extremity, which has almost broken the heart of my poor mother, I resolved to wait on him myself, and accordingly set out this morning as soon as it was light. I gained admission to his presence merely by being unknown to his servants: he received me unkindly; nay, brutally; turned a deaf ear to all my remonstrances, taxed my mother with imprudence, said she deserved the worst that could befall her, and dismissed me from his house, with orders to his servants never more to suffer me to approach it. This cruel treatment almost deprived me of my senses, and I walked homewards mechanically, without knowing whither I was going. I had involuntarily stopped to rest myself, and was lost in reflection on the scene I had witnessed, when you, Sir, roused me from my lethargy. This is the cause of my grief; you see it is not groundless; and, unless Heaven should send some unexpected friend to alleviate it, I know not whither it may lead me.' When she had finished her story, I experienced a mixed sensation of surprise and disappointment; surprise, at the artless simplicity and unaffected piety which she displayed in a narration conveyed in language that bespoke a mind refined and embellished by education; disappointment, at finding my conjectures, stripped of their self-created sagacity, reduced to plain, downright illiberality. 'How much,' said I, 'does your mother owe her landlord?'—'The rent of the house, Sir, is thirty pounds: we entered it at Christmas, so that there were three quarters due at Michaelmas; but, as my mother made an agreement to pay half-yearly, I apprehend the landlord cannot demand more than six months.' A dead silence ensued, and lasted some minutes, during which I weighed the whole matter in my own mind. 'Um!' said I to myself, 'Fifteen pounds is a great deal of money to throw away!' Not that the money was an object to me, for my income far

exceeded my expences, and I had neither friends nor relations who, from situation, had the least claims on my purse. 'Besides,' said I, 'this girl's tale may be all fictitious; she may have been with a company of strolling players, and from them have learnt a correctness of diction and fluency of language adapted to the purposes of deception. To be the dupe of a child, would be to gain the summit of ridicule. No, no, it won't do!' Having thus weighed the matter with that just equilibrium which is ever preserved when interest holds the scales, I resolved, with rigid firmness, to resist the evidence of conviction, and refuse to prove myself a man, lest I should become a dupe. 'I am sorry, my fair unfortunate,' said I, 'that fifteen pounds are more than I can afford to part with; but if a brace of guineas will answer your purpose, accompany me to the Wells: it is too late for you to return home to dinner; we'll take a chop together; I'll get change for a note, and they will be much at your service.' This liberal proposal was uttered in a tone of familiarity which could not be mistaken. She cast her eyes on me with a look of indignant sorrow; then turning them towards Heaven, exclaimed—'Gracious God! am I reduced to this!' Having said this, she left me, and walked precipitately towards town.

My surprise at the rejection of an offer which most men would have deemed generous, was but short; it speedily gave way to sensations of a less pleasant nature; nor were they much alleviated by the faint resolution which I formed to call the next morning in Broad Street, and, by the confirmation or refutation of my suspicions, enable myself to act in a manner which would equally secure me from the raillery of friends and the reproach of conscience.

At dinner, the general harmony which prevailed in the family, and the happiness of its master, which seemed to diffuse comfort over all around him, were incapable of exhilarating my spirits, or of rousing me from that state of pensive uneasiness which a mind not hardened in iniquity must ever experience at the commission of error, or neglect of the duties of life. Soon after the cloth was removed, I took my leave, and returned the same way I went; determined, in the first place, to keep my promise with

with the beggar who had implored my assistance in the morning, and to make him amends for the delay by increasing the donation. When I approached the stile near to which I had left him, I saw a number of people collected together : I quickened my pace; and, when I had reached the spot, rushed through the crowd; when an object presented itself to my sight, which instantly struck my soul with horror, and excited such pangs of keen remorse as, till that moment, I had never experienced. It was the old beggar, who lay extended on the ground, pale and motionless. His dog, his sole friend and constant companion, stood at his feet, growling at the mob, as if anxious to defend his master's body from insult; while some of the unfeeling wretches were rewarding his fidelity with blows. Alas! who can reflect on the warmth and steadiness of attachment so frequently evinced by this worthy animal, and not be tempted to exclaim, that friendship and gratitude are unknown to the human species!

I stooped down to feel the beggar's pulse, with a hope that the lamp of life was not yet totally extinguished; and, at the instant, was accosted by a gentleman with whom I had dined at Seaton's. He was a surgeon in the navy: I desired him therefore to examine the body, which he immediately did; and finding some signs of remaining life, I hired two men to carry him to my lodgings in their arms, as no carriage was near, and begged the surgeon to accompany me home. On our arrival, he ordered him to be undressed and put into a warm bed: some wine was heated; and he attempted to pour a spoonful down his throat, but it was impossible; his teeth were fast clenched; his pulse, too, had ceased to beat. He then attempted, by the usual means, to restore animation, which he thought might only be suspended; but in vain: the foul, tired of it's comfortable mansion, had taken it's flight to those regions where a few years of virtuous sufferings are repaid by an eternity of bliss. I asked the surgeon what he imagined to have been the immediate cause of his death? He said, as far as he could judge by appearances, he had died through want. I then begged to know, whether, had he seen him some hours sooner, he thought it possible to have saved his life? He answered 'Doubtless.'

The surgeon now took his leave; and having given my servant orders to go to an undertaker's, and tell him to make every necessary preparation for the decent interment of the body, I retired to my room, to reflect on the transactions of the day. I accused myself with having suffered a fellow-creature to expire, from the want of that relief which, from mere indolence and unwillingness to submit to a momentary inconvenience, I had neglected to afford him: this reflection gave rise to a train of ideas, which, to a heart less corrupted by vice than depraved by fashion, could not fail to convey the most painful sensations that a full conviction of error the most culpable can possibly excite. It is of little use to expatiate on arguments which arise from the suggestions of remorse; the virtuous mind standeth not in need of the admonition they are calculated to impress, and to the vicious they are superfluous; for, as a most judicious and sensible author has remarked, vice hath not it's seat in the understanding, but in the heart; all appeals therefore to the former are nugatory and vain.

These salutary, though unpleasant reflections, had occupied the greatest part of the night, when the story of the young girl whom I had met in the morning recurred to my mind. I instantly resolved to repair to Broad Street early the next day, to enquire for Mrs. Villars; and, if I found her situation to be such as her daughter had represented it—and I was now much more inclined to give credit to her recital than at the time I heard it—to afford her immediate and effectual relief. This last idea soothed me to rest.

In the morning, as soon as I had breakfasted, I went to the city, and speedily found the house I was in search of, I knocked at the door, which was opened to me by a woman, who, in answer to my enquiries, informed me her name was Villars. She appeared little more than thirty; her face bore strong marks of beauty, though evidently impaired by grief; and her fine black eyes were much swollen by weeping. On my expressing a desire to speak to her in private, she shewed me into a back parlour, plainly, but neatly furnished. The same air of cleanliness which I observed in the person of Mrs. Villars displayed

itself in every thing I saw. In passing by the front parlour, the door of which was open, I perceived an ill-looking fellow seated by the fire-side with his hat on.

Having apologized for my intrusion, I declared the purport of my visit. Mrs. Villars expressed the greatest astonishment at finding a stranger acquainted with her distressed situation; but, when I mentioned her daughter, she burst into tears, and clasping her hands, exclaimed—'For Heaven's sake, Sir, what is become of my child?—Ah, Louisa!' Her sorrow became too powerful for utterance, and could only vent itself in sobs. I was about to employ the language of consolation, when we heard a knock at the door. Mrs. Villars instantly flew to the passage—I followed her. She opened the door, and discovered her daughter. 'Oh, my child!' said she, throwing her arms round her neck. She could say no more—her feelings overcame her, and she fainted. Miss Villars was in so violent an agitation, that she had scarcely strength to support her mother. I ran to her assistance, calling at the same time to the man in the front parlour, who, from the door being open, had seen what passed, to bring some water. He sat still, however, drily answering, it was no business of his, and he should not quit the room. At the sound of two strange voices, Miss Villars started. But the situation of her mother left no room in her mind for the continuance of any other sensation than that of grief: she ran for the water herself; but, before she brought it, her mother had recovered herself sufficiently to return to the room we had quitted.

Her daughter joined us. Finding her mother better, she seated herself by her side. A dead silence ensued. The countenance of Mrs. Villars was expressive of eager, but trembling curiosity—of curiosity anxious to be gratified, but shuddering lest it's gratification should be productive of despair. Miss Villars, somewhat recovered from the alarm into which her mother's fainting had thrown her, seemed to be collecting her confused ideas; shame and remorse were strongly painted in her features, her eyes were cast on the ground, and a silent tear stole down her cheek. For my part, I shared in the sorrows of both, nor was my breast without it's portion of remorse. I dreaded the conclusion of this affecting

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scene: I found, by the exclamations of Mrs. Villars, previous to her daughter's arrival, that Miss Villars had not been at home since the morning of the preceding day. I recollected her anxiety when I met her in the fields: the most horrid suggestions arose in my mind; suggestions which her present appearance was but too well calculated to confirm, and which I feared to find speedily verified. The silence, however, continued, and I perceived that my presence must prove an invincible bar to explanation; I therefore arose, and approaching Mrs. Villars, thus addressed her—'I hope, Madam, that the motive of my visit will be accepted as an apology for it's abruptness. Chance has made me acquainted with your misfortunes; and I trust that, by doing me the favour to accept such immediate relief as it is in my power to afford them, you will encourage the belief that Providence was concerned in the discovery. Fortune is too changeable to remain long adverse: you may hope for better days; but, till they arrive, suffer me to assist you; nor can the assistance I offer wear the least semblance of an obligation, when I assure you that my income is infinitely more than sufficient to answer all the demands I can possibly have upon it.' In saying this, I took out my pocket-book. 'I am too sensible of your generosity, Sir,' said Mrs. Villars, 'to refuse your assistance; nor will I attempt to lessen it's value, by talking of a return which I have no prospect of making. Thank Heaven, I am not weak enough to be ashamed of distress which neither proceeds from vice nor folly! That mind which is too proud to receive obligations, will, I fear, be found too mean to confer them.'—'By Heavens, Madam, your sentiments both charm and edify me!' I had taken a fifty pound note from my pocket-book, and extended my hand to present it, when Miss Villars, who had hitherto sat motionless with surprise, rose from her chair, and said—'No, Madam, you must not, you need not, accept it; we have sufficient to answer our present demands.' Mrs. Villars looked wildly on her daughter. 'For Heaven's sake, Louisa, what is it you mean?' Miss Villars threw her arms round her mother's neck, and wept bitterly. 'I will tell you presently: but, believe me, we have

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'money enough to pay our landlord; this gentleman's assistance, therefore, is needless.' I shuddered. Conscious that my presence could only add to their mutual distress, I laid the note on a table which stood near me, and hastened to depart, but was stopped by Mrs. Villars. 'No, Sir,' said she, 'I must entreat you to stop. Louisa!—extricating herself from the arms of her daughter, whom she replaced on her chair—' Louisa! I charge you to be explicit. This gentleman's generous conduct demands a return of candour and sincerity. What you have just said must make me appear to him in a strange light indeed; therefore explain yourself.'—'It is impossible, Ma'am,' said Miss Villars, hiding her face with her handkerchief, and still weeping. Mrs. Villars insisted: but I interfered, by telling her that I had a particular engagement in the neighbourhood, and was therefore obliged to leave her; but that, with her permission, I would wait on her again in an hour. To this there was no reply. I took my leave. Mrs. Villars expressed a hope that I would not fail to return; and I retired to a coffee-house, to wait, with the most anxious impatience, the expiration of the hour.

Never till that instant did I feel the full force of that maxim of the ancients—'*Bis dat qui cito dat*.' I still hoped, however, that my inattention to the precept it conveys, had not to Miss Villars, as to the beggar, been productive of mischief irreparable. My heart was now interested in the fate of that charming girl. Beauty in distress must move a stoick. I passed a most painful hour under the alternate dominion of hope, fear, and remorse. When it was expired, I returned to Broad Street. I was again shewn by Mrs. Villars into the back parlour; she seemed violently agitated, and it was some minutes before she could collect herself sufficiently to articulate a single sentence. I endeavoured to console her; by assuring her that, if any fresh calamity had befallen her, she might rely on my assistance. 'Alas! Sir, the worst of calamities has befallen me—my child is ruined! Any thing but this I could have borne with patience and resignation, but this is too much.' This intelligence, though it did but justify my *présentimens*, struck such a jump to my heart, as for an instant numbed all its

faculties; nor could I prevent a portion of the indignant horror with which it inspired me from appearing on my countenance. Mrs. Villars observed it. 'Ah, Sir, well may the excite your sentiment!'—'No, Madam,' said I, recovering myself, 'you mistake my feelings; my indignation is indeed excited, and strongly too, but God forbid that your daughter should be the object of it: no, it is the villain who has been base enough to take advantage of the cruel peculiarity of her situation; for, if I am not grossly deceived, she has fallen the victim of her virtue.' But since you have thought me worthy to be thus far entrusted with the secrets of your family, condescend to inform me by whom your daughter has been dishonoured, and be assured that I will not disgrace your confidence.' I then learnt, that when Miss Villars parted from me the preceding morning, she was hurrying home, in the utmost agony of mind at the disappointments and insults she had experienced, when she met a clergyman, who was a friend of her father, and had spent some months at his house at a time when he was without preferment. By the recommendation of Mr. Villars, he had obtained a valuable curacy in Gloucestershire. This was about four years previous to the death of her father, who had never heard from him after he took possession of his curacy. He now addressed Miss Villars in such friendly terms, and made such affectionate enquiries after her mother, as induced her to impart to him the real situation of their affairs. He expressed the greatest concern for their distress, and promised to afford such relief as the immediate pressure of their circumstances exacted. For this purpose he desired Miss Villars to accompany him to his house in the city, where he had a considerable living. She complied; and, as dinner was ready when they arrived, and he informed her that he had not sufficient cash in the house, but must run to his banker's to fetch it, she sat down to the table. When dinner was over, he left her to go for the money, but did not return till very late in the evening. He then told her that he had called on her mother's landlord, and had found him extremely irritated, and fully resolved to proceed against her the following day, if not paid. Having dwelt for

some time on this subject, till he had sufficiently roused her fears, he informed her, that he had met with the greatest difficulty in procuring the money; for that, on calling at his banker's, he found he had already considerably overdrawn him. He then insinuated that the trouble he had taken demanded some recompence; but finding his insinuations not rightly comprehended, he told her, in plain language, that his assistance must be purchased by the sacrifice of her virtue. Miss Villars, at first, treated his proposals with the indignation they merited; his representations of the distressed situation to which she herself must inevitably be reduced if she persisted in her refusal, though urged with all the powers of insinuating eloquence, were insufficient to work her to his purpose: but when he changed his battery, and pressed her to have pity on a parent who would soon be houseless, deprived of every comfort, exposed to the most bitter inflictions of poverty, and reduced, perhaps, to starve in a prison, it was more than the soft bosom of sensibility could bear; she shrieked aloud, and sunk into a chair in a state of inexpressible agony. The sanctified villain took advantage of this moment of virtuous frenzy, to perpetrate a deed of complicated vice, and the wretched Louisa fell a victim to filial piety. The night was now too far advanced to return home; he therefore endeavoured to prevail on her to take some rest, but this she resolutely refused. Having succeeded in his attack on her sensibility, he next strove to sap her principles, by seducing her reason. He painted honour as a phantom that existed but in the imagination; as the child of caprice, that swayed indeed the minds of idiots, but whose dictates were scorned by the wise. Chastity he represented as a mere constitutional endowment, not worthy to be deemed a virtue; and whose excellence was only to be valued by the advantages it might be capable of producing to its possessor. He concluded his pious dissertation by observing, that when the end to be attained was virtuous, the means of attainment could not be vicious. These attempts, however, were fruitless; Louisa's innate ideas of moral rectitude, given by nature, and confirmed by education, were proof against arguments more florid than specious. As soon as it was light she

arose to depart; but he would not suffer her to leave his house at so early an hour, lest she should be seen by the neighbours, and his character be thereby injured. Strange insatiation! that they should court the shadow who condemn the substance! Whence is it, that one who is steeped to the ears in vice, should be anxious to preserve an appearance of virtue? It is not, I fear, as some moralists, more refined than just, have observed, that the attractions of virtue are endued with the miraculous power of forcing an involuntary homage, even from the most abandoned votaries of vice: no! a knowledge of the human mind must inform us, that such an anxiety proceeds from the most base and selfish motives of worldly interest. When a profligate aims at the preservation of his fame, it is not from any respect which he bears to virtue, but with an exclusive view to the promotion of fortune or gratification of pleasure. The native charms of virtue are sufficiently splendid to scorn the aid of a borrowed lustre. The mistaken zeal of a moralist is to morality what fanaticism is to religion; though it springs from the purest source, it too often injures the cause which it meant to serve.

But, to proceed. Louisa was compelled to stay till the morning was far advanced, when he permitted her to depart. He offered her a bank-note of fifteen pounds, which she indignantly refused; till he artfully urged that, from a principle of false delicacy, to involve her mother in real distress, would form but a bad proof of filial affection. Shocked at the idea, she took the note; telling him, at the same time, that no other earthly consideration could induce her to accept the most trivial assistance from a man whom she could not but regard as a monster of iniquity; that, as it was, she only received it as a loan to her mother, who would certainly not fail to repay it, with such thanks as it merited.

It is needless to observe, that before Mrs. Villars had finished her relation, my indignation was raised to the highest pitch. I entreated her, with impassioned earnestness, to trust the task of vengeance with me; assuring her, it should be as fully completed as the situation of the culprit and the circumstances of the case would permit. She thanked me for my zeal in the warmest terms which gratitude could dictate; but

expressed her apprehension that, by yielding to the impulse of revenge, her daughter's reputation would be sacrificed to resentment. 'Consider, Sir,' said she, 'that female fame is a jewel which, once tarnished, can never recover its primitive lustre. Interest will impose silence on the perpetrator of so villainous an action: will it not, therefore, be more prudent to bear with a private injury, than to incur a public loss, in the good opinion of a world more apt to be swayed by appearances than convinced by facts?'—'Your argument, Madam,' I replied, 'is certainly specious; and were you to pursue the dictates of worldly prudence, your conduct would be sanctioned by examples innumerable. A woman cannot, most certainly, be too sedulous to guard her reputation from stain or reproach. But the hand of Wisdom will ever draw the necessary line of discrimination: vice demands concealment, but virtue courts enquiry. Were the whole world acquainted with the transaction, be assured they only would condemn whose applause would be censure. There are, moreover, certain duties which every individual owes to the community, that should rise superior to all private considerations: of these I know none more sacred or peremptory than that which commands us to bring a villain to justice; and yet is there no one more neglected. This neglect generally arises either from indolence—which shrinks from trouble, wholly regardless of the importance of the object to be obtained by it—or else from a *mauvaise honte*; that species of false shame which deters a man from pursuing the dictates of conscious rectitude by the fear of becoming a subject of ridicule or contempt. The good opinion of the world is justly an object of considerable magnitude in the estimation of virtue, but it must not be brought into competition with our religious or social duties: that man, surely, cannot be estimable, who courts public esteem at the expence of public justice. They who, from either of these motives, desist from the due discharge of their duty, are indisputably culpable; as their conduct tends to the promotion of vice, and the encouragement of villainy. On this subject, could

'conviction produce eloquence, my arguments would not fail of success; for, believe me—I speak feelingly—too often have I incurred the censure due to the indolent and the weak; to those who refuse to succour virtue, or to punish vice.'

Convinced of the justice of my observations, Mrs. Villars consented to leave the punishment of the offender to my discretion, contenting herself with earnestly recommending me to be circumspect and moderate.

Seeing the fifty pound note still lying on the table where I had left it, I presented it, and begged her to make immediate use of it for the discharge of her landlord's demand, lest a farther delay might induce him to put his threats in execution; but she told me it was too late for that prevention, as her landlord had seized her goods the preceding evening, under pretence that he had heard she was to move them in the night; and that, in spite of her entreaties and assurances, he had left a man in the house, alone with her, to keep possession, who had insisted on chusing his bed, and his choice fell on that in which she always slept: this circumstance, with the idea of having a strange man in the house, whose looks and behaviour were not adapted to excite confidence, and the anxiety she was under on her daughter's account, had induced her to sit up all night. I enquired who her landlord was; she told me his name was Williams, and that she understood he was a merchant of repute. The name struck me as familiar to my ear: after a minute's recollection, I remembered to have seen him at my banker's a few months before, where he came to receive a draft which had been fraudulently obtained by a set of sharpers from a young man of property; payment had, consequently, been stopped. Mr. Williams blustered exceedingly when he found that the money was not forthcoming; but finding his high-sounding threats treated with the contempt they merited, he changed his tone; lamenting, in terms of concern, that his name should have appeared in so disgraceful a business; protesting that he had been grossly imposed on, and that he had received the draft in the *fair way of trade*. When he left the shop, my banker, in answer to my enquiries, informed me, that he had originally

ginally set up in business with a few thousands which he had obtained from a friend, who placed such a confidence in him, as to entrust him with the greatest part of his fortune. This friendship he gratefully repaid, by becoming a bankrupt in less than a twelvemonth. So infamous did his conduct appear to his creditors, that they not only refused to sign his certificate, but arrested him, and threw him into Newgate, from whence he was unfortunately released by an act of insolvency. That he then re-entered into business; and having, the succeeding winter, gained one of the capital prizes in the Lottery, his credit was restored, and he was at that time as much respected on 'Change as any merchant in the city.

With this knowledge of Mr. Williams, his conduct to Mrs. Villars did not in the least surprize me: but the complication of distress which this unfortunate woman had experienced within the last four and twenty hours, affected me most sensibly. I advised her to pay her landlord immediately, that she might be disincumbered from the presence of a wretch who, living on the distresses of his fellow-creatures, must necessarily be an object of disgust. Then, begging her to pour the balm of consolation into the wounded mind of her unhappy child, I took my leave. But, as I was quitting the room, she recollected the note which her daughter had received in the morning from the wretch who had dishonoured her; and, taking it from her pocket, entreated me to return it; assuring me it had been her determination to send it back, even had not my assistance enabled her to do it without inconvenience; as she was resolved to submit to the most poignant misery, rather than owe her relief to the author of her child's dishonour. I took the note, with a promise to return it on the ensuing day, with due thanks; and, once more exhorting her to comfort and resignation, took my leave.

Here, reader, let us pause. If in thy breast one spark of honest sympathy reside, thy reflections on the events I have been relating will be congenial with my own. If thy vices or errors call for reformation, may they operate that change in thee which in me they effectually produced. But, if thou art virtuous, unapproved by custom, uncorrupted by

example, let them confirm thee in thy virtues!

In the short space of four and twenty hours, by a mixture of indolence and suspicion, the first arising from unrestrained indulgence, the last from an affected knowledge of the world, I had deprived one fellow-creature of existence, and another of what is justly deemed dearer than existence—of honour. I had been too indolent to turn aside for a moment to relieve the pangs of penury and disease; but, too active in the gratification of pleasure, I could stop to insult virtue, to aggravate distress: yet had I not in the least deviated from those paths of rectitude and honour prescribed by the world as sacred and infallible. I had forfeited no claim to worldly respect; nay, my conduct would sooner have incurred approbation than censure, imitation than abhorrence. Such is the depravity of the age, such the influence of fashion, that Vice receives the homage due to Virtue; while Ridicule, become the test of Wit, aims her successful shafts at Merit.

Had I listened to the voice of Conscience, that sure monitor given by the liberal hand of Nature to counteract the pernicious effects of evil communications, I should not have erred; I should have rejected with scorn the specious suggestions of pretended wisdom: despising so pitiful a subterfuge, I should have applied the superfluous gifts of Fortune to the use for which they are designed by Reason, Justice, and Humanity—to the relief of indigence, and the alleviation of misfortune. Such conduct would have ensured the most grateful applause, in the approbation of conscious integrity; and secured me from the keen sensations of remorse, which now oppressed my mind with merited anguish.

Having thus endeavoured to impress the moral which I meant to convey, and which was my sole inducement to the present narration, I might with propriety resign the pen; but, for the gratification of the reader's curiosity, I shall proceed to a brief relation of the sequel.

When I left Mrs. Villars, as soon as the agitation of my mind had sufficiently subsided to admit of cool reflection, I resolved on the best mode of inflicting a punishment, in a small degree adequate to his crime, on the base despoiler of

Louisa's

Louisa's honour. In pursuit of which, on the following day I repaired to his parish, in order to make some previous enquiries respecting his general character and conduct. In my way to the house of a merchant, to whom I addressed myself for that purpose, I passed by the church, at the door of which was assembled a concourse of people; and hearing a general murmur of discontent, I stopped to enquire the cause. They informed me that, the preceding evening, at the hour appointed by the rector, the corpse of a poor man, who died in the parish, had been brought thither for interment; but that, after waiting an hour and a half, no clergyman appearing, they had been compelled to reconvey the corpse to the place from whence they brought it: that, by the rector's special appointment, they had again brought the corpse for interment, and had then been waiting an hour for his arrival. At this instant the reverend hypocrite approached. The branching curls, and other cosmical appendages of his well-dressed head, proclaimed the cause of this fashionable delay. Curiosity induced me to follow him into the church, whither he went to put on his surplice. The book was open. He had placed himself at the head of the solemn procession, and was about to commence the service; but the clerk whispering something in his ear, the book was instantly closed, the surplice stripped off, and the worthy priest preparing to retire with indignant precipitation, when he was stopped by the people who attended the corpse. Something like a scuffle ensued. On enquiry, I found that the friends of the deceased, having been put to an additional expence by the extra-attendance of the undertaker and his men, in consequence of the rector's failure to observe his appointment the preceding evening, had not sufficient to pay the fees; and though but a few shillings were wanting, he resolutely persisted in his refusal to bury the corpse. This intelligence raised my indignation too high for restraint; I made my way through the crowd, which, by this time, was considerably increased; and telling the widow of the deceased, who, in a posture of humble supplication, was entreating the obdurate priest to proceed; that I would discharge the fees, took

out my pocket-book, and thus addressed him, in a voice sufficiently loud to be distinctly heard by the surrounding multitude, whose eyes were now intently fixed on me—'As I am a stranger to you, Sir, my simple promise to discharge the fees may not be sufficient; therefore, take this note, (offering the note which I had received from Mrs. Villars:) 'that, I believe, will suffice to—' Here he interrupted me with an air of haughty superciliousness, to tell me that I must address myself to his clerk; who now stepped forward.—'Well, then, since you, Sir,' speaking to the clerk, 'are the rector's treasurer—though, I trust, not the pander of his guilty pleasures—take this note for fifteen pounds; and tell him, it is the note which yesterday he had the baseness to offer to a virtuous young lady, for the villainous purpose of seduction. Yes, good people,' addressing myself to the crowd, 'your worthy pastor may well be rigid in the exaction of fees which custom, in despite of reason and humanity, enables him to demand alike from the poor as the rich, when the momentary gratification of his sensual enjoyments is attended with such considerable expence.' And then gave the note to the clerk, and with it a few shillings for the payment of the fees; leaving the rector petrified with astonishment, and compelled to begin the service, as the only mode of silencing the clamours of his congregation.

I next went to the merchant, to make my enquiries. From him I learnt, that Mr. Jones, the rector, had been designated by his parents for trade. With this view, he was bound apprentice to a mechanick in the city, who failed before he had served his time: that, soon after, he had set up business himself; but, from imprudence and mismanagement, followed his master's example. He, however, contrived to save something from the wreck; with which he repaired to Oxford, and entered himself a commoner; where, though his ignorance exposed him to the ridicule of his fellow-students, he remained some time, but was refused his degree. How he had obtained orders, he knew not; but he knew that he had a living in Gloucestershire, where he had so far insinuated himself

himself into the good graces of a gentleman's daughter in the neighbourhood, as to prevail on her to accompany him to Scotland. With a small fortune, which his wife possessed independent of her father, he purchased a living in Herefordshire; but the pleasures of a country life having no charms for a man who was without resources in his own mind, he had lately exchanged his living for that he now possessed. His wife, disgusted with his indifference, had, a few weeks before, left him, to live with her father.

When he first came to London to take possession of his living, thinking it necessary to add to his consequence by a degree, he enclosed a draft to the benevolent and philanthropic Society of Aberdeen; who, ever ready charitably to administer to a man's wants without investigating his merits, by return of post, sent him a doctor's degree, drawn out in due form. Since his residence in the parish, he had been grossly inattentive to his duty. A few nights before, a neighbour's wife being at the point of death, the husband had sent for him, to pray by her; but he returned for answer, that he was just going out, having an indispensable engagement, and could not possibly wait on her till his return. This engagement proved to be an assembly. He concluded his account by telling me, that he had vainly endeavoured to conciliate respect by concealing profound ignorance under affected pomposity.

I thanked the merchant for his information; and immediately waited on the bishop of the diocese, to whom I related the whole of Mr. Jones's conduct to Louisa, without a comment. The reverend prelate, with unaffected piety, expressed his abhorrence of the deed; but wisely refused to take any decisive step for punishing its author, till he had duly investigated the matter. 'If,' said he, 'there be a man so deeply corrupted, as to resist the tenets of a religion whose doctrine it is his duty to explain and elucidate—a doctrine whose energetick force must strike conviction

to the plainest understanding, and whose purity must command esteem from the most hardened—he is a proper object of exemplary punishment. If such a man be permitted to continue the exercise of those functions which should only be discharged by the virtuous and pious, the sacred cause of religion must indeed be injured, as the prevalence of example is strong; but the removal and punishment of an unworthy minister must have a contrary effect, by demonstrating the vigilance and attention of those whom the laws have appointed guardians of the Church. Could human perversity be foreseen, its evil effects might be avoided; but it is impossible to read the heart of man. While hypocrisy can impose, iniquity may thrive; but, sooner or later, the mask must fall, the progress of guilty success be impeded, and punishment incurred.'

I took my leave of the learned prelate, after giving him all the information in my power on the subject of my visit; and, soon after, had the satisfaction of hearing that Mr. Jones was deprived of his living, and incapacitated from officiating as a clergyman.

My visits to Mrs. Villars and her lovely daughter became frequent. To make them some trifling amends for past misfortunes, I resolved to secure them from the future frowns of Fate, by placing them in a state of independent comfort; and accordingly purchased an adequate annuity, which I compelled them to accept. But I had the unspeakable mortification to find all my endeavours to console Louisa fruitless and vain: that exquisite sensibility, which had betrayed her to dishonour, now acted as a slow-consuming fire, which dried the warm channels of her heart, withered the fair blossoms of youth, and reduced her, hapless victim! to an untimely grave.

The painful thorn of Remorse still rankles in my bosom; nor has the lenient hand of Time been able to blunt its keenness.

THE PROGRESS OF VICE.

YOUNG Davis was the son of a reputable tradesman in the city of London. He received an education calculated to accomplish him both for commercial and polite life: his genius was brilliant, and his disposition tender. With these advantages he became the indulged favourite of his parents. His vices were liberal and splendid: they wore a pleasing form, and therefore escaped censure. In the morning of life, it was not considered how much they would cloud the evening: happily for his parents, they died, unthinking of the dangers which awaited their darling child. They left him in the possession of a genteel fortune, which they hoped he would improve by business; but his genius and education, while they made him acquainted with the usual arts, had given him a superior relish for those which are pleasing and elegant. He had never yet wanted money, and was insensible of its value: his fortune dazzled his eyes, and bewildered his judgment; he thought it sufficient to purchase for him a continuance of enjoyments. Trade was beneath his talents, and Pleasure, in every alluring form, invited him to her courts—the Syren song prevailed, and ruin pressed on with hasty steps. His father's stock was sold, and young Davis commenced a gentleman: he was suited to the character in every respect but the possession of wealth. Thus qualified, he procured admission to the best of company. As he kept pace with these manners, he was necessarily obliged to keep pace with them in expence. Like them he gamed, and like them he became the prey of sharpers; his ignorance was their gain; his honesty their security; and his generosity their abuse. A disposition tender and gentle as his was, naturally was susceptible of the charms of beauty. The harlot whom man had betrayed from happiness and peace, sought an object of revenge, and found a fit one in young Davis.

Thus attacked by imposition on one side, and by deceit on the other, his fortune declined apace. He saw impending danger, and endeavoured to avoid it,

but in vain. Prudence had quitted the helm; the barque was left to the guidance of Pleasure; and though a wreck was not immediate, it was inevitable. To avoid farther injury by play, Davis deserted the gaming-table: to protect himself from the snares of prostituted beauty, he married; the measure was wise, but it was ill-timed. The fatal die was already cast. He chose a partner to please his fancy. Generosity forbade every idea of interest: a sentiment so noble, at an earlier period, would have insured his happiness; but he had roved at large too long; Variety had been courted, and soon regained the heart of her old admirer. Davis strayed from the path of connubial duty: he was convinced of the justice of his conduct; and he could not bear to receive the caresses of a woman he was daily loading with injuries. Though no upbraidings fell from her tongue, millions were suggested by his own conscience. To avoid a lesser, he rushed into a greater evil: he abandoned his wife, and sought a wretched asylum in the arms of those who hardly could receive an additional wrong. The small remains of his fortune they quickly dissipated. What was now to be done? That, at which his gentle heart revolted: he was to turn villain. He had been half ruined by the foul play of others; and now he must resort to foul play himself, in order to procure a miserable subsistence. Being possessed of a genteel figure and address, he was readily admitted into the fraternity of professional gamblers. He had fatally learnt the principles of play, and was only to be instructed in its vile arts; of these he soon became an approved master. His own losses gave a specious air of justice to the recovery of them by the same means as had occasioned their privation. For some time success attended this dishonest plan; but pigeons at length did not fly every day, and appearances much be sustained. A gambler is a gentleman, and the vices of a gentleman must be dignified with the appellation of Honourable; what means then that are honourable must a distressed gambler

gamester resort to?—the road points out itself directly: a highwayman is an honourable character. This character poor Davis with horror assumed. His whole frame trembled when preparing the dreadful instruments of terror and of death; but he flattered himself that they needed only to be prepared. Alas! once plunged in guilt, we know not whither it will lead us: corruption of morals induces us to commit inferior crimes, and self preservation prompts us to perpetrate greater for their concealment. Thus it was with young Davis; when he went out, he shuddered at the very thoughts of murder; before he returned, he was involved in the guilt of it. A disregard to the property of his neighbour was quickly followed by the sacrifice of his life. The gentleman he robbed resisted his attack: to effectuate his purpose, and obtain a temporary safety, he therefore shot him, rifled his pockets, and escaped. He fled for secrecy and security to the apartments of his Dalilah: here, while property remained, he was concealed; when it was expended, his faithless harlot gave information of him for the sake of a share in the reward given as the price of his blood. He was apprehended, tried, convicted, and, as a murderer, ordered for speedy execution. Sensible of the magnitude of his guilt, he murmured not at the dreadful sentence. Death came as a kind relief, though in a disgraceful form. The sun upbraided him with having deprived another of its cheering influence. The blessing of life appeared to him a curse, inasmuch as he had basely torn it from a fellow-creature. With these awful reflections he entered his dreary cell: he had not been there long, when the massy door opened, and presented to his affrighted view his injured and deserted wife—not come to censure and condemn, but to pity and to soothe his sorrows. For a while her tender purpose was resisted—her presence planted new thorns in the bosom of her guilty and afflicted husband, but her forgiveness plucked them out again, and healed his wounds. The dreadful moment of their earthly separation for ever arrived—the last mutual embrace was given—the big tear burst down the manly cheek, while female fortitude struggled to conceal the sympathick pearl, that would have rent the soul of him for whom

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it rose. The gaoler, whose rude feelings were softened by the scene, led the beauteous mourner from the prison, and warned the captive of the approaching hour of death. He ascended the cart with resolution tempered by decency. In his way to the fatal tree, his crimes were forgotten, his penitence admired, and his sufferings pitied. When arrived at the tragick spot, he thus addressed the surrounding spectators—

‘ My friends and fellow mortals,
 ‘ you here behold one moulded like
 ‘ yourselves about to suffer an ignomi-
 ‘ nious, though just death; one who,
 ‘ a few years back, as little thought of
 ‘ such an end as any who now look on
 ‘ him. He gloried in imprudence, but
 ‘ suspected not how soon it would force
 ‘ him into vice. He was a votary of
 ‘ pleasure, not thinking it would lead to
 ‘ pain. By nature he was formed honest
 ‘ and humane; but by necessity, pro-
 ‘ duced by folly, rendered cruel and un-
 ‘ just. From such a character, placed
 ‘ in a situation where he can have no in-
 ‘ terest at heart but your own, take some
 ‘ advice. Let diligence and economy
 ‘ be your riches. Let virtue be your
 ‘ pleasure. Suppress not your passions,
 ‘ they were given for your use; but sub-
 ‘ ject them to the controul of reason,
 ‘ and direct them to the purposes of
 ‘ honour and justice. If beauty claims
 ‘ your attention, marry early the vir-
 ‘ tuous object of your affections; be-
 ‘ lieve that none but a virtuous woman
 ‘ can make you permanently happy.
 ‘ Fear not the expences honourably
 ‘ incurred by an extensive family; Pro-
 ‘ vidence bids you encounter such dif-
 ‘ ficulties: be less afraid of poverty than
 ‘ vice. Resist the first attacks of dissi-
 ‘ pation. Let not ambition to appear
 ‘ above your sphere in life distress you
 ‘ in your circumstances, lest it prompt
 ‘ you to base means for their replenish-
 ‘ ment. Revere your God; be just and
 ‘ kind to men; avoid my crimes, and
 ‘ thereby shun my fate. Live honestly;
 ‘ die with credit; and thus insure tem-
 ‘ poral happiness, and eternal bliss.’

The cart drew away, and poor Davis fled to the mercy of his Father. May his misfortunes preserve the virtuous in the wisdom of their ways, and draw the vicious from the paths of destruction!

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THE WHISKERS.

A MORAL ANECDOTE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

A Certain Swiss captain of Grenadiers, whose company had been cashiered, was determined, since Mars had no more employment for him, to try if he could not procure a commission in the corps of Venus; or, in other words, if he could not get a wife: and as he had no fortune of his own, he reasoned, and reasoned very rightly, it was quite necessary his intended should have enough for them both. The captain was one of those kind of heroes to whom the epithet of hectoring blade might readily be applied: he was near six feet high, wore a long sword, and a fierce-cocked hat; add to which, he was allowed to have had the most martial pair of Whiskers of any grenadier in the company to which he belonged. To curl these Whiskers, to comb and twist them round his forefinger, and to admire them in the glass, formed the chief occupation and delight of his life. A man of these accomplishments, with the addition of bronze and rhodomontade, of which he had a superfluity, stands, at all times, and in all countries, a good chance with the ladies, as the experience of I know not how many thousand years has confirmed.

Accordingly, after a little diligent attention and artful enquiry, a young lady was found, exactly such a one as we may well suppose a person with his views would be glad to find. She was tolerably handsome, not more than three-and-twenty, with a good fortune; and, what was the best part of the story, this fortune was entirely at her own disposal.

Our captain, who thought now or never was the time, having first found means to introduce himself as a suitor, was incessant in his endeavours to carry his cause. His tongue was eternally running in praise of her super-superlative, never-to-be-described charms; and in hyperbolical accounts of the flames, darts, and daggers, by which his lungs, liver, and midriff, were burnt up, transfixed, and gnawn away. He that, in

writing a song to his sweetheart, described his heart to be without one drop of gravy, like an over-done mutton-chop, was a fool at a simile when compared to our hero.

One day, as he was ranting, kneeling, and beseeching his goddess to send him of an errand to pluck the diamond from the nose of the Great Mogul, and present it to her divinityship, or suffer him to step and steal the Empress of China's enchanted Slipper, or the Queen of Sheba's Cockatoo, as a small testimony of what he would undertake to prove his love; she, after a little hesitation, addressed him thus—

'The protestations which you daily make, captain, as well as what you say at present, convince me there is nothing you would not do to oblige me: I therefore do not find much difficulty in telling you I am willing to be yours, if you will perform one thing which I shall request of you.'

'Tell me, immaculate angel,' cried our son of gunpowder; 'tell me what it is; though, before you speak, be certain it is already done. Is it to find the Seal of Solomon? to catch the Phoenix? or draw your chariot to church with Unicorns? What is the impossible act I will not undertake?'

'No, captain,' replied the fair one, 'I shall enjoin nothing impossible: the thing I desire, you can do with the utmost ease; it will not cost you five minutes trouble. And yet, were it not for your so positive assurances, from what I have observed, I should almost doubt of your compliance.'

'Ah, Madam!' returned he, 'wrong not your slave thus; deem it not possible, that he who eats happiness, and drinks immortal life from the Nectar of your eyes, can ever demur the thousandth part of a semi-second to execute your omnipotent behests: speak! say! what, Empress of my parched entrails, what must I perform?'

'Nay, for that matter, 'tis a mere trifle;

'trifle; only to cut off your Whiskers, captain; that's all.'

'Madam!'—(Be so kind, reader, as to imagine the captain's utter astonishment) 'My Whiskers!—Cut off my Whiskers!—Excuse me!—Cut off my Whiskers!—Pardon me, Madam!—Any thing else—any thing that mind can, or cannot imagine, or tongue describe. Bid me fetch you Prestor John's Beard, a hair at a time, and it's done. But, for my Whiskers, you must grant me a salvo there.'

'And why so, good captain? Surely any gentleman who had but the tythe of the passion you express, would not stand upon such a trifle?'

'A trifle, Madam!—My Whiskers a trifle! No, Madam, no—My Whiskers are no trifle. Had I but a single regiment of fellows whiskered like me, I myself would be the Grand Turk of Constantinople.—My Whiskers, Madam, is the last thing I should have supposed you would have wished me

to sacrifice. There is not a woman, married or single, maid, wife, or widow, that does not admire my Whiskers!'

'May be so, Sir; but if you marry me, you must cut them off.'

'And is there no other way? Must I never hope to be happy with you unless I part with my Whiskers?'

'Never.'

'Why, then, Madam, farewell: I would not part with a single hair of my Whiskers if Catharine the Czarina, Empress of all the Russias, would make me King of the Calmucks; and so good-morning to you.'

Had all young ladies, in like circumstances, equal penetration, they might generally rid themselves, with equal ease, of the interested and unprincipled coxcombs by whom they are pestered: they all have their Whiskers; and seek for fortunes, that they may be able to cultivate, not cut them off.

THE ORIGIN OF CUNNING.

AN ALLEGORY.

SOON after the expiration of that golden age, in which perpetual and spontaneous plenty precluded all temptation to violence and fraud, Apollo, the god of wisdom, of eloquence and music, became enamoured of one of the nymphs who graced the train of Diana. The nymph, whose name Time has not preserved with her story, was at first inflexible; but the suit which her chastity refused, her vanity still continued to permit: and thus, though wisdom, eloquence, and music, were ineffectual, yet perseverance prevailed. The pride of virtue was imperceptibly softened; and the sense of guilt had been so often lost in the anticipation of delight, that it did not always return: to this delight there remained no obstacle but the fear of shame; and the fear of shame, as desire perpetually increased, was at last surmounted.

Apollo perceived and pursued his advantage; and the nymph silently consented to an assignation: the place was a grotto far sequestered from the path of the traveller, and the time was midnight.

When Nature no longer lavished her bounty upon idleness, and the fruits of the earth were bestowed only upon labour; when the harvest and the vintage ceased to be common, and the bounds of property were set up; many vices, under human forms, became inhabitants of the earth, and associated with mankind. Of some the external appearance was pleasing, and their qualities were not immediately discovered. Among these vices was Envy: Envy, indeed, was never lovely; but she was then young, nor was the malignity of her mind yet expressed in her person.

As Apollo was enamoured of the nymph, Envy was enamoured of Apollo: she watched his descent, therefore, with all the impatience of desire; and though she knew her own passion to be hopeless, yet the discovery of his addresses to another distracted her with jealousy: she was always busied to procure intelligence which could only increase her torment; and was perpetually contemplating the happiness which she despaired to enjoy.

It happened that the assignation of the
U u 2 lovers

lovers was overheard by Echo, and by Echo repeated to Envy. This intelligence roused her to a yet keener sensibility of misery: to intercept the happiness of a rival, was the first object of her wish; and the next moment she conceived a design of securing that happiness to herself. To effect both these purposes, a thousand projects had been by turns contrived, examined, and rejected; her mind was more violently agitated, in proportion as the time drew more near; and, after all the toil of thinking had ended in despair, an expedient suddenly started into her mind, which she perceived at once to be simple and easy; she wondered how it had been before overlooked, and resolved immediately to put it in execution.

It was within one hour of midnight, when the nymph took her way to the grotto. She was now pale with remorse, and now flushed with shame; she hesitated; her bosom again beat with anticipated delight; she trembled, and went forward. Envy perceived her at a distance, and cast round her a thick cloud, which scarce the beams of Phœbus himself could have dissipated. The nymph looked round for the grotto, but suddenly perceived herself to be involved in impenetrable darkness; she could discover neither the sky above her, nor the ground on which she stood: she stood short, terrified and astonished; desire was chilled in her veins, and she shuddered at the temerity of her conduct.

In this dreadful moment she had no hope of deliverance, but from the power whose laws she had been about to violate; and she, therefore, addressed this prayer to Diana—'Chaste queen of irreproachable delight! who, though my mind had renounced thy influence, hast yet by this omen preserved me from corporal dishonour! O guide me in safety through the terrors of this guilty night! Let me once more be permitted to pursue the chase at thy side; and to mingle with the happy virgins, whom Cheerfulness, the daughter of Innocence, assembles at thy bower!' As she uttered this prayer, she hastily turned about; and the moment she made an effort to go back, her prayer was granted; the gloom that surrounded her was dissipated; and she again perceived the mild radiance of her queen tremble upon the foliage of the trees, and chequer the

path before her with a silver light. She now sprang forward, impelled by that joy which her deliverance had inspired: her speed was no longer restrained by the timidity of guilt; the solitary way was repassed in a moment; and her desire to return had been so ardent, that she could scarcely believe it to be accomplished.

In the mean time, Envy had entered the grotto, and was expecting Apollo: she heard him approach with a tumult of passions, in which pain was predominant; and she received him in silence and confusion, which otherwise she would have found it difficult to feign.

When the momentary transport, which she had thus obtained, was at an end, she perceived that it had been too dearly purchased with safety: she reflected upon her situation with terror; and wished, too late, that the nymph, whose pleasure she had intercepted, had received it in her stead, as it would have been more than counterbalanced by a small proportion of her pain: her pain was not, however, produced by regretting the loss of innocence, but by anticipating the punishment of guilt.

Apollo, who knew not how wretched and malignant a being he had clasped to his bosom, whispered a thousand tender sentiments, and urged her to reply. Envy was still silent; but knowing that she could not in these circumstances continue long undetected, she suddenly collected all her forces, and sprang from him, hoping to have escaped unknown in the darkness of the night: but just as she reached the entrance of the grotto, he again caught her in his arms. Envy shrieked in the anguish of despair; and the god himself started back with astonishment: he would not, however, quit his hold of the fugitive; and Diana, that she might not lose an opportunity to punish incontinence, darted her rays directly upon the place. Apollo discovered the features of Envy, and turned from her with abhorrence. After a moment's recollection, looking again sternly upon her—'Loathed and detested as thou art,' said he, 'I cannot destroy thee, for thou art immortal as the felicity of Heaven; and I wish not to destroy thee, for immortality is thy curse. But may my arms again embrace thee, and may thy bosom be again pressed to mine, if thy power thus to prophane the delights of love end not this moment for ever: henceforth

‘ forth thy face shall be deformed with
‘ the characteristicks of want and age,
‘ and snakes, instead of hair, shall be
‘ the covering of thy head; thy breasts
‘ shall be lengthened to thy waist, and
‘ thy skin shall be suffused with gall.’

While he was yet speaking, the freshness of youth faded from her cheeks; her eyes sunk inward; her tresses, that flowed in loose ringlets upon her shoulders, were suddenly contracted; and wreathing themselves in various contortions, a brood of serpents hissed round her head; her flesh became flaccid, her skin appeared shrivelled and yellow, and her whole form expressed at once malignity and wretchedness.

Thus changed, she fled from the presence of Apollo: but she carried with her not a memorial of her crime only, but of that pleasure which her punishment had rendered it impossible to repeat. A child, which she regarded

as at once her glory and her shame, was at length born; and afterwards known among mankind by the name of Cunn-
ning.

In Cunning, the qualities both of the father and the mother, as far as they are compatible, are united. As the progeny of Envy, he regards whatever is amiable and good with malignity; the end that he proposes, therefore, is always the gratification of vice: but he inherits so much of his father’s wisdom, that he frequently pursues that end by the most effectual means.

All, therefore, whom Wisdom would disdain to counsel, apply to Cunning. But of the votaries to Cunning, even those who succeed are disappointed: they do, indeed, frequently obtain the immediate object of their wish; but they are still restless and unsatisfied; as the statesman, after he has gratified his ambition, still sighs in vain for felicity.

SAMUEL AND SALLY.

BY THE REVEREND MR. MOIR.

IT is none of the least inconveniences of being born and bred in a civilized society, that laws and institutions of all kinds are at best but the impositions of the rich on the poor; and it is not unnatural for the former to adopt every measure they can devise to secure the advantage which craft or rapacity gives them over the latter.

This being the great origin of all legislation, it is obvious enough that every other consideration must yield to the preservation of property, and all those invidious distinctions which an unequal distribution of it so uniformly and unavoidably occasions. And who knows not, that the various effects which always have resulted, and do incessantly result, from the arbitrary and fanciful prescriptions of wealth, are equally numberless and shocking?

This produced the late marriage-act, than which there never was a more barefaced and impious encroachment on the rights of humanity. This puts it in the power of people of fortune only to obtain divorces, keep seragios, and live in as much legal prostitution as they please. This narrows, compresses, or bars, all

the genial ebullitions of the heart, by confining them to certain modes or etiquette, which, in human life, only mark the various, complicated, and capricious stages of pride.

The fashionable world have a right to indulge themselves in all those luxuries which fortune puts in their power; especially since the maxim has been generally and publicly adopted, that they are not accountable for any thing they do to Earth or Heaven. The great mischief is, their inferiors and dependents are always most dextrous and expert in imitating their worst qualities. Thus the peasant, who has pilfered or saved a little money, is as jealous and tenacious of the paternal prerogative as his master, and generally not less difficult to please: and daily experience affords too strong, too common, too convincing, a proof, that every man is a tyrant in proportion to his power.

All the habits and modes of social life, instead of checking, only cherish and indulge this mischievous propensity. How often has a consciousness of paternal authority made fathers savages, and mothers fiends! And what else has so effectually

tually contributed to banish matrimony from this ill-fated country, and stopped the genial progress of population?

Farmers and others grow proud as they acquire property; dread nothing so much as the penury they may but just have escaped; and bring up their daughters, not for men of industry, but of fortune. Yet the latter rarely look so low, and every offer from the former is rejected with contempt: so that no wonder England abounds only in characters who, without doing any real service to themselves or posterity, are a perfect nuisance to all around them.

This, in fact, is one of our greatest national calamities. Loss of territory is nothing to the loss of people. An empire without inhabitants is but the dream of a beggar, or the whim of a lunatic. People are the strength or sinews of sovereignty. Whatever lessens their influence, or thins their numbers, affects the very vitals of the state or community; and every impediment to matrimony, which arises from law or fashion, must be attended with this consequence.

But the caprice of those chiefly concerned in the disposal of youth, in too many instances, also ruins for ever the comfort and well-being of individuals.

Let me here introduce the story of Samuel and Sally, which has already spread their fame, and immortalized their loves: it may teach the world at large the infinite hazard of indulging their favourite passions to excess; it may check the arbitrary dispositions of parents in prescribing to the affections of their children; it may convince the giddy votaries of gaiety and parade, that nature, though stifled among them, in scenes of less affectation and refinement, still maintains her primary empire in the heart of man.

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor."

Samuel was esteemed, among all his rustic acquaintance, more than ordinarily clever. He was sober, industrious, and good-natured; a favourite with the fair, and not disliked by those of his own sex. He had a cousin, who, in her way, was also a smart lass, and whose destiny it was to make a thorough conquest of Samuel.

In order the better to suit the circumstances of both, he kept her company, or rather was in courtship of her, for years. Sally preferred him to all the other clownish suitors whom her charms attracted in clusters, like vermin on a honeyfuckle.

But her father, who was also his uncle, had an implacable and unaccountable aversion to his nephew. This was the great and only obstacle that had hitherto and so long delayed their happiness. Samuel grew extremely impatient under the restraint it occasioned: he therefore took the first opportunity that offered of representing matters to the old man, in a manner so very serious and pressing, that he was affronted, turned the lover out of doors, and confined his daughter to her chamber.

This cruel treatment affected both of them very deeply; but, for the present, there was no remedy. The energy and operation of ass attachment thus mutual and sincere are incredible, even on the most uncultivated minds. It may well be supposed, at least, that Samuel could not long brook a proscription so unreasonably tedious and severe.

The truth is, a few days only had elapsed, when, arming himself with spirit and fortitude, he boldly sallied forth for the relief of his fair mistress; and, in the true spirit of an enamoured hero, determined either to effect her liberty or perish in the attempt.

When he came to his uncle's, he begged an interview with Sally, and insisted on seeing her; but her father was inexorable, and peremptorily negatived all his desires. His passion, by this time, would admit of no denial; and what the uncle refused he then presumed to command. It was now a point of honour as well as love, and nothing could persuade him to recede.

Rushing furiously up stairs, he endeavoured to force her chamber-door. This greatly exasperated the uncle; who that instant sent some soldiers, who accidentally lodged in the house, to force him away: by these inhuman wretches the bleeding lover was dragged from the arms of his screaming mistress by the hair of the head, thrust out headlong, and had the door violently shut in his face.

All this was much too afflicting and severe for the harmless, well-meaning fellow, to support; especially as it subjected

jected him to the brutal drolleries of all his unpolished companions and neighbours. His own connections witnessed with concern the peculiar and lasting dejection which settled on his spirits, but could not remove it. No longer able to surmount the unusual weight of sorrow that oppressed him, he coolly gave way to the deepest despair; and, with the greatest deliberation, went, when least expected, into an adjacent field, and shot himself through the head.

The coroner sat on his body, and brought in the verdict lunacy. He was buried amidst the cries and lamentations of a multitude of spectators, who flocked from all quarters to witness his funeral.

These are the doggerels that mark his homely tombstone :

Here honest Samuel is interr'd,
Who death to life, for love, preferr'd !
Who would not round his bleeding urn,
And o'er his fate untimely mourn,
Who scorn'd, to live from her apart,
To whom he pledg'd his faithful heart ?
How few, who boast a noble birth
And milder stars, can boast such worth !

This very affecting narrative soon reached the ears of the disconsolate Sally, whose sad foreboding heart had already anticipated the whole. The sympathetic reader, whose mind is not yet petrified by maxims of modern gallantry, will much easier conceive than can be described the dreadful state of her mind, on finding all she suspected so awfully

verified. It was not in the power of medicine or company, or any other possible expedient, to moderate her grief, or dissipate the gloom that settled on her spirits. The poor unhappy creature, young as she was, lost instantaneously all relish for life, and sunk at once into a state of the most affecting insensibility. She was never after seen to smile; her days were spent in silence, and without motion; her nights in wailing, and without rest.

One morning, as the family rose to their wonted toil, the pensive Sally was missing.

" In vain they sought her on the custom'd hill,

Along the heath, and near her favourite tree;
Nor down the lake, nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was she."

But just by the church-yard, where the ashes of Samuel were deposited, there was a large pond, in which she was soon after found. Her hard-hearted father then had her put in the same grave with his ill-fated nephew; and there the old frantick wretch is often seen bewailing, when much too late, his barbarous obstinacy.

" There shall the yew her sable branches spread,
And mournful cypress rear her fringed head;
From thence wild thyme and myrtle send perfume,
And laurels, ever green, o'ershade their tomb."

THE HISTORY OF MISS WILLIAMS.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

SOME years ago, business calling me to London, I took a lodging at Mr. Mason's, a reputable tradesman, near Charing Cross. In this house I occupied the middle apartment, and frequently heard the not unpleasing sound of a light female footstep on the floor above me, and on the stair-case. Good manners forbade my opening my chamber-door, to indulge my curiosity with a sight of my fellow-lodger; but chance soon gratified my wish, by my accidentally coming in at the street-door as she was stepping out. There was something uncommonly interesting in the ap-

pearance of this young person, exclusive of either youth or beauty, though she possessed them both, not being above eighteen years old, and very handsome. It proceeded from a look of diffidence, and an unfashioned air, which denoted her to be unpractised in the arts or habits of the world.

She passed along; and I entered my landlady's parlour, impelled by an earnest desire to know something more of the fair vision which had glided by me. Mrs. Mason readily informed me of all she knew relative to this young woman, whose name, she said, was Williams; that

that she had been recommended to her by a person whom she had formerly known, and who had kept a little school at Horsham, in Sussex; that she had lodged and boarded with her about four months, paying regularly for her entertainment at the end of the week; that she never went out but to church, which she daily frequented, or to take a walk in the Park; that no creature had come to visit her, nor had even a letter been directed to her since she had been under her roof; that she was of a grave, but not a melancholy cast, worked well at her needle, seemed fond of reading, and sometimes sung sweetly in her own chamber, when she thought no one could hear her; that she often declined accompanying her to the publick gardens, nor could ever be prevailed to sit five minutes at a time in the shop; that she sometimes mentioned her having a friend in the country, whom she much wished to see, but did not expect that pleasure soon.

From this account I found it impossible to form any reasonable conjecture with regard to the real situation of the young woman. Her forlorn and friendless state might induce a belief of her being one of those unhappy females who have been seduced from the fostering arms of parental affection, and kept secluded from the world, to gratify the suspicious temper of her betrayer; who, conscious of his design to abandon her, might naturally suspect her fidelity to him. But, in such a case, the absence from her friends would be a source of sorrow; and Miss Williams was not sad: her confinement, too, was voluntary; and her constant attendance on the service of the church, spoke a mind devoid of guilt, or it's attendant shame. If she were privately married, her husband would either write, or come to her, and she would necessarily bewail his absence; and if she was, what she appeared to be, a virtuous single woman, it was almost impossible she should be so totally unconnected with the whole world, as not to have one friend or correspondent in it.

In short, after vainly puzzling myself about this fair mystery, I gave up all hopes of being able to unravel her destiny, and endeavoured to banish her entirely out of my mind; when, one evening, a loud rapping at the door, and the entrance of a person in a sedan-chair, who enquired for Miss Williams, re-

vived my curiosity, as well as that of Mrs. Mason; who flew out of her parlour, and lighted up a gentleman nearly of my own age to her young inmate's apartment: then putting out her own candle, and gently stepping into a closet adjoining to Miss Williams's room, she sat herself down to listen to the conversation.

In about three quarters of an hour, I was surprized and shocked at hearing a sudden noise, like that of a heavy weight tumbling on the floor, which was instantly followed by a loud and piercing shriek, and almost as suddenly echoed by Mrs. Mason from her concealment, which she now quitted, calling out for help for *the dead gentleman*. On this alarm, I flew up stairs, and found the disconsolate Miss Williams kneeling on the ground, with a ghastly aspect, and vainly endeavouring to raise a lifeless body, whose weight seemed too ponderous for her strength. I aided her with all mine; and Mrs. Mason coming to our assistance, we with some difficulty laid the corpse, for such it now was, on the bed.

My servant was instantly dispatched for a surgeon, who arrived in a few minutes. During this interval, the unhappy girl shewed every symptom of the deepest sorrow: she fixed her eyes on the lifeless form that lay before her, and exclaimed—'Oh, he is gone! my father, friend, and benefactor!' At the same time, drops, chafing, sprinkling of water, and every other means, were used to call back the parting spirit which had so lately left it's long-accustomed mansion. But when the surgeon had vainly tried to make the stagnated blood flow from the opened vein, and steadily pronounced that life was fled, distraction seized on the now wretched maid: she tore her hair, beat her breast, and hardly was withheld from doing violence to herself. At length, overcome by the too strong exertion of her passions, she fainted quite away; from whence she was recovered to a state of languid stupefaction, and seemed insensible to all around her. In this melancholy situation she was conveyed into my apartment; where I left her with Mrs. Mason, and returned up stairs to have a consultation with the man of the house and the surgeon, to determine in what manner to proceed on this extraordinary occasion.

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My landlord had already searched the pockets of the deceased, but found neither letter, or address of any kind, that could indicate who he was. In his pocket book there were Bank of England bills to the amount of two hundred pounds, one half of which were indorsed, in a very particular hand-writing, 'Mary Williams.'

We all remained totally at a loss in what manner to proceed; when my landlord, who was extremely anxious for the credit of his house, and of course unwilling that a coroner's inquest should be held there, observed, that his wife must know more of the matter than we, as she had been listening to all the discourse that passed between the deceased and Miss Williams, previous to his death. Mrs. Mason was accordingly summoned from her attendance on the afflicted fair-one, and questioned with regard to what she had discovered in her auditory; but all our enquiries were fruitless: she said Miss Williams only called him 'Sir,' and addressed him with the respectful manners of an affectionate daughter; while he seemed to treat her with the familiar tenderness of a fond and long-absent father.

As my landlady's information did not suggest the smallest rule for our conduct in this present difficult crisis, her husband insisted on her endeavouring to persuade Miss Williams to acquaint her with the name and abode of the deceased, that he might be conveyed home that night, and save them any farther trouble: but, after all her most earnest enquiries, she received no reply from the almost petrified Miss Williams, but—'Alas! I know not.'

I confess I was startled at such an answer, and began to fear her reason was disordered by the shock her sensibility must have received from the sudden death of one whom I considered as her parent or guardian. I therefore advised her being immediately let blood, and suffered to give full vent to her sorrows, without being interrupted or importuned, for the present, by any farther questions. With much difficulty I obtained a promise of profound silence from Mrs. Mason; and, leaving the fair mourner in possession of my apartment, took a bed at the Hummums.

On my return home in the morning, I found the *searchers* had entered Mr. Mason's house; and a very riotous mob

was gathered round it, who threatened to pull it down, if they were not suffered to see the corpse of the man whom they said he had murdered. When I had made through the crowd, I found both Mr. and Mrs. Mason in the utmost distress, not knowing how to act; as Miss Williams, though to all appearance in her perfect senses, persisted still in denying that she had any knowledge of the name, family, profession, or abode, of her deceased friend; saying only, that he had been her benefactor from her earliest years, and that she had no other friend but him.

I then took upon me to persuade her to be so far communicative, with regard to her departed friend, as might relieve the people of the house from the irksomeness of their situation, and to relate by what chance she became acquainted with her benefactor. I framed my address towards the weeping maid with all the softness and gentleness I could possibly assume: she heard me patiently, and even seemed to suppress her sighs, and stop her flowing tears, to listen to my speech; and, when I had ceased speaking, she rose, and with a look of the most perfect innocence, and all the firmness which attends on truth, replied to my question in the following words—

'The deepest trace that remains upon my memory, with regard to my existence, is, that I was placed, when a child, in a very wretched house at Guildford, under the care of a parish-nurse, who treated me most inhumanly. I had one day given some of my breakfast to a little kitten that cried for hunger; which so enraged this brutal woman, that she fell upon and beat me most unmercifully.'

'It happened that, at that moment, my ever dear benefactor, passing by, and hearing my shrieks, humanely stepped in, and rescued me from the hands of my tyrant. He had justice enough to enquire into the cause of her severity; and, on being informed of it, became more interested in my favour. He set me on one of his knees, and placed the kitten on the other; and, when I stroked it, and fobbed out—"Ah, poor pussy!" he caught me in his arms, and seemed delighted with the tenderness of my expression to the innocent cause of my sufferings. He gave the nurse a proper reproof, and bade her take care of the child and
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the cat, and he would call to see them again in a few days.

When he left me, I thought my little heart flew after him; and his idea was never absent from my mind. I could not then be above four years old; and yet, I think, if I had never seen him more, I never should have forgot him. His was the first voice that had ever soothed my infant ear with the soft sounds of fondness. In about ten days he returned, and brought an order to the nurse to deliver me to him, which the most unwillingly obeyed; but positively refused to let me take the half-starved kitten with me, unless he would pay her a guinea for it: he complied with her exorbitant demand; and so rendered two little animals happy.

From this scene of misery I was conveyed to a very decent house at Horsham, and treated with the utmost kindness by the person to whose care I was entrusted. I remained three years in this situation; during which time I saw my benefactor but thrice. At the expiration of that time, I was removed to a school in the same town, kept by two sisters, of the name of Tyrrel; and there I continued till the elder of them died, and the school was broke up. The youngest sister then brought me to this house, and recommended me to the care of Mrs. Mason.

During the ten years I lived with those good women, I received an annual visit from my friend. I found he always paid a year before-hand for me; and left ten guineas in the hands of one of my mistresses, exclusive of my common expences for cloaths and other necessaries, in case I should be sick, or he should fail to come at the usual time, which was generally the end of July, or beginning of August.

For the three last years I spent at Horsham, I was continually resolving that, the next time I saw my friend, I would enquire his name, and how I became entitled to his goodness: but, the moment I beheld him, my resolution vanished. No words can ever describe the respectful tenderness I felt for him; and I should readily have persuaded myself that it was filial love, if I had not for ever recollected the particular circumstances which had first introduced me to his notice. Fatal

timidity! which has left me as totally ignorant of every thing that relates to myself, as I am of my patron's name or family!

The good Mrs. Tyrrel, when she left me in this house, gave me about forty pounds, which she said belonged to me, as it was the surplus of the money that had been left in her hands for my use. She bade me keep up my spirits; and said, when my father, for so she always called him, came to Horsham, she would let him know where she had placed me. The good woman lived but to fulfil her promise; for my departed friend informed me, last night, that she died about a week after he saw her last.

I have now, Sir, related every circumstance with which I am acquainted, relative to my more than father, and my unhappy self. I implore your advice in the present crisis. With regard to his dear remains, let them be treated with that respect I owed him living; and the last farthing I am mistress of shall be expended for the pious purpose. I am, thank Heaven! and my departed friend, who had taken care to provide me with a proper education, well qualified to get my bread by work or service; nor do I feel an anxious thought about my future welfare.

I confess, I was charmed with the spirit of candour and generosity that appeared in Miss Williams's account of herself. A mean mind would never have revealed the lowliness of it's situation; and the frankness with which she acknowledged hers, raised her to the highest pitch in my esteem. While she was speaking, it occurred to me, from the circumstance of the particular season of the year when her friend made his annual visit into the country, that he might possibly be a lawyer, as the months of July and August are the usual times of the assizes; and that it was likely he might be, like myself, an old bachelor, and might probably have chambers in some of our inns of court.

Upon this surmise, I set out directly for the Temple, luckily met with the porter, described the dress and figure of the person who lay dead at Mr. Mason's, and enquired if he knew such a one. The man instantly replied—'It must be my good master, Counsellor Goodall, whose servants were all alarmed at his flying

‘staying out last night, as he has not done such a thing these ten years; and his eldest brother, Squire Goodall, of Suffex, came to town this morning, and is now waiting to see the Counsellor at his chambers.’

I begged of the porter to conduct me thither; and met the gentleman he mentioned, whose appearance confirmed his relation to the deceased. With the best preparation which the time would admit, I informed him of the circumstances of his brother's death, and took occasion to mention his attachment to Miss Williams. We set out together in Mr. Goodall's coach; and, the moment he beheld the corpse, nature proclaimed the consanguinity of brotherhood, for he wept bitterly.

The body was immediately put into a coach, and conveyed to his late home. Mr. Goodall saw Miss Williams, spoke kindly to her, and bid her be of comfort; said, he doubted not the veracity of the story I had told him, was sure his brother had made a proper provision for her in his will, and desired to see her and me together in a few days. In less than a week he sent to desire she would come to his lodgings in Soho Square, and bring a friend with her; on which summons she intreated Mrs. Mason and me to accompany her.

Mr. Goodall received us very politely; but, with an air of real concern, told our young friend, that after the most diligent search through his brother's papers, he had not been able to find a will, nor any memorandum wherein her name was mentioned, except one of a very slight nature, in a pocket-book, which was fourteen years old: he therefore intreated her to recollect, if possible, what kind of connection there had been between his late brother and her; and assured her, that if she could claim any relationship, or even promise of provision from him, he would do more than justice to her plea.

The honest, generous girl, frankly declared she had not the smallest claim to his intended bounty; and, without the least hesitation, or variation, related the same story with which the reader is already acquainted. I saw Mr. Goodall's countenance much moved, during her artless tale; which, when she had finish-

ed, he produced the pocket-book he had mentioned, in which were only these words—‘August 3d, 1759. I have this day taken a female child under my protection, whom I mean to educate and provide for, as she is friendless, and of an amiable disposition. Her name is Mary Williams.’

‘Now, Madam,’ said Mr. Goodall, ‘I am fully convinced you are the person here mentioned, from the particulars of your own story. Your candour in relating it deserves a reward; and my respect for my brother's memory inclines me to fulfil his wish. I will, therefore, to-morrow morning, order my lawyer to draw up a deed of gift, which shall convey to you the sum of one hundred pounds per annum, during your life; and if a match worthy of your merit should be proposed to you, I will then add one thousand pounds to it, on your wedding-day. In the mean time, accept of this sum,’ presenting her with the hundred pounds in bills, which had been found in Counsellor Goodall's pocket, with her name indorsed, ‘as a present from your late benefactor; and may you long enjoy my little gift!’

Mr. Goodall might have gone on much longer, without interruption. Gratitude had overpowered every faculty of the gentle Miss Williams's soul, and left but just strength sufficient to throw herself at his feet, bursting into a flood of tears. Mrs. Mason was struck dumb with astonishment; and considered the good man as a supernatural being. For my part, although ‘unused to the melting mood,’ I found it necessary to apply my handkerchief to my eyes, and remained silent, because I could not speak.

A few weeks since, being unexpectedly favoured with a visit by Mrs. Mason, now a widow, at my country retreat, and enquiring after the future fortunes of Miss Williams, I was at once pleased and astonished to hear that, soon after the above events, her charms had attracted the notice of a young man of fashion, then an officer in the guards; and that she is at present no less a personage than the amiable and every where admired Lady Mary Meritwell.

THE PRUDENT RESOLVE;

OR,

HISTORY OF KITTY CONRIC.

SUPPOSED TO BE RELATED BY HERSELF.

BY THE REVEREND MR. MAVOR.

HOW often does vanity lead the judgment astray, and flattery seduce to imprudence! How frequently do we plume ourselves on false merit, and institute pretensions to distinction for qualities that ought rather to excite the blush of shame than the pride of conscious superiority! In vain do we seek for self-congratulation, where prudence will not justify our deeds; and what avails the rapture of ill judging admiration, the compliment of prostituted sense, the applause of the multitude, or the fame of the publick when the heart revolts at the praise it does not feel to be its due, and is unable to feast on the solace of desert! Conscience forced these reflections; and I have found it's suggestions too valuable to be slighted. Happy shall I be, if my brief history may warn my sex from the precipice I once approached, and direct them to pursuits that reason will sanction, and wisdom approve.

I was the only daughter of a very rich and respectable merchant; and therefore was born to every delight that wealth can confer. My father, having pursued trade with the most sedulous attention from his early years, had but little time, and fewer opportunities, to polish his taste or improve his mind. He possessed that blunt honesty, that independence on fashionable forms, which constitute the pride and glory of the British character; though the bluntness that offends, and the rudeness that disgusts, are as little entitled to commendation as the cringe of servility and the tissue of compliment. My mother had a turn for elegance, and a disposition for expence. She was ambitious of obtaining the credit of taste, and literary taste in particular. The stage was the summit of her joy: the visits of a celebrated actor or actress were esteemed as conferring the highest distinction; and, before I could distinguish between art and nature, I remember to have been terrified at the screams of a tragick queen, and ascribed the grimaces

of a mimic to the paroxysms of madness. Into such company I was early introduced, and was taught to recite passages from Shakespeare before I was capable of reading him. To the theatre I was frequently conducted, and every play I saw rendered me more desirous of seeing another. I had no reason to complain of want of indulgence, and my wish seldom remained long ungratified.

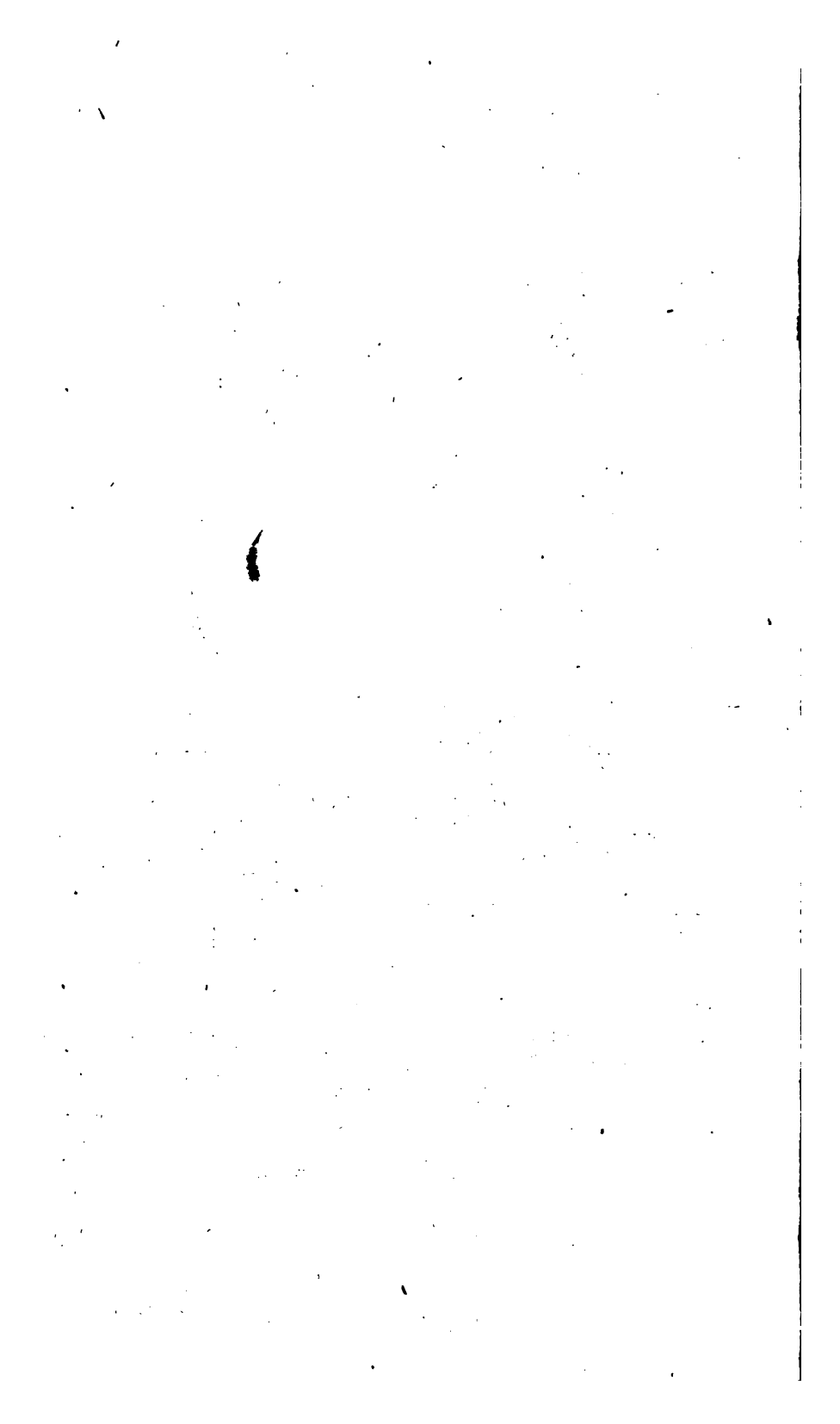
The tender mind easily assimilates itself to the examples before it: I soon caught the rage of imitation, and the flame of emulation; encouragement fanned the passion of my soul, and praise animated me to aim at the excellence I admired. My father, blessed with that plain sense which seldom leads astray, gently expostulated with my mother on the impropriety of my pursuits, and the probable consequence of their continuance: he was silenced by the retort, that he wanted taste to relish such things himself, and therefore condemned them in others; and sometimes I was desired to repeat a favourite speech, in which I could best display my attainments, in order to soothe him into acquiescence, and to conciliate his approbation. The good man was at last ashamed to censure what every visitor at our house so lavishly commended and passionately admired: but still he was not convinced; and I being now arrived at twelve years of age, he prevailed with mamma to send me to a celebrated boarding-school, a few miles from town, to finish my education, but principally with a view of reclaiming my theatrical taste. His intentions were good; but they were rendered ineffectual. My mother recommended an attention to my reading and reciting as the chief object of education; and my father unsuspecting of such a command, had not entered his caveat against it.

When parents forget the real happiness of their children, and give absurd instructions to their tutors, it is scarcely to be expected that the latter will oppose them. For on what principle can it



THE PRUDENT RESOLVE.

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. Feb. 1. 1838.



be done? Duty to the authors of their life, next to that due to the Supreme Being, is the first lesson that should be instilled into the minds of children; in comparison of which the business of a teacher is but a secondary consideration. My governess was not inattentive to the injunctions she had received; I was called on to entertain every visitor at the school; and frequently read lessons to such of my companions as wished to be initiated in the art.

Scarcely had I reached my fifteenth year, when my mother died; and, as I had ever been treated with the tenderest affection, I was deeply afflicted at her loss. For some time, indeed, I was inconsolable; and, notwithstanding my attachment to plays, I had thoughts of renouncing them for ever. But the mind is elastic to regain its tone; and grief makes only an evanescent impression on youth. In the course of a few months, I regained my natural vivacity, and my mind its peculiar bent; and being taken from school, to superintend the affairs of my father's house, at sixteen, I found the associates of my lost parent eager to renew their acquaintance with me, and to fan the flame which had never been extinct in my breast. The mildness of my father's disposition, added to the fondness of his affection for me, prevented him from absolutely denying me the pleasure of such company as I particularly delighted in; though he often tried, by distant hints, to recommend more rational amusements than those of spouting and acting; and more creditable companions than the underlings of the theatres.

I was too much infatuated to listen to such gentle admonition, and too much elated with my own imaginary importance to think I deserved censure. I was flattered by some whom the publick flattered; and their good opinion I valued as the highest panegyrick. In a short time our house was converted into a kind of private theatre, or rather a spouting-club. Heroes and heroines, tragick and comick, were continually exhibiting proofs of their art, or requesting my judgment, which was now allowed to be supreme, on the merit of their performances. I frequently took a part in the most admired scenes; and, without feeling the passion, often personated the ardour of the tenderest love. One comedian, in particular, soon convinced me he wished to be esteemed some-

thing more than an actor: he artfully drew me into the most impassioned dialogues; and spoke his own sentiments through the medium of Dryden, Congreve, and Otway. I own, I felt the flame he wished to communicate; and I soon regarded Mr. Buskin as the most accomplished, the most impressive of all who courted my smiles, or complimented my proficiency. In a short time he made no secret of his passion: I was addressed in all the gallantry that wit had invented, from Shakespeare to Sheridan; and those who could have resisted it, must have entertained a greater aversion for the actor and his art than I could possibly do.

About this time a young merchant was recommended to my notice by my father; and, if pleasing manners in a lovely form could have engaged affection, his addresses would not have been paid in vain: but he was no actor, nor did he even compliment my abilities in that line; he strove only to recommend himself by every manly art, and not to flatter me for what he considered as a foible and a misfortune. Mr. Buskin had therefore a decided, though a secret preference: for my father little suspected that play was turned to earnest, and that the plot was about to be developed. However, he pressed me, with more than common urgency, to favour the pretensions of Mr. Hartley, the gentleman he had fixed on for a son-in-law; and I saw no way left to escape a match which at best was indifferent to me, and to secure an union which I ardently wished, but that of closing with Mr. Buskin's proposal of an elopement, and finishing my theatrical career in the genuine stile of comedy.

The plan was laid: I was dressed in the character of the Comick Muse, in order to take a part, as I pretended, in a favourite play, which was to be performed that evening at our theatre; but, in reality, to disguise myself the better, in case I should be pursued in my elopement, which was to be attempted that very evening with Mr. Buskin.

The day hung heavy on my hands; Mr. Hartley had in vain strove to divert my languor, which he could not fail to remark; and had left me with a look of concern mixed with love. I took a walk into the garden, purposely to chase the lazy-paced hours; and coming up to a pedestal, on which a Mercury was formerly erected, saw a mask, that a short time

time before I knew was lying in the drawing-room, placed on it's top. I was not a little surprized how it could get there; but, judge my astonishment! when I took it up, and saw it lined with the following verses—

With all the charms that win the heart,
Why will my Delia stoop to art,
And veil her sense, and shade her face,
Illum'd with more than mortal grace!
Believe the soul that bears no guile,
The breast that forms no deep-laid wile;
Deceit and danger round you wait—
You totter on the brink of fate!
This emblematick mask will tell,
Who is the dupe—and break the spell;
If only Delia deign to hear
The counsel of a friend sincere.

HARTLEY,

I had already felt a depression of spirits. These lines touched the key of the moment. To be grave, is to reflect; and this was an occasion that required it. I held the mask in my hand; my arm rested on the pedestal. The visions of bliss I had long indulged suddenly disappeared. I shuddered at the reflec-

tion of past folly; I anticipated the danger and disgrace I was about to incur. I immediately resolved—and the resolution was kept sacred—to renounce my predilection for plays and players, and conform myself to the maxims of prudence, and the wishes of my father. Mr. Buskin was informed I should see him no more; and, though my fortune would not permit him to believe me without a few more efforts, he found at last that I had made up my mind on the subject, and that all the eloquence of the stage could not move me. Mr. Hartley now appeared the most amiable man in the world—a more virtuous does not exist. In proportion as I was more and more displeased with my former self, I became more attached to him. In a few months, we were indissolubly united, to the mutual satisfaction of ourselves and families; and I have since had leisure to know, and to acknowledge—

That woman, born to dignify retreat,
In shades to flourish, and unseen be great,
Fearful of fame, unwilling to be known,
Should seek but Heaven's applauses and her own.

THE MAN OF PROBITY.

A TRUE STORY.

IN the month of May, on a moon-light night, about forty years since, as a young gentleman was returning to his chambers in the Temple, he found a basket laid close to his door, in which was curiously enwrapped a lovely infant about ten months old. This gentleman, whose name was Lamb, though he had been what is called wild, and been engaged in many intrigues, had little or no reason to suppose himself a father; yet, as he was of a good disposition, and possessed an ample fortune, he resolved to take some measures to provide for the boy, who was well dressed, and had a note pinned on his breast, containing the following words—

WORTHY SIR,

SLIGHT not this infant! Rather consider him as the gift of Heaven. Cherish him, and God and man will re-

ward you. You will most certainly have reasons, in this case, not to repent your care. Should you adopt a different conduct, you will find cause to reproach yourself for ever.

When Mr. Lamb read this note, and took the infant in his arms, who smiled innocently upon him, unconscious as he was of his situation, he could not help rejoicing that chance had put it into his power to provide for such a beautiful child. He accordingly procured a proper nurse for him in infancy; as he advanced in years, put him to school; and, in order to give him a chance for raising his fortune in business, placed him as an apprentice to a brother of his, who was a wholesale dealer, and was equally capable of instructing him in trade, and using him with care and tenderness.

I pass over the many jokes which were put

put upon Mr. Lamb for his good-nature, and the various opinions formed on his conduct: the general one was, that he knew it was his own child he thus took care of. He, for his part, was above regarding these reflections; and, as I have already said, watched the boy (whom he named George, after himself, adding his own surname also) with a father's care.

George had served almost his whole time, when the niece of his master returned from France, whither she had been sent to perfect her education. The young people scarcely saw each other, before they were smitten with a mutual passion. It was no wonder, as both were handsome and accomplished persons. But, from the moment that George first perceived the flame rising in his breast, he considered that he was a foundling, supported merely by the generosity of a man who had solemnly assured him of his ignorance of his birth, and was now on the point of marriage. When he reflected that this was his situation, and that he was far from having any farther claim on his benefactor, he could not think of encouraging love for a person who would be likely to lose her friends good-will, and be thereby rendered miserable in returning it. On this account, even though the maid had betrayed her mistress's secrets, by informing him of the situation of her heart, he disdained to take any advantage of her partiality in his favour.

A little before George was out of his time, his foster-father and his master had a long conference together: at their parting both seemed astonished, and the latter afterwards appeared more tender of him than ever. Soon after this, the very day his indentures expired, his master died; and, on opening his will, all his money, to the amount of above twenty thousand pounds, was found to be bequeathed to his apprentice, excepting only a thousand pounds to the niece above-mentioned; and the same sum to a nephew, who, every one expected, would have been heir to all his riches.

Surprized as George was at this apparent strange turn of fortune, he was by

no means elated over-much. As he was declared to be the executor, every thing remained entirely in his power; and he resolved to consider justice, rather than interest, in his disposal of it.

But, first of all, he thought it would be equally prudent and dutiful to consult his foster-father. Accordingly he informed Mr. Lamb of what had happened; who asked him, what was his determination in the affair? When he very generously replied, that his intention was to treat the nephew of his master as the rightful heir, and to give up all to his disposal.

Mr. Lamb could hold out no longer; he fell on his neck, and thus addressed him—‘George, you would act nobly, were you what you think. It is my joy and pride to find you possessed of such principles. Know, that your late master is really no other than your father. Your mother, whom he did every thing in his power to support comfortably, would not be satisfied without marriage, to which he never would consent. On this, she and her child totally disappeared: she, going abroad, died on her passage; and you were left as I found you.’

‘I have yet another thing to observe to you. I know not whether you are acquainted with the fact; but your cousin Maria, for such she is, is enamoured of you: you cannot do better than to be united to her. As to your other cousin, he has ever behaved himself ill to his kinsman, and is a worthless man. However, if you chuse to add a moderate annual stipend, I shall not advise you against it. The rest is yours: may you live long and happy in the possession of it!’

George followed his uncle's advice. He easily prevailed on Maria to accept his proffered hand; and settled one hundred pounds a year for life on his kinsman. The worthy Mr. Lamb, at the same time, marrying a lady of fortune, the two families lived as one; and the parties are now alive, and in the fullest enjoyment of health, content, and happiness.

LADY AGNES.

AN OLD ENGLISH ANECDOTE.

THE fame of the Warwicks has descended to posterity; but our annals are often unjust—they record the noble actions of the Earls of that name, but the memory of Lady Agnes is no more. Yet her soul equalled in spirit the soul of her forefathers, and her magnanimity was put to a trial not unworthy of proving theirs. Sole heiress of the house of Warwick, Agnes Neville, at the age of twenty three, had discretion above her years. The Earl her father was engaged in the wars of Richard the Third, while Neville Tower was the place of her retreat from a bloody and hateful court. The domains of Lord Talbot adjoined to her inheritance, and the two old noblemen had long entertained a favourite scheme of uniting them for ever by a marriage with the son of the latter. The heart of fair Agnes declared in his favour; but that of young Talbot, unknown to her, was the slave of Ellinor Dudley, though she somewhat suspected his partiality. Ellinor far surpassed her in beauty, and was the object of universal admiration; but in particular of that of Lord Essex, who had demanded her of her father, but was unable to overcome her dislike, much less to obtain the affections bestowed on Talbot's son. Oppressed by his passion, and distracted by her resistance, he resolved to employ force to acquire a blessing he fondly esteemed necessary to his existence; and therefore dispatched a band devoted to him, with orders to intercept her way, as he knew she was crossing the country, attended by a very slender escort, and convey her to his moated castle in the neighbourhood. A part only of his directions were obeyed; they impeded her progress, but the fleetness of her horse was her protection: it conveyed her to Neville Tower, which was in sight; and then the generous resolution of Lady Agnes engaged for her farther safety, though she was swiftly pursued by Essex's men, who, acquainted with the absence of Lord Warwick, apprehended little resistance from his daughter. Her character they were mistaken in: she conducted her lovely and

terrified rival to the top of the Tower; and, after having commanded her dependents to arm for the defence of the place, enquired with amazement the cause of an aversion that could lead her so obstinately to refuse one of the most accomplished nobles of her time. Ellinor, though no stranger to the engagements of her protectress with Lord Talbot's son, was ungenerous enough to reveal her partiality for him, at the same time that she implored assurances of safety from Essex's men, who now appeared in sight, infinitely superior, from their numbers, to those on whom she rested her hopes of defence. It remained with Lady Agnes only to yield her up, or at least command a faint resistance. Ellinor in the power of Lord Essex could never more be apprehended as the chosen mistress of young Talbot; and, without the least appearance of ungenerosity in the noble Neville, the wishes of her heart might be indulged. Thus she argued for a moment, but true heroism prevailed. Herself appeared on the ramparts, and animated to such a degree her father's warriors, that four only of the pursuers of Ellinor escaped. After this triumph over the invaders and her own heart, she directed a strong guard to conduct the too lovely rival to the castle of her family, where she was soon after secured from the farther forcible attempts of her determined lover, by his death in the last of King Richard's battles. Henry Seventh seated on his throne, the Earl of Warwick returned to his daughter, whose nuptials he wished to have celebrated before he conducted her to court. Lord Talbot's impatience equalled his own; and the young soldier, dreading his father's irritable temper, acquiesced without a murmur. They attended at Neville Tower, and princely offers were made in form. The answer of Lady Agnes was comprized in few words—she positively *refused him*; acquainted her own father with what had passed; but entreated his secrecy, that Lord Talbot's anger might rather be raised against herself than against his son. This resolution to the young man was an unexpected

expected reprieve; but he was still farther to be indebted to the generous-minded heiress of Warwick: through her mediation his marriage was completed with Ellinor, though so far might he have boasted the preference of Lady Agnes, that she never after would listen to any other proposal. Her brave father, while he lived, engaged her undivided attention; and, after his death, his vassals were prevented from long lamenting their loss, by the noble mind and truly British virtues of his steady and magnanimous successor.

Here let it be asked, if on earth there is a situation more capable of happiness than that of a young woman who has prudence for her guide; and who is respected by, and independent of, the world? An heiress with a clear and unentangled fortune; subject only to reason, and the mild passions of her sex:

free of the boisterous tyranny, or judging caprices, of the men, whose slightest passions are a storm. Untrembling at the imperious command of a Lord conscious of his power, which every supple art was put in practice to raise him to; unblushing for the whims of a fop, or a fool; she stands sole mistress of herself, her fortune, and her people: The embarrassments that occur are remediable; for she is free; those introduced by a husband, what woman can foretell the termination of?—Oh! let such be conscious of their enviable state: let them value their inestimable privileges; and suffer even real passion, but much oftener interest or ambition, to plead in vain, though in the most bewitching accents, and from the most fascinating forms, that ever engaged the softness of the female heart!

THE DUPE OF PREJUDICE. AN AUTHENTICK ANECDOTE.

IN the year 1745, Mr. Noddy, a reputable tradesman in the city of London, having a younger brother who was detected in holding some correspondence with the malecontents who were at that time fomenting a rebellion in the north, being taken up by the king's messengers, and examined before the privy-council, received a free discharge, on the condition only of going abroad, for which purpose a small post was assigned him in the West Indies.

Several people of his acquaintance entertained a notion that he was to be more highly rewarded, and that the post he was sent to occupy would be made such to him as could not fail to raise his fortune. But, among all those who adopted this opinion, none was so confident in it as the Mr. Noddy above-mentioned. His brother was not suffered to take leave of him, nor of any of his acquaintance: this circumstance heightened in his ideas the importance of the concern which he supposed the voyage to be entrusted with.

His exiled relation was not watched so closely, but that he found means to send him a note to the following purport—

VOL. II,

DEAR BROTHER,

DOUBTLESS you know, by this time, the result of the deliberations of council with regard to me. I am now going to the West Indies, but to what settlement I know not: that is a secret; but I am assured it will be to my own advantage, as well as for the service of my country. In the mean time, I am treated with the greatest respect. The captain, when he opens his commission in a certain latitude, says he will give me all the information I can desire. Should fortune, which has hitherto sported with me, favour me at last, doubt not but you will be remembered more than in words by your affectionate brother,

T. NODDY.

The mystery now seemed deeper than ever. Mr. Noddy conceived the highest opinion of his brother's success; he saw him already in some place equivalent to that of a governor of one of the West-India islands; and had even laid out what he was to do for him, and the rest of his relations. He dreamed of him every night, and these visions were always such as brought him into some

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agreeable situation. He thought, he talked, of nothing else but his brother: till a friend of his, telling him that it was rather tedious to his company to be always thus discoursing upon one subject, and intimating, besides, that it might bring him into some embarrassment with government, he refrained his speech; but being a man of a very fanciful turn, his ideas, thus checked, turned inward, and his mind was, more than ever, bent on what he forbid his tongue to utter.

Some months after his younger brother's departure, a report prevailed that he died on his passage to Jamaica; but this Mr. Noddy could by no means give credit to; nor would he lose his fancied pile of happiness so easily. A friend of his having invited him to spend a week or two with him at his house in Sussex, a shipwrecked sailor, as he reported himself, no uncommon object in those parts, came thither to ask charity. The very sight of a sailor made Noddy's heart leap for joy: he immediately ran himself to the door, questioned him, and being told he came last from the West Indies, he desired permission of his friend to ask him in. Accordingly the man was desired to walk down into the kitchen; and, after some necessary apparel being brought him, Mr. Noddy took him into a private room, where entering into conversation, the stranger, who appeared to be a person of some understanding, informed him, that he had formerly seen his brother; and that, so far from being dead, he was safely landed at Jamaica, where he had received a considerable sum of money; that he had a commission to go from thence to transact some business on the Spanish main; and would, doubtless, come home loaded with treasure.

The sailor received a handsome present for his trouble; but his intelligence, as he had desired, was kept a secret. Some days after his departure, a man, shabbily dressed, was seen to hover about the house, fixing his eyes constantly upon Mr. Noddy, who was standing, according to his usual custom every afternoon, at the parlour window. At length he pulled off his hat, and made signs of begging alms. Mr. Noddy, upon this, drew up the window, and tossed some halfpence into his hat; when the fellow, with a very significant look, gave him to understand that he was one

of those who could read fortunes. His weak benefactor was not backward in comprehending him: he ran and introduced him; when, being shut up together, the fortune-teller first began by relating several circumstances of his past life, which greatly surprized him. After this, he proceeded to tell him some things relative to his brother, which exactly agreed with the sailor's account. After this, Mr. Noddy could no longer doubt of his veracity; when, finding him open to all he could say, this reader of the stars informed him, that on such a day in the succeeding year, and precisely at such an hour, his brother would return, and present him with the exact sum of twenty-five thousand pounds sterling. He added many other trivial circumstances, but this was what he dwelt upon; and, being gratified well for his trouble, took a direction to Mr. Noddy's house in London, where he himself was to call on that day, and to receive farther marks of his benevolence.

If this deluded man had before rather slighted his business, by which he had got a very genteel subsistence, he now seemed to neglect it entirely. Returning to London, he gave himself up to the pleasures of his romantick imagination; and, within a little time, began to lay down the plan of disposing of the money his brother was to present him. At what he thought a proper time, he left off business, and sold off the stock of his shop. Mr. Freeman, an intimate acquaintance of his, though he could not dive into the meaning of his behaviour—imagining, as he knew his temper, that he was going upon some false ground—caused the goods he sold to be bought by a friend, who had them much under their real value. Mr. Noddy next sold a small estate he had in the country. Here also, unknown to him, his friend interfered in the same manner; but he could not prevent his retiring into Kent, where he purchased a tract of land, and materials for building; setting men to work, and managing the chief part of the business upon credit. In vain did Freeman intreat to know upon what rational grounds he meant to launch into such expences; he only answered, that he knew what he had to do, and would take care in no respect to act improperly. Soon after, he even went so far as to set the very day when his respective

creditors

creditors should receive their money, which was the same day that the fortune-teller had fixed for his brother's return. They came, and were disappointed: he put them off, however, for a time, till conceiving that he had all this time been only busied in meditating a fraud, one of the most impatient of them arrested him; and he had been hurried to a prison, where probably he might have perished, had not Freeman, and another person of his providing, bailed the action. All that remained of his property was then sold, and being divided among the creditors, who were assured by his friend of his having no ill design, they came to a composition without making him a bankrupt. Amongst these effects the estate was delivered up, and one third more in money raised than it had formerly been sold for. As to the stock in trade, Mr. Freeman re-purchased that, and gave it back to his friend; who, after

recovering from a severe fit of illness which his situation had occasioned, recovered also from his delusion, went on again in his business, and, after a course of years, found it in his power to pay every body, and to retire upon a comfortable fortune, though not so splendid as that which he had expected from his brother, who was really dead, (though not upon his passage, as had been reported) soon after his landing at Jamaica.

The sagacious reader will easily conceive that the shipwrecked sailor, and the fortune-teller, were both impostors. Indeed the former was not what he seemed, but an artful fellow, who acted in that character to obtain money on false pretences; and sometimes to make way for the latter, to whom in this case he had communicated all he had gathered from Mr. Noddy, whose weakness he perceived; and thus both in concert acted upon his credulity.

PASTORA AND PALEMON.

A PASTORAL TALE.

THE sun had just begun to peep, and the lark to carol, when Pastora went forth from her cottage—her delightful cottage, surrounded with shrubs blooming, and full of odour. From the cool moisture of the night, the grass had recovered that verdant lustre which it had lost by the scorching heat of the preceding day. The air, pure and wholesome, gave new vigour to the body, and diffused over the soul all the sweets of a delicious calm. But, alas! those sweets were unknown to the bosom of Pastora. Often was the silence of the night interrupted by her sighs, and often was her repose disturbed by anxious dreams. Every morning, up, and abroad, at dawn of light, she went and confided to the wood-nymphs the sorrows of a restless heart. That heart was full of the most lively tenderness for a shepherd, the loveliest of the plain; and Pastora, though the fairest of the shepherdesses, knew not whether Palemon was disposed to return it. What sometimes softened her alarms was, that the affections of Palemon seemed not to be engaged to another.

As musing she traversed the fields, Pastora having reached the margin of a

fountain, which had witnessed the happiness of a thousand lovers, and with which a thousand others had repeatedly mingled their tears, she sat down upon the flowery turf that enamelled its banks, and gave a loose to thought.

'How delightful,' exclaimed she, 'to the bosom of serenity and content, are the beauties of nature, when thus the morning sun gently removes the gloomy veil spread over them by night! Why to my bosom have they no charm? Palemon, it is thou who art the cause, the unconscious cause of it: thou knowest not, thou hast not been able to guess, that Pastora loves thee! Loves thee! alas! how is it possible she should not? Who is there of our shepherds more mild, more beneficent, more intelligent, more virtuous? Never, oh! never, Palemon, will I forget the day in which thou rescuedst from indigence, and from despair, the aged, the venerable, the forlorn, Ernesto. Deprived suddenly, deprived by cruel fortune of his all, thou didst not remember that he had been thy father's enemy, but shared with him thy little stock, and restored him to happiness, to life.' Since that day, I have

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loved thee, and since that day, the sun has passed the half of it's annual circle; stern winter has succeeded to the season of Pomona, and even the smiles of spring are no more. Palemon is a stranger to love; for surely, if he loved, who but she who adores him ought to have a claim to his heart? A stranger to love! Can Palemon be that stranger, with a heart fraught with sensibility? Ah! Palemon, Palemon! with sorrow shall I expire, ere thou wilt discover a secret which I dare not reveal to thee?

Thus bewailed the disconsolate Pastora, while the indiscreet echo repeated her moans, and wafted them afar. Palemon overheard a part of them; and, from the sound of his own name, he almost guessed the rest; but, fearful lest he should have been mistaken, he waits till he shall receive more certain proofs of his felicity. The shepherds, in the mean while, long as she had been denied the sweets of repose, closed her eyes; and, when she least expected it, gradually sunk into the arms of sleep.

By the indulgence, doubtless, of a beneficent Divinity, her imagination is engrossed with an agreeable dream. She beholds Palemon at her feet; he declares he adores her; he repeats it a thousand and a thousand times. Pastora in the instant awakes—with a sigh awakes—and, alas! her happiness is but a phan-

tom. Around and around she wanders about with her eyes, as if still in search of Palemon. Over her head she perceives a garland of flowers tied to the tree which shadowed her from the sun. She turns her eyes from it with disdain, imagining it to be the unwelcome homage of some other shepherd than Palemon; but again is her attention attracted by certain characters newly engraved underneath the garland. She starts up; advances to the tree; and, from the cyphers of her beloved shepherd's name, interwoven with her own, she learns, with rapture learns, that Palemon returns her passion. In her extasy she seizes the garland. She longs, yet is ashamed to deck herself with it. At length, however, her fears give way to her wishes, and she assumes the garland.

Palemon no longer doubts his enjoyment of a happiness for which till now he had not even dared to hope. From his concealment behind a thicket of honey-suckle, where he had remained in expectation of Pastora's awaking, he rushes forth, and throws himself on his knees before the shepherds, who soon beheld her dream realized. Palemon with ease obtained forgiveness for his past silence; both returned homeward with a serenity, a satisfaction, they had never experienced before; and, in a few days, they were happily united at the Hymeneal altar.

THE

GENUINE MEMOIRS

OF AN

UNFORTUNATE TYE-WIG.

BY MR. CHRISTOPHER SMART.

HAVING some business to transact in the city, with my good friend, the bookseller, I was the other day, tempted by a fine morning to quit my house in St. James's Place, without my chariot, and fairly tramp it for the benefit of my health. But, before I had reached one third part of my way, I was overtaken by a shower, which obliged me to take shelter in a covered alley; where I saw a boy wiping a gentleman's shoes with a Tye-Wig, in order to prepare them for the operations of his mas-

ter's brush. On this sight, I could not help contemplating what a multitude and variety of circumstances this same wig might have passed through! And now, was I to follow the example of the writers of the last century, I should walk home peaceably, go to bed, sleep soundly, and in the morning write a vision on the occasion. But, as it happens that I have a superlative contempt for those old canting visionaries, I shall fairly and squarely, without apology, preface, or preamble, give my reader

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the Memoirs of this Tye-Wig; which he very civilly, and without solicitation, delivered to me in the following form of words.

"You see before you one of the most unfortunate pieces of hair that ever possessed the capitol of the human microcosm." Here I could not help interrupting his Tye-ship, and desired him to proceed in a more intelligible, and less pedantick manner, which he thus did accordingly. "You would have excused my stile, had you known my education; but, for your more immediate satisfaction, I shall proceed with all the simplicity imaginable. At my first setting out in the world I was the property of a young physician, who may with the strictest propriety be said to have *taken* his degree, because it was given him by no university in the world: from the gravity which I lent him he got some repute; and being withal a very handsome fellow, he was often consulted by ladies of distinction. However, the little credit he had with his barber often threw me into very great and dangerous disorders; and had not my master been happily executed for poisoning an old citizen, who stood in the way of a young blood, my memoirs might have ended here. I was sold by my master's executioner to an eminent second-hand hair-merchant in Middle Row, Holborn, where I spent the long vacation in great tranquillity; but, at the beginning of the term, I was purchased by a young Irish Templar, and called to the bar along with him. Had nature furnished the inside of my master's head, as well as art, by my means, did the outside, he by this time might have been a judge. But, alas! having nothing but me and impudence on his side, he was hissed out of the court, laughed out of the coffee-house, and finally kicked out of the kingdom. As for me, I was left, with other effects, in the hands of an eminent pawnbroker in Westminster, from whom I was redeemed by an underling player, who sold me to the wardrobe-keeper of one of the theatres. I may say, without vanity, that I have acted the principal parts, both in tragedy and comedy, to the satisfaction of the publick; and have often, with the assistance of skilful barbers, gained an applause, in which the actor that wore me had no share; and from which I have sufficient reason to be convinced, that a certain quantity of hair, duly bedizen-

ed with perfumed powder and oil of sweet almonds, will do more on the stage than gracefulness of action, propriety of pronunciation, or any other theatrical virtue whatsoever. You may judge how long, and how successfully, I served the patentee, when I assure you I was fifteen times new-mounted while I continued in his majesty's service. At length one Garrick came in power, the pupil of Art, the son of Nature, and the cousin-german of Shakespeare and the Passions. Coats and wigs, which heretofore were primary qualities in acting, were now reduced to a secondary state. The theatre, rescued from jargon, rant, and senseless shew, now became the temple of manly and rational mirth, and the vehicle of good sense and morality. On this fatal revolution, I prudently abdicated, and was again sold to the merchant of Middle Row. My next scene of life was a military one, for I was purchased by an officer in the Welch fusiliers, with whom I experienced all the hardships of wind and weather, and served in the double capacity of caxon and night-cap. I went through a most surprizing diversity of accidents; and there was hardly an object in nature that did not occur to me, except a block, a powder-puff, and a comb: at length, in the fatal action of Fontenoy, I lost part of my fore-top and one of my tails; upon which my master presented me to an old serjeant, with whom I shortly afterwards went fellow-pensioner to Chelsea Hospital. Here I remained about two months: at length the serjeant happening to be drinking a pot of porter at the World's End, a person of a very singular character came in; and, after tipping pretty freely, swopt with my master for a brown bob and eighteen pence. My present possessor was a constant attendant at the Temple Exchange Coffee-house, and his profession was of a nature very extraordinary. His business was to assist the news-writers in the vacation, and other times, when there was a dearth of events: he would make you a plague at Constantinople at a minute's warning; and, for the consideration of half a crown, would dethrone the Grand Signior, or kill you a hundred thousand Tartars. He was, perhaps, the only man that knew the private conversations of all the foreign ministers at the Hague; and would publish you a letter in the Daily Advertiser, in which

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he would unlock the cabinets of all the crowned heads in Christendom. But one night, chancing to speak disrespectfully of the Grand Monarque, a French dancing-master took him by the nose, and threw me into the fire. From this lamentable catastrophe, you may easily account for my present appearance. My master never thought it worth his while to attempt my rescue; and, had I not offended the company with a disagreeable stink, I should have inevitably perished in the flames. I was kicked about the coffee-house, and trod upon by people of all ranks and degrees for upwards of a week; when a country farmer, a great economist, one of whose maxims it was, that every thing had it's use, took me up by half of my only remaining tail, and put me into his pocket.

As soon as I arrived in the country, I was stationed on a mop-stick, to fright the crows from a pea-field, in which office I served for about a fortnight; but a beggar-man coming by one day, who had discretion enough to think half a loaf was better than no bread, and any thing of a wig better than a bald pate, took me from my grand post, and placed me upon his own idea-pot; which, you are to understand, is a philosophical name for the head. This is the worthy gentleman, whom you now see condescending to amuse himself with cleaning the shoes of persons of quality, and who now employs me in the servile occupation of being the harbinger of the blacking-ball, and gentleman-usher to a brush."

THE STORY OF JANE GILBERT.

A SUPPOSED WITCH.

BY THE SAME.

THERE was in the west of England, where I lived several years, a poor industrious woman, who laboured under the evil report of being an old witch. Every hog that died with the murrain, every cow that slipt her calf, she was accountable for. If a horse had the staggers, she was supposed to be in his head; and whenever the wind blew a little harder than ordinary, Goody Gilbert was said to be playing her tricks, and riding on a broomstick in the air.

These, and a thousand other phantasies, too ridiculous to recite, possessed the pates of the common people. Horse-shoes were nailed with the heels upwards, and many tricks were made use of, to entrap and mortify the poor creature. Such, indeed, was their rage against her, that they even petitioned Mr. Williams, the parson of the parish, not to let her come to church; and, at last, even insisted upon it. This, however, he overruled, and allowed the poor old woman a nook in one of the aisles to herself, where she muttered over her prayers in the best manner she could.

The parish, thus disconcerted and enraged, withdrew the small pittance they allowed for her support; and would have reduced her to the necessity of starving, had she not been still assisted by the benevolent Mr. Williams. He often sent her bread and meat; frequently procured her spinning-work from the next market town; and was so provoked at their behaviour to the poor old creature, that he once applied to a neighbouring justice of the peace in her behalf; but, as there happened a storm the night before, which stripped part of the thatch off his worship's stable, that wise haberdasher of the law refused her relief.

I was one afternoon drinking tea with Mr. and Mrs. Williams, when a message being brought that poor Jane Gilbert was extremely ill, we all three went to see her. As she was sick, I expected to have found her in bed; and we opened the door softly, not to disturb her; but, when we came into her little hovel, poor Jane was spinning by a small peat fire, which I could have covered with my hand.

As the poor old soul was deaf, she did

not hear us open the door, and I had an opportunity of taking a full survey of her before she perceived us. A picture of such wretchedness I never saw before or since. Her body was half naked, inasmuch that her withered shoulders and part of her breasts appeared through her tattered gown. Her head was bound round with an old blue stocking, that exposed her bald crown and her ears to view. Her hose were composed of two haybands, tied round her legs with pack-thread. She sat in an old elbow-chair; and, by fits, dozed, and then again turned her wheel, to the motion of which her under-jaw kept exact time.

When Mr. Williams called to her, she raised herself up; and, by the support of the chair, made us a curtsy.

The manner of our coming in had a little confused her, but she soon recovered herself, and, by our desire, sat down. Mr. Williams then enquired into the state of her disorder; and she told him, that she believed her illness was occasioned by her eating that food, pointing to an earthen pan that stood before us, in which were mixed a little barley-meal, salt, and water; and adding, that she had not had any bread or meat for seven days. At this he was surprized, and asked what was become of the victuals he sent her the beginning of that week? She thanked him for it; and replied, that two fellows in the neighbourhood, whose names she mentioned, had taken it from her, and that one of them had struck her several blows. Mr. Williams seemed angry that he did not inform him of it: but she desired he would not be displeased; and said, she was loth to be too troublesome.

Mrs. Williams, who is a mighty good woman, was greatly affected with this circumstance, and shed tears; which were, indeed, accompanied with my own. She then warmed a little sack-why she had brought in her pocket, and gave it the poor creature to drink. This Jane swallowed eagerly, and was so chearful after it, that she talked to us above two hours, entertained us with her whole story, and the history of her time, which was frequently interrupted with the warmest expressions of gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Williams.

When I expressed my surprize at her memory and good sense, she told me that she was once a young gentlewoman's

waiting-maid, with whom she had a good education; and could, even now, read and write very well, but that the neighbours would not suffer her to have a pen and ink, and had stolen her bible and spectacles.

Just as we were coming away, I put two half-crowns in her hand, which she returned me again, and begged I would oblige her with some halfpence in their stead—'for the people,' says she, 'in the neighbourhood, are possessed with a notion, that I can turn lead into silver and gold; but that, by and by, it will become lead again; and therefore none of the shops will change my money.'

When we parted with the old woman, she cried; and whispered to Mr. Williams to come again, and give her the sacrament, for that she did not think she should live long.

I could recite many other circumstances in Jane, or (as they by way of reproach called her) Joan Gilbert's behaviour, which I think proved that she was not a witch, but a pious and good christian, unless witchcraft can be supposed to consist of true wisdom, morality, and religion. But I now hasten to the sequel of my story, in which you will find that the source from whence witchcraft is reputed to spring, is *poverty, age, and ignorance*; and that it is impossible for a woman to pass for a witch, unless she is *very poor, aged, and lives in a neighbourhood where the people are void of common sense*.

Some time after we had this interview with Jane Gilbert, a brother of her's died in London; who, though like a truly adopted son of Care, he would not part with a farthing while he lived, at his death was obliged to leave her five thousand pounds; money that he could not carry in the coffin with him. This altered the face of Jane's affairs prodigiously: she was no longer Jane, alias Joan Gilbert, the ugly old witch, but Madam Gilbert; her old ragged garb was exchanged for one that was new and genteel; her greatest enemies made their court to her; even the justice himself came to wish her joy; and, though several hogs and horses died, and the wind frequently blew after that, Madam Gilbert was never supposed to have any hand in it: and from hence it is plain, as I observed before, that a woman must be

be *very poor, very old*, and live in a neighbourhood where the people are *very stupid*, before she can possibly pass for a witch.

It was a saying of Mr. Williams, who would sometimes be jocose, and had the art of making even satire agreeable, that if ever Jane deserved the character of a witch, it was after this money was left her; for that, with her five thousand pounds, she did more acts of charity and friendly offices than all the people of fortune within fifty miles of the place. Many thousands of my readers know this to be true; but as some may be ignorant of it, I must inform them, that she gave bibles and common-prayer books to all the people in the neighbourhood, and she paid for the schooling of forty boys and girls. She boiled a large copper twice a week, and made broth and dumplings for all her neighbours who were old or sick: she lent five hundred pounds, in small sums, to poor tradesmen and farmers, without interest, for ever; and ap-

pointed trustees to take the best security they could, so that the principal might not be lost; and to remove the sums occasionally from one family to another, when the one could spare it, and the other wanted assistance. She settled twenty-five pounds per annum on the minister of the parish, to visit and pray by them, and teach the children their catechism; and to each child that came to church to repeat the catechism, she ordered a plumb-cake every Sunday.

Among her donations, she did not forget her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, but gave their son and daughter five hundred pounds a-piece in her lifetime. As to her own part, she allowed herself but eighteen pounds a year to live on; and that, at her death, she bequeathed to an old woman who attended her.

And this is a woman they were about to destroy for witchcraft and sorcery! But the people are now ashamed of their behaviour, and therefore I have concealed the name of the place.

THE

REWARD OF HONESTY.

A CHINESE TALE.

A Family in moderate circumstances dwelt at Voufi, a town dependent on the city of Tchantcheou, in the province of Kiangnan. Three brothers composed this family; the eldest was Liu the Diamond, the next Liu the Treasurer, and the third Liu the Pearl. The latter was not yet old enough for marriage, and the other two were already married. The wife of the first was called Ouang; and that of the younger, Yang; and they had both all those charms that render women agreeable.

Liu the Treasurer had a strong passion for gaming and drinking, and discovered little inclination to any thing that was good: his wife was of the same character, and had little regard for virtue; differing in this from Ouang her sister-in-law, who was an example of modesty and regularity. Thus, though these two women continued seemingly a good understanding between each other, their hearts were but weakly united.

Ouang had a son surnamed Hieul;

that is, The Son of Rejoicing. This child was but six years old, when one day stopping in the street with other children of the neighbourhood, to behold a solemn procession, he was lost in the crowd, and did not return home in the evening.

The loss rendered his parents inconsolable, who put up advertisements in all places, and enquired after him in every street; but all to no purpose, for they could hear no news of their dear son. Liu his father was overwhelmed with sorrow; and, in the midst of his melancholly, he determined to forsake his house, where every thing called to mind the memory of his dear Hieul. He borrowed of one of his friends a small sum, to carry on a little traffick in the neighbourhood of the city; flattering himself, that, in those short and frequent excursions, he should at length find the treasure he had lost.

As his mind was wholly taken up with this son, he was little affected with the

the advantages he gained from trade; however, he carried it on for the space of five years, without going a great distance from his own house, whither he returned every year to pass the autumnal season. In short, not finding his son after so many years, and believing him lost without redemption, and perceiving likewise that his wife Ouang was likely to have no more children, he determined to withdraw himself entirely from so much uneasiness; and, as he had increased his stock, his design was to go and trade in another province.

On the road he met with a rich merchant, who perceiving his talents and skill in trade, made him an advantageous offer; and the desire of growing rich induced him to forget his trouble.

Hardly were they arrived in the province of Changsi, but every thing succeeded to their wishes: they had a quick sale for their merchandizes, and the profit was considerable. The payment, which was deferred on account of two years famine that afflicted the country, and a tedious distemper wherewith Liu was seized, kept him three years in that province. After he had recovered his health, and his money, he set out in order to return to his own country.

Happening to stop on the road, near a town called Tchinnlieou, to recover from his fatigues, he perceived a girdle of blue cloth in the shape of a long narrow bag, such as is worn under a gown, and used to carry money in: going to take it, he found it of a considerable weight; and, drawing on one side, he opened the bag, and found about two hundred taels. At sight of this treasure he made the following reflections.

'It is my good fortune that has put this sum into my hands, and I may keep it if I please, and make use of it without dread of any bad consequences; however, he who has lost it, as soon as it comes to his knowledge, will be in a dreadful agony, and return to seek it as soon as possible. It has been said, that our ancestors, when they have found money in this manner, have taken it for no other end but to restore it to the owner. This seems to me just and equitable, and worthy of imitation, especially considering that I am grown old, and have no heir to succeed me: I have no occasion to retain money which I cannot strictly call my own.'

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At the same instant he went and placed himself near the spot where he had found the bag, and waited there the whole day without any person's coming to claim it, and the next day he continued his journey.

After six days travelling, he arrived in the evening at Nansoutcheou, and took up his lodging in an inn, where several other merchants were arrived before him. Their discourse falling upon the accidents of trade, one of the company said—'Five days ago, when I left Tchinnlieou, I lost two hundred taels, which I had in my undermost girdle: I had taken off this girdle and placed it near me while I took a little rest; when suddenly a Mandarin, with all his train, passing by, I got out of the way for fear of an insult, and forgot to take up my money; and it was not till I went to undress myself at night, that I perceived my loss. I was fully convinced that it would be to no purpose to return back, since the place where I slept was much frequented, and therefore it was not worth while to retard my journey in search of what I was sure not to find.'

Every one pitied his hard lot, and Liu immediately demanded his name and place of abode. 'Your servant,' replied the merchant, 'is called Tchinn, and lives at Yangtcheou, where he has a shop and a pretty large stock. But pray may I ask, in my turn, to whom I have the honour of speaking?' Liu told him his name, and said that he was an inhabitant of the city of Vonsi. 'My direct way thither,' added he, 'is through Yangtcheou, and if you please I will do myself the pleasure of accompanying you to your own house.'

Tchin replied, with a great deal of politeness—'With all my heart; if you please, we will go together, and I think myself happy to meet with such good company.' Early the next morning they set out together; and, as the distance was not great, they soon came to Yangtcheou.

After the usual civilities, Tchin invited his fellow-traveller into the house, and served up a small collation: then Liu began to talk of the money lost at Tchinnlieou. 'Of what colour,' said he, 'was the girdle wherein your money was contained, and how was it made?' 'It was of blue cloth,' replied Tchin; 'and that which distinguished it from

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'all others, was the character of Tchin at one of the ends, which is my name, and is worked in with white silk.'

This description leaving no farther doubt, Liu said, with a cheerful air—'If I have asked you so many questions, it is because I have found such a girdle as you describe,' and drew it out at the same time. 'See,' said he, 'if this belongs to you.'—'It is the very same,' said Tchin; upon which Liu presented it to its true owner.

Tchin, full of gratitude, pressed him greatly to accept of half of the sum, but to no purpose, for Liu would take nothing. 'How great is my obligation!' resumed Tchin: 'Where may be found such great honesty and generosity as yours?' He then ordered a handsome treat, and they invited each other to drink, with great demonstrations of friendship.

Tchin said within himself—'Where shall I find, in these days, a man of equal probity with Liu? People of his character are very rare. But why should I receive so great a benefit from him, and not think of an acknowledgment? I have a daughter about twelve years old, and am desirous of an alliance with so good a man: but has he ever a son? that is what I am ignorant of. Dear friend,' said he to him, 'of what age may your son be?' At this question tears fell from Liu's eyes. 'Alas!' replied he, 'I had but one son: he was infinitely dear to me; and, seven years ago, walking out to see a procession, he disappeared, and I could learn no news of him ever since; and, to add to my unhappiness, my wife has had no more children.'

At this relation Tchin seemed very thoughtful for a moment: then resuming his discourse—'My brother and benefactor,' said he, 'how old was your dear child when you lost him?'—'He was six years old,' replied Liu. 'What was his surname,' added Tchin, 'and how was he made?'—'We called him Hieul,' replied Liu: 'he had the small-pox, but it had left no marks on his face; his complexion was fair and florid.'

This account gave great joy to Tchin, and he could not help shewing it in his eyes and countenance. He immediately called one of his domesticks, to whom he whispered something in his ear. The servant made a sign that he would obey

his master's orders, and went into the inward part of the house.

Liu, attentive to these various questions, and the cheerfulness that appeared in the countenance of his host, was taken up with a great many doubts; when he saw enter a young domestick about thirteen years old: he was clad in a long gown and handsome surcoat; he was well-shaped; his features were regular, his air was modest, and his carriage agreeable; he had fine black eyebrows, and eyes lovely and piercing, which immediately struck the eyes and heart of Liu.

When the young boy saw a stranger sitting at the table, he turned towards him, making a low bow; and then going near Tchin, stood in a modest manner over-against him. 'My father,' said he, in a sweet and agreeable voice, 'you have called Hieul; what is your pleasure with him?'—'I will tell you by and by,' replied Tchin; 'therefore stand near me, and wait a little.'

The name of Hieul, which was given to the boy, still increased the suspicions of Liu: a secret impression seized his heart; and, by a wonderful sympathy of nature, recalled to his mind the image of his son, his shape, his visage, his air, and his manners; he saw them all in the person he beheld; and there was nothing but the name of Father, which he gave to Tchin, that put him to a stand: he thought it uncivil to ask Tchin whether it was in reality his son, because it might happen that two children might have the same name, and resemble each other.

Liu was so taken up with these reflections, that he thought very little of the entertainments: the strange perplexity he was in might be seen in his countenance; and something unaccountable made him keep his eyes so steadfastly on the young boy, that he could look at nothing else. Hieul, on the other hand, notwithstanding the fearfulness and modesty of his age, looked steadfastly upon Liu; and it seemed as if nature had discovered, at that instant, that he was his father.

In short, Liu could no longer suppress the agitations of his heart; and, breaking silence all on a sudden, asked Tchin if he was in reality his son? 'It was not from me,' replied Tchin, 'that he received life, though I look upon him as my own son. Seven years ago, a man passed through this city, leading this boy in his hand; and, by chance, addressed

“addressed himself to me, and prayed me to assist him in his extreme necessity. “My wife,” said he, “is dead, and has only left me this child. “The bad state of my affairs has obliged me to leave my country for a time, and retire to Hoaining, among my relations, from whom I expect a sum of money, that I may settle myself again. I have not wherewithal to bear the charges of my journey; will you therefore be so charitable as to advance me three taels? I will restore them faithfully when I return; and, as a pledge of my honesty, I will commit to your keeping what I hold most dear in the world, that is, my only son. I shall no sooner arrive at Hoaining, but I will return and fetch this dear child.”

“This confidence affected me much; I put into his hand the sum required; and, when he left me, he shed tears, testifying that he left his son with great regret: though what surprised me was, that the child seemed unconcerned at the separation. Not finding the pretended father return, I had suspicions that I wanted to have cleared up. I called the child; and, from the different questions which I asked him, I found that he was born in the city of Vouss; that one day being, from home to see a procession pass by, and going a little too far, he was deceived, and carried off by a person unknown. He told me also the name of his father and mother, and I soon perceived that the child had been stolen by a villain; for which reason I treated him with compassion, and his behaviour to me gained my heart. I have often intended to make a journey on purpose to Vouss, to gain information of his family, but still I have been prevented by some accident or other. It happened very fortunately that, a few minutes ago, when you were speaking of your son, some of your words recalled past transactions fresh to my memory; upon which I sent for the boy, to see if you knew him.”

At these words, the tears trickled down the face of Hieul in great abundance, through excess of joy; at the sight of which Liu wept also. “A particular mark,” said he, “will make this matter still more plain: a little above his knee there is a black spot, which was the effect of his mother’s longing when with child of him.” Hieul, on this, shewed the mark; which Liu seeing, took him up in his arms, and embraced him. “My son,” said he, “my dear son! by what good fortune have I found thee again, after so long an absence!”

In these happy moments, it is easy to conceive what transports of joy were felt both by the father and son. After a thousand tender embraces, Liu, forcing himself from the arms of his son, threw himself at the feet of Tchin. “How much am I obliged to you,” said he, “for taking into your house, and bringing up with so much tenderness, this dear part of myself! Without you, we might never have been re-united.”

“My amiable benefactor,” replied Tchin, lifting him up, “it is this generous act of virtue, in restoring the two hundred taels, which has moved the compassion of Heaven—it is Heaven itself that has conducted you hither, where you have recovered what you had lost, and vainly sought so many years. Now I know that this lovely boy belongs to you, I am sorry that I did not use him with greater friendship.”—“Prostrate yourself, my son,” said Liu, “and shew your gratitude to your benefactor.”

Tchin put himself in a posture to return the compliments that were made; but Liu, in confusion at this excess of civility, immediately approached him, and prevented his purpose. These ceremonies being ended, they set him down again, and Tchin placed young Hieul on a seat near his father; all happy and pleased, and convinced that virtuous and generous actions will ever meet with the reward they so justly deserve.

THE
STORY OF LITTLE ANDREW.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. BERQUIN.

A Poor labourer, named Bennet, had six young children, whom he found great difficulty in maintaining; but whom he had nevertheless supported by his industry, till there came so bad a season, that the price of corn was raised, and bread was sold dearer than ever. The good man worked day and night; yet, in spite of his utmost diligence, he could not earn money enough to buy even the worst and cheapest food for so many poor hungry children. He was soon therefore reduced to the utmost misery. One day he called about him all his family; and, with tears in his eyes, said to them—'My sweet little ones, every thing is growing so dear, that with all my working I cannot get enough for your subsistence: this morsel of bread, that I now shew you, costs me all the money that I can earn in the whole day. You must content yourselves, therefore, to share with me the little I am able to get: and though it will not be enough to satisfy you, it will serve to prevent your dying quite starved.' The poor man could say no more; he raised up his eyes to Heaven, and sobbed bitterly. His children all cried too; and every one said to himself—'O good God! come to our help, poor little miserable things that we are! help too our poor father, and leave us not to die for hunger!'

Bennet then divided his loaf into seven equal parts; he kept a share for himself, and gave the rest among his children. One of them, however, whose name was Andrew, refused his portion, saying, 'I am ill, father, and I can take nothing; so pray eat my share yourself, or else part it among the others.'—'My poor dear child, what is it ails you?' cried Bennet, taking him in his arms. 'I am ill,' answered Andrew, 'very ill, father; I will go and lie down.' Bennet immediately carried him to bed; and early the next morning, in the greatest distress, he went to a physician, and conjured him to have the charity to come

and see his sick son, and direct what should be done for him.

The physician, who was a very humane man, consented to accompany Bennet home, though certain he should never be paid for his visit. He went to little Andrew's bed-side, took his hand, and felt his pulse; but could discover no symptom of any disorder. He found him, however, extremely weak, and said he would give orders for some medicine that would strengthen him. 'No, don't order me any thing, Sir,' cried Andrew, 'for I must not take it, be it what it will.'

THE PHYSICIAN.

'You must not take it! And pray why not?'

ANDREW.

'Don't ask me, Sir, for I cannot tell you the reason.'

THE PHYSICIAN.

'And who should hinder you, child? You seem to me a very obstinate little boy.'

ANDREW.

'No, indeed, Sir, it is not out of obstinacy, if you'll believe; but only I can't tell you why.'

THE PHYSICIAN.

'Well, just as you please; I shall not force you; but I shall ask your father; and he, I presume, will speak to be better understood.'

ANDREW.

'O no, pray, Sir! don't let my father hear any thing about it.'

THE PHYSICIAN.

'You are a most perverse and incomprehensible boy; and I shall most undoubtedly apply to your father, if you will not explain yourself.'

ANDREW.

'Oh! no, no, Sir! for God's sake don't do that! I would rather tell you every thing! But first, pray send my brothers and sisters out of the room.'

The physician then bid all the children go; and then little Andrew said—'Oh, Sir! in these hard times, my fa-

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THE PATH OF PREFERMENT.

Published as the Act directs by Harrison & Co May 1. 1788.

‘ther can but juſt get enough to buy a coarſe brown loaf; and he ſhares it among us all; and every one can have but a little morſel; and for all that he hardly keeps any for himſelf. But it makes me very ſorrowful to ſee my poor little brothers, and my poor little ſiſters, all ſo hungry. And I am the eldeſt, and I am ſtronger than they are; ſo I had rather go without myſelf, than eat any of it from them. And this is the reaſon I made believe I was ill: but pray, Sir, don’t tell my father, for it will only fret him.’

The phyſician, wiping his eyes, ſaid, ‘But you too, my good boy, are you not hungry yourſelf?’

ANDREW.

‘O yes, indeed, I am very hungry too, only that does not vex me ſo badly as ſeeing them ſo.’

THE PHYSICIAN.

‘But you muſt ſoon die yourſelf, if you will take no nourishment.’

ANDREW.

‘I know it very well, Sir; but I ſhall die with a very good heart; for my father will have one mouth leſs to fill: and when I go to God Almighty, I ſhall beg him very hard to give my poor little brothers and ſiſters ſomething to eat.’

The worthy phyſician felt the utmoſt tendereſs and admiration as he liſtened to the ſentiments of this generous child. He took him in his arms, preſſed him to his boſom, and ſaid to him—‘No, my excellent little lad, thou ſhalt not die; God, the Father of us all, will take care of thee, and of all thy family. Give thanks to him, that he has ſent me to your aſſiſtance: I ſhall return to you preſently.’

He then haſtened to his own houſe,

and loading one of his ſervants with all ſorts of proviſions, he bid him attend him back to Andrew and his half-starved little brothers and ſiſters. He made them all ſit down at a table, and deſired them to eat till every one was fully ſatiſfied. It was a ſcene of true delight to this good phyſician, to witneſs the happineſs of theſe innocent creatures; and when he went away, he charged Andrew to ſuffer no farther uneaſineſs, promiſing to ſupply them himſelf with all neceſſaries.

He faithfully kept his word, ſending them every day food in great plenty: and many other good and charitable perſons, to whom he told this adventure, imitated his benevolence. Some gave them proviſions, others money, others linen and cloaths; ſo that, in a very ſhort time, they had even more of every thing than they required.

No ſooner was Benner’s landlord, who was a nobleman of extenſive fortune and intereſt, informed of what the courageous little Andrew had ſuffered for the ſake of his father, and his brothers and ſiſters, than, ſtruck with admiration at ſuch generoſity and fortitude, he ſent for the poor man, and ſaid to him—‘You have a moſt wonderful ſon; and I will myſelf, alſo, be a father to him. I will ſettle you upon my own eſtate; and the reſt of your children ſhall be educated to whatever trade they themſelves chuſe, and at my expence: and if they improve as they ought, I will take care to have them all provided for.’

Benner returned home almoſt wild with joy; and, throwing himſelf upon his knees, gave thanks to Heaven, for having bleſſed him with ſo excellent a child.

THE

PATH OF PREFERMENT;

OR,

MILITARY MERIT REWARDED.

A GERMAN ANECDOTE.

DURING a long and bloody war, in which two *poliſhed* nations daily ſacrificed Humanity at the ſhrine of Conqueſt, Count Barnald had generously devoted his courage, talents, and for-

tune, to the ſervice of his country. He was the only general who had been able, at once, to command both fear and reſpect. Though the enemy were compelled to fly before his victorious arms, and

and to admit the superiority of his talents and the greatness of his mind, yet could they not refuse him their esteem; for that countenance which, amidst the din of battle, spoke terror and dismay to the opposing foe, after victory was secure, softened into the utmost mildness of benevolent mercy to the vanquished enemy. Cruelty resides only in the breast of Imbecility, which is ever devoted to wickedness; and in the bosom of Tyranny, which is the constant asylum of cowardice. Never did Barnald make use of success to promote infamy. He scorned the refinements of modern barbarity; nor for the purpose of intimidation, or the punishment of vigorous resistance, would he descend to become the instrument of indiscriminate destruction: he only regarded as his enemies those who met him armed in the field; and his benevolence was productive of more extensive utility to his country than even his courage.

The Count was now descending into the vale of years, by a path as smooth as glory and riches could make it. With the rank of field-marshal, and a considerable pension, he passed the greatest part of the year in the country, where he reposed on his laurels. His duty, indeed, induced him sometimes to appear in the pompous tumult of the court, where his sovereign was happy to consult him, and where the courtier received him with a *professional* bow; while every honest man in the kingdom honoured and esteemed him, and the soldier hailed him as his father.

Yet, notwithstanding the honours which were lavished on him at court, he sought for happiness in the breast of his family, which consisted of two daughters and a son. The girls, whose education had constituted his chief study and pleasure, were lately married to men of rank and worth. His son had a regiment; and, by an advantageous match, was in possession of a large fortune, part of which consisted in a pleasant estate, immediately contiguous to that on which the Count resided. This young nobleman was zealous to pursue the footsteps of his father, and ambitious to attain the summit of glory: nor was his zeal fruitless, nor his ambition unrewarded. Never was a father more fondly attached to his son; never did a son evince a more affectionate respect for his father!

The Colonel was making considerable alterations in the estate he had lately acquired; and had added an entire wing to his castle, in which he had fitted up a most magnificent apartment, whose walls were hung with pictures representing all the heroick actions of his father. 'Such scenes,' said he with justice, 'are far preferable to those inanimate landscapes which speak not to the soul, and will do my father more honour than the genealogical tree of his ancestors.'

He had encouraged the most famous painters to the full exertion of their talents, by a promise of liberal rewards; and as the subject was worthy the master, and such as must infallibly secure the respect and admiration of posterity, they were inspired with unusual ardour, and their exertions were consequently crowned with unusual success.

In one picture the Count was represented in the act of throwing his colours into the enemy's ranks; and, by such a courageous instance of fortunate temerity, reviving the spirits of his drooping soldiers, who, overcome by fatigue, were giving way on every side.

In another, he was seen leading on his men to the attack of a besieged city, and the first to mount the breach; forgetting the general in the soldier, and offering an example of intrepid valour to his comrades.

In a third, he was delivering his prince from the enemy, who had surprized him as he was enjoying the amusement of the chase.

In the next, he was receiving from the hands of his sovereign the staff of field-marshal, with a *carte blanche*.

In another, he was falling from his horse, on the field of battle, in consequence of a musket-shot; and, in his fall, pointing to the enemy.

In the last, he was signing the long-desired peace, which secured to his exhausted country plenty and repose.

In short, although his son had taken every precaution to avoid the least semblance of unseemly vanity, the mind was every where regaled with some trait of that steady patriotism or ardent glory which had invariably marked the course of the old Count's existence.

His plan had been conducted with the greatest secrecy: and, some days after the completion of the pictures, the Colonel gave an elegant dinner, in the apartment

apartment they were destined to adorn, to a numerous and respectable company. What a sight for the old General, at his first entrance, to behold the glorious actions of his life thus faithfully represented by the animated pencil of Truth! This new trait of filial piety, the sincere compliments of an illustrious assembly, and the remembrance of those dreadful scenes of carnage which these pictures brought to his mind, affected him most sensibly. He possessed too great a portion of candour and modesty not freely to indulge those powerful emotions of joy which he so deeply experienced: he fixed his eyes on his son, while his cheek was suffused with the glow of paternal affection; and the whole company sympathized with his feelings.

He soon, however, examined the pictures with a certain air of indifference, which created universal surprise; and turning to his son, with expressions of kindness, addressed him thus—'You did right, my son, to conceal your design from me, since you was fully resolved to pursue it to execution. I should certainly have endeavoured to prevent what it is now too late to forbid. To assume the language of reproach, would be a proof of affectation rather than of modesty: but let me assure you, that what affords me the truest pleasure in those pictures, is the mark of filial respect and tenderness which they offer to my mind. Yet, my son—' Here the Count shook his head with an equivocal smile. 'What would my father say?' said the Colonel. 'This instance of biography,' continued the Count, 'has incurred the fate of all such accounts as are written without the knowledge or consent of the hero. Some characteristic incident, or leading trait, explanatory of his whole life, is not unfrequently omitted or suppressed. What food for reflection must these historical representations afford, when my own son—' He stopped short; and his last words were not pronounced with that expressive tenderness which evinces the effusions of a grateful heart, but were accompanied by a smile of severe irony. They begged him to finish; but, after a long silence, he thus proceeded—'If your intention was to give a feeble sketch of my past life, you have forgotten an action of heroism

well worthy remark; an action, without which we should not have all met here to-day thus gay and contented; at least, we should not all have met as we now meet. To-morrow, at breakfast, my son, if you will remind me, I will relate it. It would be a pity that such an action should be consigned to oblivion.'

The company insisted that he should relate it immediately; but he smiled, and refused: and, when their solicitations became importunate, he could not forbear betraying evident signs of displeasure, which soon caused them to cease. They were therefore obliged to sit down to dinner with ungratified curiosity.

The Colonel, who had retained every syllable of his father's discourse, did not fail, the next morning, to renew the conversation. 'You recollect, Sir,' said he to his father, 'your promise of yesterday.'—'Yes, yes,' returned the Count; 'and I find you are not willing to forget it. As I have promised, it is but just I should perform: but first let us adjourn to the room in which that promise was made, and be careful that no one interrupts us.' They accordingly repaired to the room; and the Count addressed his son as follows—

'That first row of pictures on the wall which faces us, is, I observe, terminated by that in which my sovereign is bestowing on me the *mar-shall's staff*, accompanied by a *carte blanche*. You have there committed a grand mistake, by uniting two events which were separated by a distance of fifteen years; two separate marks of honour, conferred by two different monarchs, from motives of a very different nature. That, however, is an error which might be easily repaired. But tell me, is not that picture meant to impress a belief that a marshal's rank was bestowed on me for one or all of those actions which are represented in the other pictures?'—'Most certainly,' said the Colonel. 'It tends, then, to convey a falsehood,' replied the Count: 'for the action of glory, which was so nobly rewarded by procuring me that honour, is precisely the only one which you have omitted to record in this historical collection.'—'Good God! Sir, is it possible my memory can have been so defective?

'defective!'—'It is not your memory
'I accuse, my son; and your heart,
'much less: how could you represent
'an action which you knew not of?
'Your ignorance is as little to be won-
'dered at as your present astonishment.
'When I obtained that staff of honour,
'you was still in your infancy. The
'act which procured it me I have never
'yet mentioned to any earthly being;
'and, before I impart it to you, I must
'be satisfied that no one can overhear
'us.'

The Colonel assured him that he need
be under no apprehension; and the
Count resumed his discourse, but in a
much lower tone of voice—'Let us re-
view, my son, these various actions,
'with the rewards that followed them.
'This disabled arm is an acquisition
'made in yonder battle; in which, with
'an equal portion of skill and good
'fortune, I threw my colours into the
'enemy's ranks. By that lucky stra-
'tagem I recalled my left wing, which
'was actually retreating, at the very
'critical moment when the right was
'preparing to follow its example. I
'saw prodigies of valour performed,
'and the enemy were cut to pieces.
'I was then only major, and—major
'I remained. The general who com-
'manded us, and who was one of the
'first that fled, received a considerable
'pension for his services on that im-
'portant day, on which he had so
'nobly exposed his life at the head of
'his army, who were astonished at the
'courage he displayed. In that battle,
'where I fell from my horse, weltering
'in my blood, I was taken prisoner.
'My wound was neglected; and, in
'the cartel which was established soon
'after, I was totally forgotten. At
'length my ransom was paid—out of
'my own pocket.' A burst of indig-
nation now broke from the Colonel,
which his father did not seem to notice,
but coolly continued his narrative—
'I recollect but too well, even without
'the aid of a picture, the wound which
'I still feel on my forehead: it was
'from a musket-ball, close to yonder
'fort; the siege whereof afforded us
'ample occupation for a whole cam-
'paign; and which, I may affirm, was
'both taken and *preserved*, merely by
'my exertions: I say, *preserved*; for I
'was compelled to stain my sword with
'the blood of our own soldiers, in or-

'der to put a stop to the assassinations
'they were committing, and to prevent
'them from plundering a town which I
'had made them take by assault, by
'planting my colours on the breach,
'which I was the first to mount. It
'is true, on my arrival, the king
'thanked me in presence of his whole
'court; and, the very same day, be-
'stowed the government of the place
'which I had just subdued on the son
'of his prime-minister, a boy of seven-
'teen, who had not even been present
'when it was taken. He offered me,
'indeed, the command under the child;
'and betrayed tokens of astonishment
'at my refusal.

'It was not without great difficulty,
or, to speak with more propriety, it
was by mere chance that I escaped
banishment, if not perpetual imprison-
ment, for having made that peace,
which indeed, by taking perhaps an
unfair advantage of my *carte blanche*,
I had signed with too great precipita-
tion; for I omitted to compel the
enemy to cede a territory of about a
dozen acres, and three small villages,
from the ridiculous apprehension that
the war might be continued for an-
other year, at the additional expence
of some millions of florins, and some
thousands of lives.'

'Gracious Heavens!' exclaimed the
Colonel. 'Hold,' says the Count;
'let me go on: the best yet remains to
be told. You have seen the snuff-
box which the king gave me, as a re-
ward for the assistance I afforded him
when he was surprized by the enemy
as he was hunting. To be sure, it
was rather ridiculous to hunt in an
enemy's country; and at a time, too,
when he might expect to find an
enemy or a spy in every man who ap-
proached his person. But I had my
spies also; and a troop of brave fel-
lows, on whose fidelity I could rely.
'The enemy's party were compelled to
yield up their prize; and I was ho-
noured with this snuff-box, which is
worth about a hundred and fifty du-
cats—to pay me for a beautiful horse
which was killed under me, and was
worth at least four hundred. But the
chamberlain who was taken with the
king was made court-marshal, as a
reward for his faithful services. I
must own, indeed, that he exerted
himself to the utmost to draw his

'*contra*

'*couteau de chasse*, but unfortunately it refused to quit the scabbard.

'At this time I could not refrain from shewing some visible marks of discontent, which attracted the minister's attention; who, to calm my inquietudes, advised his master to give me this cross, which led me into considerable expence, without a possibility of its producing the most trivial advantage.

'You look serious, Colonel: don't be discouraged; you will find that true merit may, by chance, meet with its reward. I was fifteen years a major, without advancing a step.—'Fifteen years!' said the Colonel; 'but I suppose it was by your own choice? your philosophy was such as—'

'Yes, yes,' replied, the Count: 'I might, perhaps, excite admiration, by assuming the language of humble philosophy; but truth, though not so brilliant, is still superior to false glory. Believe me, my affection for my family always made me eager for honourable advancement in the line of my profession; and I did not remain unwearied from a stubborn refusal of honours, but from the more successful applications of courtly claimants, whose persevering adulation obtained what must inevitably have been refused to their merit. The prince, whose honour and whose life, nay, whose very empire I had preserved, was now no more; and his successor was, I suppose, either ignorant of the services I had done the state, or believed they had been rewarded during the preceding reign. Tired at length with listening to promises as solemnly made as perditionally broken; and disgusted at seeing my hopes, founded in justice, ever terminate in disappointment; I had resolved to ask permission to resign, and to retire into the country, with the view of passing the remainder of my days in the calm happiness of tranquil obscurity; when Fate, wearied probably by the length and constancy of her persecution, afforded me an unexpected opportunity of performing an action which put the finishing stroke to my fortune and glory.'

'For Heaven's sake, Sir, explain!' said the Colonel, in the accents of impatience. 'Certainly,' continued the Count, 'that glorious action would
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'form a glorious subject for a magnificent painting: you would only have to represent a broad river, with some well-dressed women on the bank, weeping most bitterly; and me on horseback, in the midst of the torrent, holding up a lap-dog, blind with age, half-drowned, and the water dripping from his skin. Don't you think such a scene would form a most interesting picture?'—'You cannot surely be serious?' answered the Colonel. 'Indeed I am,' said the Count; 'and this was the noble action which raised me to the rank I now enjoy; which was productive of more glory than the blood I had so often shed for my country; which obtained for me greater rewards than thirty years of actual service; than the painful toil of so many days and nights, exposed to the wintry storm, and to the constant fire of a desperate foe. It would be easy for me to augment your surprise, by observing, that no man of honour ever mentioned the name of his mistress without a blush: but, as a regular narrative is better than a hasty sketch, or an imperfect outline, listen to me with attention.

'A vacancy in the list of field-marshal had just happened by the death of Count Plessing. The claimants who presented themselves were numerous: each had his party, and each had powerful connections. I was one of them; and, from my age, and the length and importance of my services, I may say, without vanity, my title to success was indisputably the best of any: but I saw beforehand that my claims would meet with little attention; for the minister, Baron Kunig, at that time enjoyed a greater extent of authority than the sovereign himself; and they who were protected by the monarch, were often compelled to yield up their pretensions to the favourites of the minister. It is true, indeed, he professed a friendship for me; but I knew that, to preserve it, it would be necessary to apply to him, instead of his matter: and you must imagine that I possessed too much pride, basely to pay court to a man who was trembling under the rod of his preceptor, at a time when I was covered with the blood of vanquished enemies. Without being endued with the spirit of prophecy, it was easy to
3 A foresee

' foresee the fate of my solicitations.
 ' One morning I was riding gently along
 ' the road, at a distance from the town,
 ' lost in reflection on my situation, and
 ' doubting whether I had not better re-
 ' tire abruptly from court, than subject
 ' myself to a fresh insult; when I was
 ' suddenly roused from my reverie by
 ' a carriage which passed me with the
 ' utmost rapidity. In it was a little girl,
 ' who had been formerly the minister's
 ' chambermaid, but was now raised to
 ' the rank of his sovereign mistress.
 ' She was most elegantly made, and as
 ' lovely as Venus, if a woman may be
 ' called lovely who has neither sense nor
 ' modesty. She barely returned my
 ' salute with an air of extreme non-
 ' chalance; and, proceeding a little far-
 ' ther, alighted from her carriage, to
 ' walk on the banks of the river. Re-
 ' solved not to salute her a second time,
 ' I turned my horse's head to a road on
 ' the left, when my ears were assailed
 ' by loud exclamations of grief and
 ' distress: they proceeded from the spot
 ' where the women were walking, whom
 ' I saw running about in great confu-
 ' sion. Fearing some accident had hap-
 ' pened, I immediately galloped to-
 ' wards them. The moment his Ex-
 ' cellency's mistress perceived my ap-
 ' proach, she ran to meet me, with a
 ' countenance expressive of the deepest
 ' affliction. "Oh! General, General!"
 ' she exclaimed, "let me entreat you to
 ' come to our assistance! My little fa-
 ' vourite, poor, dear Azor, has fallen
 ' into the water! He can't get out with-
 ' out help, and we cannot approach
 ' him. Look! look! he'll be drowned!"
 ' "What shall we do? Pray, General,
 ' let me conjure you——" Without
 ' giving myself time for reflection, or
 ' ordering my servant to execute a com-
 ' mission which was certainly more suit-
 ' able to him than his master, I clapped
 ' spurs to my horse, rode into the river,
 ' and seizing the little animal, who was
 ' at his last struggle, rested him to his
 ' afflicted mistress. The scene that fol-
 ' lowed really excited a smile of com-
 ' passion. The most tender parent, at
 ' her first interview with a darling son
 ' whom she had believed slain in battle,
 ' could not have displayed more copious
 ' effusions of joy and gratitude. To
 ' those add the insipid congratulations

' of the whole company; the ridiculous
 ' eagerness to be the first to enjoy the
 ' pleasure of caressing the rescued fa-
 ' vourite; and, at the same time, the
 ' fear of spoiling a pretty gown; the
 ' vain description of their false alarms,
 ' with those affected exclamations meant
 ' rather to attract notice than command
 ' attention; and you will easily conceive
 ' that the *tout ensemble* formed a truly
 ' comick scene.

' I thought that, as there was no far-
 ' ther service to render, I might depart
 ' in peace: but little Azor's mistress
 ' pressed me so urgently to favour her
 ' with my company for a few minutes,
 ' that I could not resist. I therefore
 ' alighted from my horse, and offered
 ' her my arm, which she accepted; and
 ' taking me to a little distance from the
 ' company, said—"I know, General,
 ' the object of your solicitations at
 ' court; and, if I forget the service
 ' you have rendered me, or leave it
 ' without reward—If the minister, from
 ' this instant, does not become your
 ' warmest friend, he shall have me for
 ' his enemy.—My poor Azor!—You
 ' shall see, General, that I can be grate-
 ' ful." I made her a polite bow, but
 ' spoke not a word—for, to confess the
 ' truth, your father had too much pride
 ' to consent to be indebted, for so essen-
 ' tial a service, to such a patroness; and
 ' yet was too much of the courtier en-
 ' tirely to reject an advantage which
 ' offered itself spontaneously to his ac-
 ' ceptance. I determined never to re-
 ' mind my fair protectress of her pro-
 ' mise.

' Would you believe that, the very
 ' next day, as I was in the king's anti-
 ' chamber, the minister took me aside,
 ' and assured me that his master had of
 ' late frequently mentioned my name
 ' and services; that he had been studi-
 ' ous to confirm his intentions in my
 ' favour; and had every reason to be-
 ' lieve that he should soon be able to
 ' congratulate me on the attainment of
 ' my wishes! He was right—That
 ' same month I obtained the staff of
 ' field-marshal. Had not my conscience
 ' assured me I merited that honour,
 ' believe me, I would have refused it;
 ' but a retrospective view of my past
 ' life made me accept, without a blush,
 ' the reward I could claim as my due.'

CHARACTERS

OF

SIR CHARLES AND LADY WORTHY.

BY MRS. CHAPONE.

SIR Charles and Lady Worthy are neither gloomy ascetics, nor frantick enthusiasts. They married from affection founded on long acquaintance and perfect esteem; they therefore enjoy the best pleasures of the heart in the highest degree: they concur in a rational scheme of life; which, while it makes them always cheerful and happy, renders them the friends of human kind, and the blessing of all around them. They do not desert their station in the world, nor deny themselves the proper and moderate use of their large fortune; though that portion of it which is appropriated to the use of others, is that from which they derive their highest gratifications. They spend four or five months every year in London, where they keep up an intercourse of hospitality and civility with many of the most respectable persons of their own or of higher rank; but have endeavoured rather at a select than a numerous acquaintance; and, as they never play at cards, this endeavour has the more easily succeeded. Three days in the week, from the hour of dinner, are given up to this intercourse with what may be called *the world*: three more are spent, in a family way, with a few intimate friends, whose tastes are conformable to their own, and with whom the book and working-table, or sometimes musick, supply the intervals of useful and agreeable conversation. In these parties their children are always present, and partake of the improvement that arises from such society, or from the well-chosen pieces which are read aloud. The seventh day is always spent at home, after the due attendance on publick worship; and is peculiarly appropriated to the religious instruction of their children and servants, or to other works of charity. As they keep regular hours, and rise early, and as Lady Worthy never pays or admits morning-visits, they have seven or eight hours in every day free from all interruption from

the world, in which the cultivation of their own minds, and those of their children, the due attention to health, to oeconomy, and to the poor, are carried on in the most regular manner.

Thus, even in London, they contrive, without the appearance of quarrelling with the world, or of shutting themselves up from it, to pass the greatest part of their time in a reasonable and useful, as well as an agreeable, manner. The rest of the year they spend at their family-seat in the country, where the happy effects of their example, and of their assiduous attention to the good of all around them, are still more observable than in town. Their neighbours, their tenants, and the poor, for many miles about them, find in them a sure resource and comfort in calamity, and a ready assistance to every scheme of honest industry. The young are instructed at their expence, and under their direction, and rendered useful at the earliest period possible; the aged and the sick have every comfort administered that their state requires; the idle and dissolute are kept in awe by vigilant inspection; the quarrellsome are brought, by a sense of their own interest, to live more quietly with their family and neighbours, and amicably to refer their disputes to Sir Charles's decision.

This amiable pair are not less highly prized by the genteel families of their neighbourhood, who are sure of finding in their house the most polite and cheerful hospitality, and in them a fund of good sense and good humour, with a constant disposition to promote every innocent pleasure. They are particularly the delight of all the young people, who consider them as their patrons and their oracles, to whom they always apply for advice and assistance in any kind of distress, or in any scheme of amusement.

Sir Charles and Lady Worthy are seldom without some friends in the house with them during their stay in the country;

try; but, as their methods are known, they are never broken in upon by their guests, who do not expect to see them till dinner-time, except at the hour of prayer and of breakfast. In their private walks or rides, they usually visit the cottages of the labouring poor, with all of whom they are personally acquainted; and, by the sweetness and friendliness of their manner, as well as by their beneficent actions, they so entirely possess the hearts of these people, that they are made the confidants of all their family grievances, and the casuists to settle all their scruples of conscience or difficulties of conduct. By this method of conversing freely with them, they find out their different characters and capacities; and often discover, and apply to their own benefit, as well as that of the person they distinguish, talents which would otherwise have been forever lost to the publick.

From this slight sketch of their manner of living, can it be thought that the practice of virtue costs them any great sacrifices? Do they appear to be the servants of a hard master? It is true, they have not the amusement of gaming; nor do they curse themselves, in bitterness of soul, for losing the fortune Providence had bestowed upon them: they are not continually in publick places, nor stifled in crowded assemblies; nor are their hours consumed in an insipid interchange of unmeaning chat with hundreds of fine people who are perfectly indifferent to them. But then, in return, the Being whom they serve indulges them in the best pleasures of love, of friendship, of parental and family affection, of Divine beneficence, and of a piety which chiefly consists in joyful acts of love and praise: not to mention the delights they derive from a taste uncorrupted, and still alive to natural plea-

tures; from the beauties of nature, and from cultivating those beauties joined with utility in the scenes around them; and, above all, from that flow of spirits which a life of activity, and the constant exertion of right affections, naturally produce. Compare their countenances with those of the wretched slaves of *the world*, who are hourly complaining of fatigue, of listlessness, distaste, and vapours; and who, with faded cheeks and worn-out constitutions, still continue to haunt the scenes where once their vanity found gratification, but where they now meet only with mortification and disgust: then tell me which has chosen the happier plan, admitting for a moment that no future penalty was annexed to a wrong choice? Listen to the character that is given of Sir Charles Worthy and his lady, wherever they are named, and then tell me, whether even your idol, *the world*, is not more favourable to them than to you?

Perhaps it is vain to think of recalling those whom long habits, and the established tyranny of pride and vanity, have almost precluded from a possibility of imitating such patterns, and in whom the very desire of amendment is extinguished; but for those who are now entering on the stage of life, and who have their parts to chuse, how earnestly could I wish for the spirit of persuasion; for such a "warning voice," as should make itself heard amidst all the gay bustle that surrounds them! it should cry to them, without ceasing, not to be led away by the crowd of fools, without knowing whither they are going—not to exchange real happiness for the empty name of pleasure—not to prefer fashion to immortality—and not to fancy it possible for them to be innocent, and at the same time useless.

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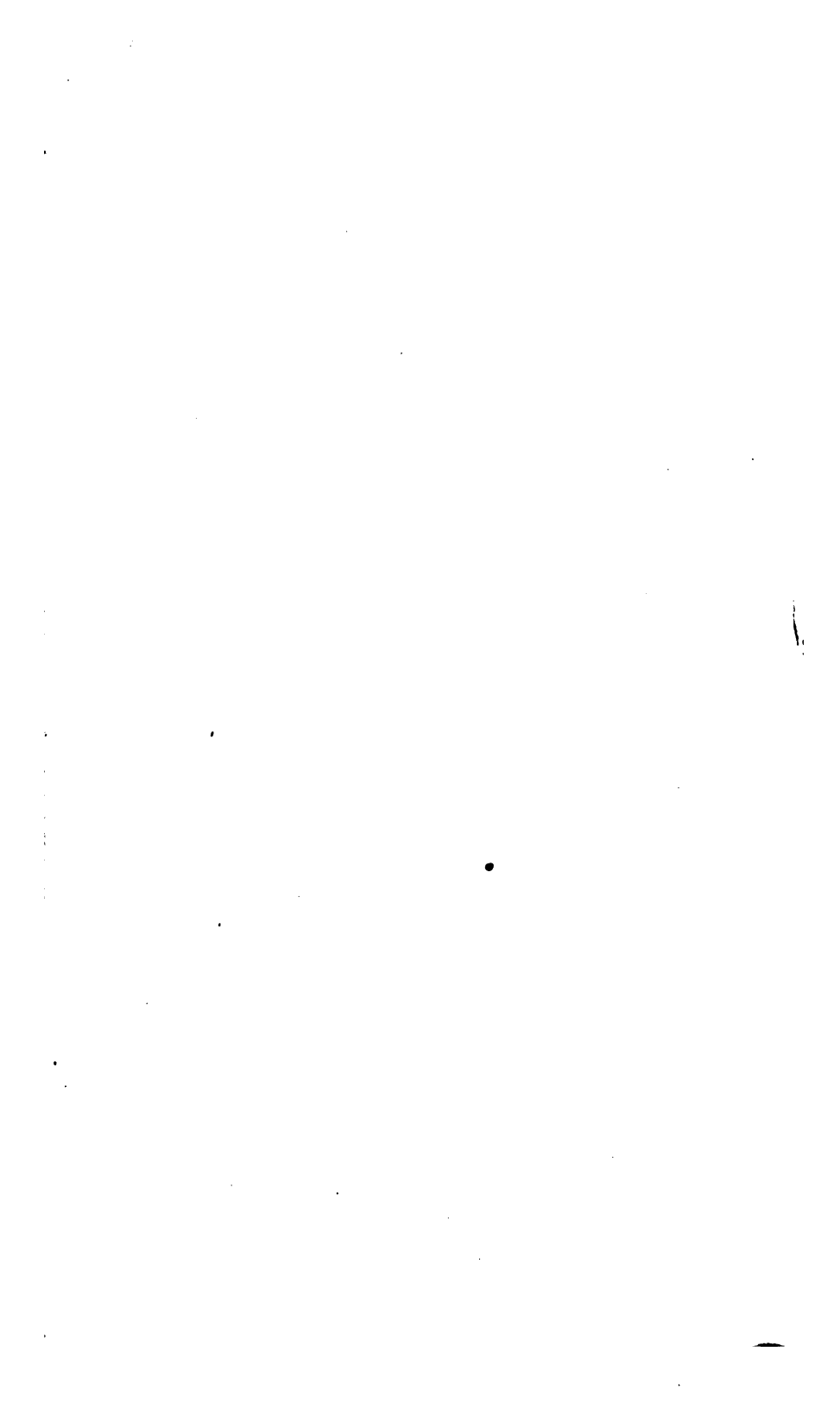
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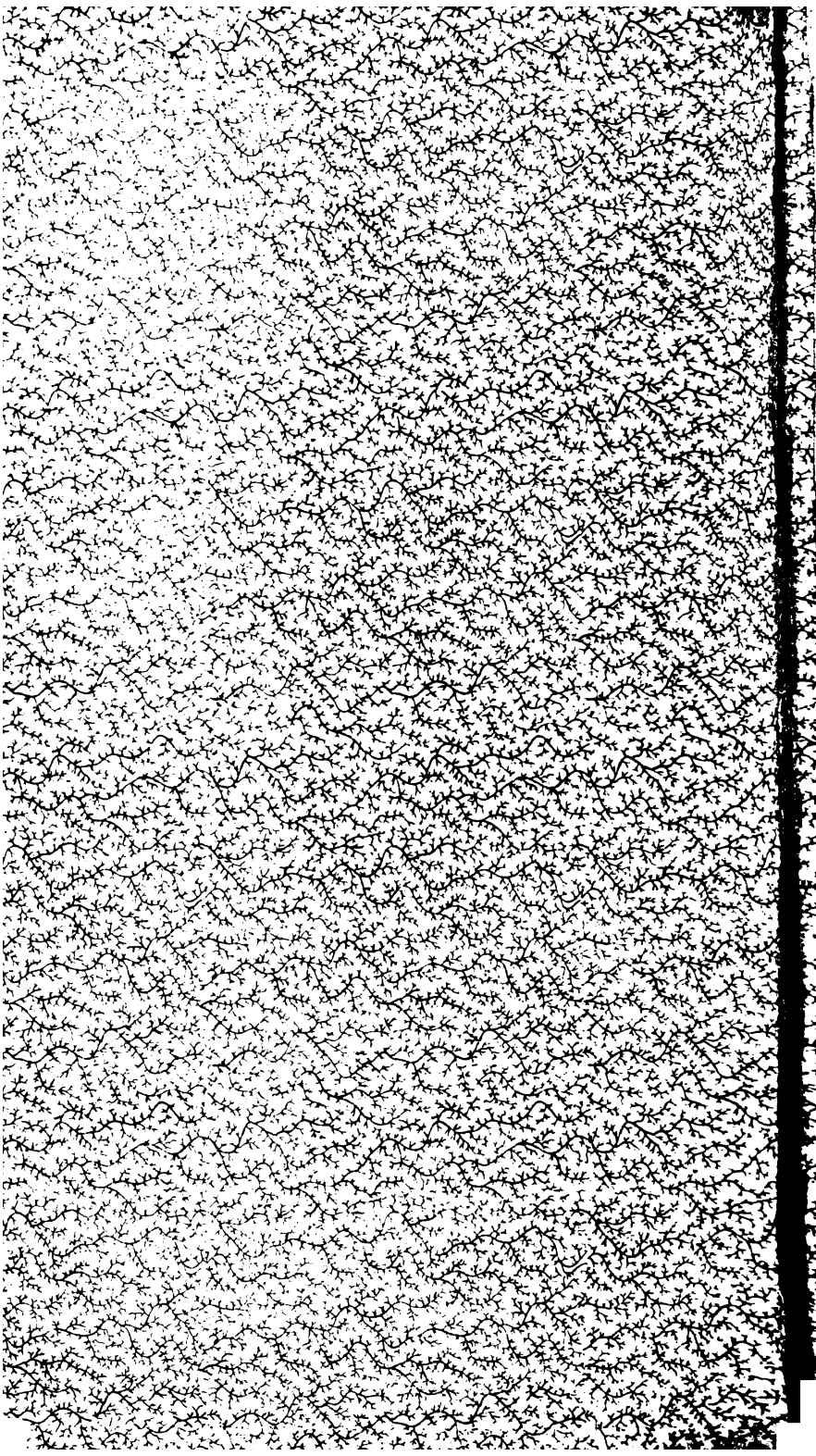
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